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How to build a WISHING WELL BARBECUE
See page 39

16-page lift-out
GLAMOR DESIGNS TO KNIT AND CROCHET

Her father writes . . .
JULIE ANDREWS' STORY

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OUR COVER

● The waratah blooming on our cover celebrates Waratah Festival Week in Sydney. The picture was taken at National Park, New South Wales, by staff photographer Ron Berg.

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THEY MARRIED IN AUSTRALIA

– AND MISSED OUT ON A DOWRY

● You could say it took 22 centuries and many thousands of miles of travel for Kamahl, a Tamil Ceylonese born in Malaya, and Sahodra, an Indian born in Fiji, to find each other.

KAMAHL, 30, and Sahodra, 25, met and married in Sydney.

Originally their people were one, but about the second century B.C. many Indians from the Tamil area moved south and across the 33-mile stretch of water to the island of Ceylon.

Their societies developed separately, until neither could understand the other's language. (Kamahl speaks Tamil and Sahodra Hindustani, the dialect of northern India. Their common language is English.)

Finally, Kamahl's family, with many other Ceylonese, migrated to Malaya, while Sahodra's family went to Fiji, where there is a large Indian community.

Kamahl's father became a police commissioner and Sahodra's family developed a transport business. For their children's education, both families looked toward Australia.

But again their paths were separate. Kamahl came to Adelaide in 1954, at the age of 17, to gain his matriculation and then attend Adelaide University. In 1961, when she was 19, Sahodra came to Hobart to train as a nurse.

Then Kamahl changed the course of his life. He was studying architecture at the university when he became interested in singing.

Friends told him he was good and very like Nat "King" Cole, so he went on Dick Fair's "Amateur Hour" on Adelaide television.

His appearance led to other engagements on television and in clubs, and finally he gave up his architecture course to become a full-time entertainer.

"I had taken the architecture course only to please my parents, as this is one of the professions which attract a wife with a large dowry," he said. "But I found music meant much more to me."

The Registrar at Adelaide University encouraged Kamahl in his singing career. "He invited me home for dinner after I had been singing for about a year and suggested I should study singing rather than just copy someone's style," Kamahl said.

"I took his advice and studied for one year at the Conservatorium in Adelaide."

Favorite singer

For three years Kamahl was voted the favorite male singer on Adelaide television. (Actually, Kamahl is a simplified version of his full name, Kamalesvaran. "I put the 'h' in to discourage people from pronouncing it 'camel'," he said.)

Kamahl took up acting to broaden his career. In 1961 and 1963 he appeared in the Adelaide Festival of Arts in the plays "Moon on a Rainbow Shawl" and "Volpone." He also played John the Baptist in a production of "Salome" (and got very good notices) and has played scenes from "Othello."

In 1963 he decided to go to Sydney to gain more experience, working on television and in clubs.

Meanwhile, Sahodra had completed her general nursing course and decided to go to Sydney to do a one-year midwifery course.

She finished this course in 1965 and went with a group of nurses to a Sydney restaurant to celebrate. Kamahl was at the same restaurant.

"We actually met through mirrors," Kamahl said. "I looked up and saw her in a mirror in the restaurant and couldn't believe my eyes."

They became acquainted and the friendship developed rapidly. But Kamahl learned Sahodra would shortly return to Fiji.

"I also suspected there was someone waiting there for her," he said, "so I had to think fast. I had always thought I would remain a bachelor, but I realised this was one chance I didn't want to miss, and so I proposed.

"I deliberately painted a slightly negative picture of what our life could be like as I did not have much to offer her at that stage, but luckily she accepted anyway.

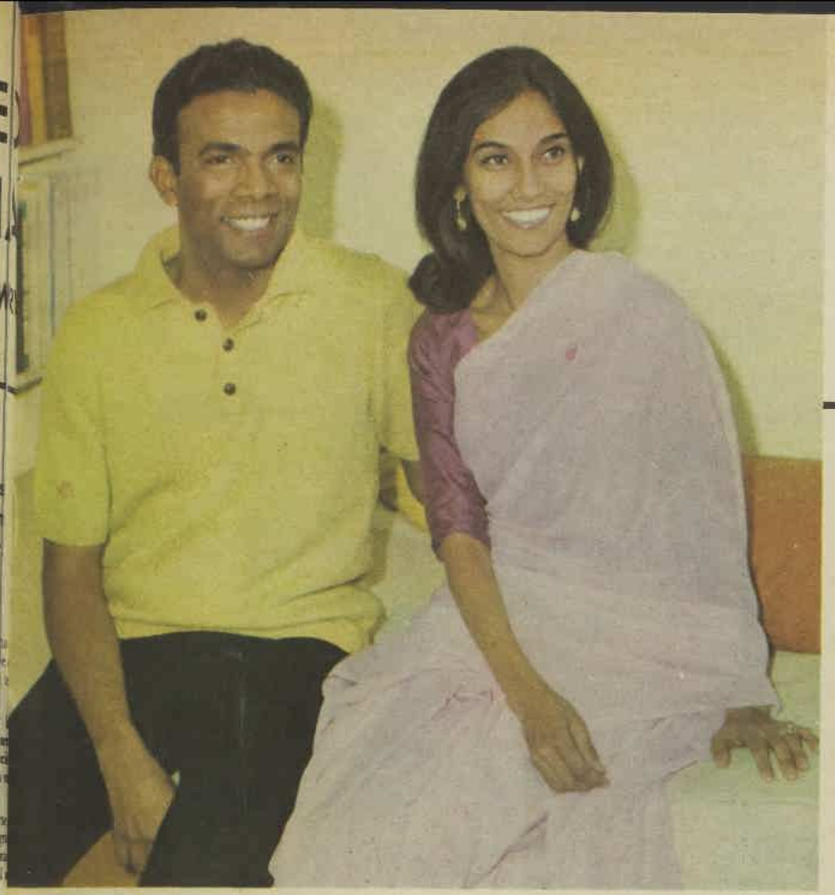
"We quietly told each other we were engaged, then went to see the Immigration Department to make sure we could settle in Australia. They told us they were quite happy for us to do so."

Both of the Hindu faith, Kamahl and Sahodra could not obtain a Hindu marriage

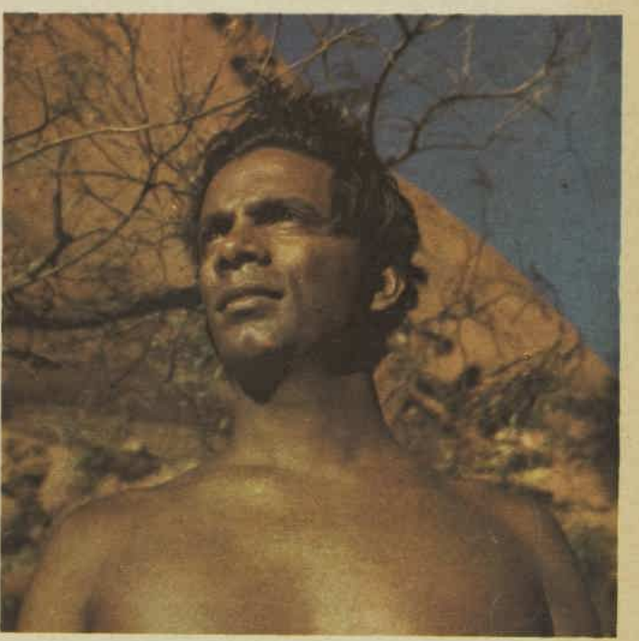


JIM TRAINOR, director of "Journey Out of Darkness," gives Kamahl instructions for a scene in the film. The role of Jubbal, an Aboriginal tracker, is taken by Ed Devereaux.

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Ceylonese singer-actor Kamahl had dramatic role in the production "Journey Out of Darkness," filmed in Central Australia.



BY BARBARA MARTYN

ABOVE: Kamahl and his wife, Sahodra, in their flat at Paddington, N.S.W. RIGHT: Kamahl as an Aboriginal captive in "Journey Out of Darkness." BELOW: Film opens with duel between Kamahl and an Aboriginal, who is slain.

BELOW RIGHT: Kamahl with his white captors, played by American actor Konrad Matthawi and Ron Morse.





ceremony here, and so married in a registry office.

"But the ceremony was not really important as far as we were concerned. It was the idea behind it — 'till death us do part' — which counted," Kamahl said.

They have now been married 15 months and are happily settled in a flat in the Sydney suburb of Paddington.

Kamahl still jokes about the dowry he missed out on by remaining here and choosing his own wife.

"If I had returned to Malaya as an architect I would probably have been able to secure a bride with a dowry of about $6000, property, and a car.

"It is quite a profitable system for a man—what a shame they don't have it here. And, of course, the uglier the woman, the bigger the dowry—you have to decide what you want most."

Bride's dowry

If Sahodra had gone home her family would also have given her a dowry when she married.

"But I never dreamt of asking for a dowry for her," Kamahl said. "We have both been living here in a completely different environment and have discarded these customs."

Apart from their language differences, Kamahl and Sahodra have a very similar cultural background, with the same religion and social system.

"Although there is no Hindu temple in Australia, this does not create a problem for us, as Hinduism is sufficient as a philosophy and does not need to be worshipped in a temple," Kamahl said.

"But we do miss the religious festivals and processions which formed a natural part of our lives.

"We also miss our own kind, that is, someone who speaks our own language. Not being able to talk in your own language is like losing a limb."

Before they married, Sahodra wore Western dress most of the time, but now she wears the sari, as Kamahl prefers it.

"I put it in the wedding contract," he joked. "She also had to let her hair grow. It was this short (he pulled her lovely long black hair back severely, while she laughed) and it was awful! Now with her long hair and saris, there is no mistaking who is the man and who is the woman."

"But I still wear slack-suits sometimes," Sahodra added, looking at her husband with a teasing smile.

Likes cha-cha

In these ways Kamahl is more "traditional" than Sahodra, but Sahodra still prefers Indian music to Western music.

"There are few of my songs Sahodra really likes," Kamahl said. "But she does like to cha-cha — and she is very good, too."

Sahodra gave up nursing when she married, but said she now feels a little bored being home all day and would like to go back to it.

However, Kamahl worries that nursing would be too strenuous for her. "She is so fragile. I would prefer her to find an easier job, maybe something like selling antiques, where she would meet interesting people but not have to do hard physical work."

Kamahl's career has thrived since his marriage.

His biggest break has been a leading role in the Australian-American film "Journey Out of Darkness," filmed this year in Central Australia. The film has its premiere in Canberra this month.

Kamahl plays an Aboriginal captive in the film, which tells of Australia at the turn of the century, when the laws of the white settlers clashed with Aboriginal tribal laws.

"My role in the film is practically a silent one — I say only one English word and a couple of sentences in an Aboriginal dialect — which is rather ironical when I actually live by the sound of my voice. But it is a very dramatic role."

Stampeding horses

In one scene Kamahl is dragged along by stampeding horses and had to do the scene without a stand-in. "They dragged me over stones and through bushes eight times before the director was satisfied. I was pretty scratched.

"I also had to walk over blistering sand and salt lakes bare-footed. I don't know how the Aborigines do this —my feet were killing me and it was all I could do not to hop with pain and spoil the scene.

"But I feel this film might be a turning point for me. I was not dissatisfied with my performance when I saw it, and usually I am very critical of everything I have done."

Kamahl's singing has also improved greatly. Last year, for a challenge, he entered the Sun Aria Contest and was placed fourth (the leading male singer).

"But my field is popular singing — on television, in clubs, and recording." (He has just recorded his first LP.)

"I also enjoy acting and would like very much to make another film if I get the chance."

Their future plans include a trip to London (Sahodra's sister is there), which will add another 12,000 miles and another chapter to the saga of their families.

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NEXT WEEK • NEXT WEEK

A HOUSEWIFE IN ADEN:

"Bringing my son home from school every day, I had to run the gauntlet of the all-Arab schools. They knew my car and would stand in the road . . . I had to keep the windows up because they would throw rocks, spit at us, call us 'filthy pigs.'"



• Small boy in Aden waits for the school bus. He thinks the guards are part of the game — a game in which he crawls under the bus seat at sound of gunfire.

CAULDRON OF

"TERRORISM is a horrible thing," said Mrs. Bryan Ollquist, formerly of Perth, when she returned there with her young son and lawyer husband after spending almost a year in Aden.

When a European was killed in Aden it was usually someone the family knew, and driving in the car alone, or with her son, Mrs. Ollquist always carried a gun.

She is better known as pianist and harpsichord-player Elizabeth Munro George. Her husband, also formerly of Perth, is at present on leave, awaiting a further British posting.

Bryan and his wife went to Aden from England with ten-year-old Nils, leaving their 14-year-old daughter Jane at an English boarding-school (she is with them again in Perth). He was going to the colony as legal adviser to the British High Commission, which has been drawing up a constitution for the projected South Arabian Federal Republic.

"As we anchored at Steamer Point at Aden," said Mrs. Ollquist, "a message went over the ship's loudspeaker: 'There was one man killed and two wounded in Aden last night. Passengers are advised not to go ashore.'

"We were among the very few to do so, and the other passengers lined the side of the ship and silently watched us walk down the gangway and into the waiting police launch. Then we putt-putted off to goodness knows what.

"We lunched at the Crescent Hotel and went straight out to look at a house which had been allocated to us. The Crescent Hotel, known to everyone who has ever visited Aden, is still occupied largely by people who have been forced to leave up-country States, and also reporters and TV men from all over the world.

"We found a beautiful house on top of a hill overlooking a lovely expanse of ocean. 'A bit far out,' everyone commented, but we did not realise the significance of this at first. To get to our clifftop retreat we had to drive from Ras Marshag through the city area called Crater.

"At first we were ignorant of danger. I drove Nils to his school and my husband to his work. This meant that six or eight times a day we passed through the hotspot where, later, the Battle of Crater took place between British troops and terrorists.

"The terrorists held Crater for two weeks before the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders re-occupied it, marching in to the strains of the bagpipes.

"We were caught in the first crossfire of that June battle. I was driving Bryan to work and passing round Crater at the roundabout. Suddenly we heard bullets right overhead. Bryan had his gun ready. 'What'll I do?' I asked. 'Drive like mad,' he said. So we went on, down to Steamer Point.

"No one would believe us at the High Commission Office. But shortly afterward the signals started coming through and we found out what the enfilading machine-gun fire was all about. The terrorists had occupied the old Turkish forts at Crater Main Pass, a strategic position.

"My husband wouldn't let me drive back home alone, so we set off on the same track, the only vehicle on the road with the exception of an Army truck in front of us.

"Of course, we were caught in the crossfire again."

But before all that happened the family were still hopeful of a quiet time.

"When we moved into the clifftop home," said Mrs. Ollquist, "my first thought was to get curtains for the windows, as each window was reinforced with steel anti-grenade wire and they looked ugly.

"So I drove down to Steamer Point and to one of the back streets where I had seen just what I wanted. As I opened the door of the car a voice shouted at me, 'Get out.' I looked up and there on a second-floor balcony was a Northumberland Fusilier.

"'Go,' he said. 'It's out of bounds.' So I went.

"Then I needed bucket chairs for the huge veranda where we sat to collect any breeze that was going. In my innocence I went to Crater, but did have the sense to take my bearer.

"He knew a good place to buy the chairs, but I be-

WHEN British wives were still in Aden this is what they had to learn by heart:

DO: Move in pairs at all times, keeping very alert. Know the out-of-bounds areas. Know where your children are at all times. Check your car before you get in. Look around to make sure no one suspicious is watching you. Try to have a passenger when using a private car. Tell your children not to pick up any odd objects lying around.

DON'T: Go shopping after dark. Forget to be home by midnight. Fall into a routine pattern of movement. Hang around the scene of an incident unless there is anything you can do to help.

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● Left: Arab demonstrators approach British troops in the Steamer Point area of Aden. As the time approaches for Britain to hand over the colony to a South Arabian Federal Government, there has been a struggle for power between terrorist forces.

● Below: The Ollquist family. They have been holidaying in Perth while Mr. Ollquist gets ready for another appointment.



HATE AND FEAR

By
WINFRED BISSET

came more and more alarmed as the streets became narrower and narrower, until there was no room to turn the car.

"'I'm not going any farther,' I told him. 'It's just round the corner, memsahib,' he said. And it was. But the Arabs were crowding round us—not a sign of a European anywhere.

"'You can go inside and buy the chairs,' I told him, 'and I'll sit here and keep the car engine running.' Despite the stifling heat I kept my windows up.

"The bearer went inside and bought the chairs — far more than I expected to pay, and the wrong color, but I told him to load them on to the car as quickly as he could. Then I had to back down the streets, for there was no room to turn.

"I thought we would never get out of it.

"We had a friend who had his own legal practice in Crater and had lived there for years. He was warned to get out. 'They'll never do anything to me,' he said. 'I know them and they know me. They know I help them.'

"One day when he was walking across to his car a gunman shot him twice in the shoulder. He should have fallen to the ground and the assassin would have run away. Instead he started to run toward the bank and was shot again.

"He collapsed in the entrance of the bank and will never walk again.

"Some of the Europeans were foolish. We were warned not to entertain more than two friends at a time, because a larger number involved bringing in servants from outside.

"Residents were not safe at any time. Bombs, mines, and grenades could be placed anywhere. The only precaution was to hope that your servants were trustworthy and give them no opportunity to know your plans.

"I could cite examples of terrorism operating in private houses, but the results have been so horrifying that I want to forget them.

"I would not dream of getting into my car without looking first to see if any bits of wire were sticking out anywhere. When our car arrives from Aden I'll show you the front door, bent in where someone has obviously tried to open it. They also tried to jemmy open the bonnet to put a bomb in the engine.

"If our son saw a tin on the road he would not do what most other boys of his age would do—kick it. He was taught to look for trouble everywhere.

"Bringing Nils home from school every day, I had to run the gauntlet of the all-Arab schools which came out at the same time. They knew my car and would wait for me.

"They would stand in the road in front of the car and refuse to budge. I had to keep my windows up because they would throw rocks and spit at us, and call us 'filthy pigs.'

"The girls were worse than the boys.

"All the schools closed at the beginning of June, six weeks before time. Most of the Arab schools had reopened only a short time before after being closed because of strikes and violence by students against teachers.

"Again it was the girls' schools which were the worst offenders.

"We stayed on in our big house on the hill until a month before what is known as Bloody Tuesday, June 20. Then we moved behind the wire of the RAF Officers' Compound.

"Only one person refused to leave his house on the hill. At last the Army had to evacuate him bodily by helicopter. It literally swept down and scooped him up.

"At the end I was the only woman with children living in the RAF quarters and my husband and I were host and hostess night after night till 4 o'clock in the morning at what we were pleased to call 'parties.' It was really that we were all keeping one another company.

"This lasted until we left for Australia in the middle of August.

"I had a piano in the RAF house and sometimes played into the early hours of the morning to an appreciative audience. I also turned piano-tuner and tried to get the Steinway at Government House into some order, there being no one else left to do it.

"There are not many European civilians left now in Aden. Our original flight out was cancelled because the terrorists fired bazookas at the airport and the plane did not come near Aden. Three days later we flew out to India.

"Fortunately we succeeded in getting our goods to Australia. Hardly any ships go to Aden now, partly because of the Suez closure, and partly because since last April the port has been virtually shut by strikes.

"Food is very scarce there and the situation is worsening daily."

In Perth, Mr. and Mrs. Ollquist are visiting their mothers, Mrs. D. U. Ollquist and Mrs. M. Munro George.



● After a general strike of Arabs, the wives of British servicemen resume shopping on Steamer Point under strong guard.

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National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4929911

"Young daughter" settles happily in Australia

● It must have been a busy day at the Adelaide Airport when 22-year-old Signalman Kevin Schmerl brought home Australia's first Vietnamese war bride. Although she was dressed in national costume of blue-and-white and left the plane with a soldier, no reporter noticed her.





● *Signalman Kevin Schmerl and his Vietnamese bride, Khue, above, after their traditional Vietnamese wedding in Saigon. Left, at the relatives' home where they are staying in Adelaide. Khue expects a baby in November.*

AND that's the way Kevin and his petite wife, Khue — pronounced Kwai — wanted it.

They arrived in Adelaide last April, but it was not until a few weeks ago that their secret leaked out.

Kevin and Khue were married last November in Saigon and are living with relatives in the Adelaide suburb of Royston Park until Kevin acquires an Army home.

Once settled into their home, which should be soon, they will prepare the final details for the arrival of their baby in November — a prospect which fills them both with great joy.

Khue and Kevin met because she was trying to learn English and he liked Vietnamese food.

Khue was working in a Saigon restaurant run by her aunt to which Kevin paid regular visits from the Signal Corps just across the road.

Khue, who was taking English lessons, found Kevin an agreeable customer to practise the language on. They became friends and Kevin visited her home.

Their romance was no lightning matter. Kevin courted Khue quite formally and sought from Khue's father, a 72-year-old retired merchant, permission to marry his daughter.

He wrote to tell his parents about the engagement and they, like Khue's parents, approved with a cautionary word about thinking seriously of marriage.

Then only Kevin's commanding officer had to be won over, and that, it appears, was fairly easy. Kevin could have married without the officer's approval, but he had it.

They were married in a registry office on November 19, because Kevin thought Khue's passport might come through more quickly. However, there were some delays because Army regulations did not cover the question of Khue's passport.

"On January 2, we had a traditional Vietnamese wedding with a reception for nearly 100 people — mostly Vietnamese — and Khue wore national dress," Kevin said.

Khue showed me the dress, a slim-line white silk with a dragon design hand-embroidered down the front.

In her six months in Australia, Khue has improved her English, learned to appreciate Australian Rules football (Kevin is a keen sparetime footballer), and has become familiar with the Australian way of life in city and country.

Kevin's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Schmerl, live on a sheep farm managed by Mr. Schmerl, at Meningie, about 100 miles south-east of Adelaide. Kevin and his wife have visited them several times.

Khue likes country life—she would like to live on a farm. Kevin said this was probably because she was used to a fairly rural atmosphere. She had lived in Da Nang with her family in a large house set among four acres with rice-fields, coconuts, and "ducks and fowls and things."

Khue's father moved to Saigon when he thought "it was too dangerous" in Da Nang.

Khue is the second eldest in a family of 11.

Her full maiden name, written with the surname first in the manner of the country, was Nguyen Thai Khue. Her first names mean "young daughter" in Vietnamese.

Khue has had no trouble making friends in Australia. She writes volumes of mail to her family and they write volumes back. Letters take about a week either way, so there is no lack of news.

This could be the reason that Khue shows no sign of homesickness. In fact, she seems thoroughly at home.

Kevin hopes to return to Saigon one day for a holiday at least. He thinks at present he would not like to live there — "although you can earn good money."

—RITA DUNSTAN

U.S. MIGRANT IS NUTRITION EXPERT

OF the 5000 Americans leaving their country to live permanently in Australia each year, few, if any, have left such a distinguished career as Mrs. Loyta Wooding, of Louisville, Kentucky.

Mrs. Wooding, an attractive widow in her mid-forties, mother of two university-educated sons who will follow her to Australia, is a well-known authority on food and nutrition.

She is a radio and television personality, a short-story writer, and author of 16 children's books, four cookbooks, and innumerable newspaper and magazine articles.

Mrs. Wooding has had a wide variety of experiences which have prepared her, she believes, for anything she might find in Australia.

She worked in the kitchens of Riker's Island Prison in New York, helping the staff develop new high-protein dishes for the 6300 male prisoners and learning that "food has a very important significance in their confined lives."

She was appointed a special consultant to the Peace Corps by its first director, Sargent Shriver, brother-in-law of the late President Kennedy.

She served with it for four years, telling the youthful volunteers of the taboos, superstitions, and exotic foods of African, Asian, and Latin-American countries, and accustoming them to the strange foods they would encounter there.

Mrs. Wooding's background in nutrition has led to many unusual assignments—working with the U.S. Army on diets for Arctic and Antarctic servicemen, devising pictorial recipes for illiterate people and "talking" recipes for the blind.

She has been married and widowed twice. Her first husband, accountant Elmer Higgins, was the father of her sons, Ralph, 22, and Raymond, 20.



● *Mrs. Loyta Wooding*

Now Mrs. Wooding feels that her horizons in the United States are too limited.

"I want to work in a country that is expanding," she explained. "Australia is the country of tomorrow."

With typical thoroughness, Mrs. Wooding "researched" Australia for a long time before deciding to strike out for a new home in a country she had never seen.

Part of her research was to send her sons to Australia for a good look around.

"Ralph and Raymond went there in 1966, hired a car and drove around the country for six weeks," she said. "They loved it."

Mrs. Wooding has several nutrition commissions from American firms which will occupy part of her time in Australia. She is also editing two new books — an encyclopedia of international cookery and an analysis of world food problems and their solutions.

Although she holds a U.S. passport, Mrs. Wooding was born in Cairo. Her father was an American; her mother of French descent.

Living in Egypt, she developed an interest in archaeology and became versed in hieroglyphics.

"In this way I discovered that Cleopatra was the first conscious dieter," she said. "Her favorite foods were roast lamb — really baby goats—rose-petal jam, and grass biscuits. I still have the recipes if anyone wants to go out and mow a pound of grass."

—GEORGE McGANN

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HAVING A BALL IN VENICE

Never have two parties attended by mostly the same people been so completely different.

THE first party, a ye-ye costume ball, provided glamor to the 28th International Venice Film Festival.

Most of the women, including the bosomy and leggy likes of Elizabeth Taylor and Jane Fonda, wore mini-skirts, tight slacks, or bikinis. The men sported tight white ducks and astronaut-type suits. They twisted and shimmied the night away.

Three nights later, strains of minuets filled the chandeliered ballroom of yet another Grand Canal palace for a private charity masked ball.

FILM BEAUTY Claudia Cardinale with Marcello Mastroianni, Italian pin-up star, at the Film Festival Ball in Venice last month. Most of the men at this ball showed up in sportswear.



TRIO at the Film Festival Ball. From left, Gina Lollobrigida, Countess Marina Cicogna, and Jane Fonda. Countess Cicogna officially "gave" the ball at the 16th-century Vendramin-Calergi Palace as the social highlight of the Venice Film Festival. It was held three days before the grand charity ball to aid victims of the 1966 Venice floods.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4929913

THERE was quite a crush inside the gondolas and the water taxis that piled up in the Grand Canal for the charity ball. The rain pelted down.

"I have never enjoyed anything less," said Baroness Fiona von Thyssen bitterly, "than waiting half an hour in a boat to land."

The landing was at the splendid Rezzonico Palace. Practically all 600 guests were arriving by boat amid the wash.

Fiona's discomfort was compounded by the outsize butterfly mask she was clutching by its foot-and-a-half long stem.

The ball was a big date in the jet-set calendar. Costs (round about $20,000) were underwritten by an Italian-American in the clothing trade that nobody much had ever heard of. The gate raised $25,000 to help the Venetians who suffered so direly last November when hurricane wind, rain, and waves flooded the already sinking city.

The show lasted from midnight to dawn.

Among the multi-millionaires were Paul Getty, Cornelius Vanderbilt, and Aristotle Onassis. The latter commuted to the palace from his yacht, Christina, which was anchored nearby. His concession to the masked part of the masked ball was a mohair dinner jacket and Havana cigar.

Costume was supposed to be 17th century in either red, white, or gold. Nobody let that deter them. However, the Monaco royals played along.

Prince Rainier and the men in his party wore red silk cloaks and white masks. Princess Grace wore a gold oriental affair.

Richard Burton who came along with Liz Taylor as guests of Onassis, put a cloak over his dinner jacket which he wore with a white skivvy.

Liz, disappointed in not being able to organise a plane to pick up a film costume from Rome, made do with a low-cut evening dress, her emerald necklace, and a flowered headdress.

Among other guests were Clare Boothe Luce, widow of the publisher; the Vicomtesse de Ribes (a pink surrealistic headdress and a Russian dressmaker flown from Paris to fit it); Rose Kennedy, mother of the former U.S. President (a froth of feathers rising from an eye-mask, by Paris designer Givenchy).

Three nights before this do, Countess Marina Cicogna hosted the Film Festival Ball at the Vendramin-Calergi Palace.

The countess, very pretty, very well-connected (Italian royal family), is a friend of many film people.

Burton and Elizabeth Taylor led the list of star names. They were with Onassis and Maria Callas.



ELIZABETH TAYLOR (above) shone at the charity ball in an Alexandre headdress. It was variously described as "flower-power" and "like a Venetian glassworks remnant." Her brother, Howard Taylor, complained that when she turned her head she scratched him.

PRINCESS GRACE shares an aside with Prince Rainier (centre) shown below with another of their party similarly dressed in hooded silk cloak and white mask. Grace and Rainier tricked Richard Burton into believing that the third man hugging Grace's waist was Rainier.



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Any minute now he'll be crying for help!





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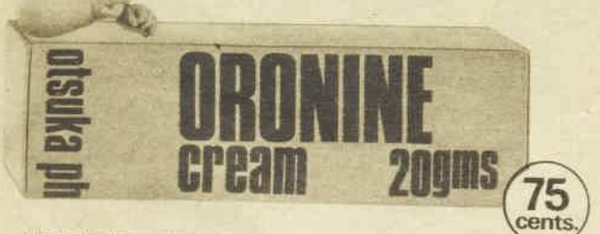
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SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Mollie Lyons

ENGAGEMENTS seem to be in the air and I lost count of all those of which I heard this week. From the country I learned that Ellen Boles, of "Dilga," Gumnock, is wearing a very handsome emerald-cut diamond given to her by Dick Glasson.

★ ★ ★

AND from England I hear that Roseanne Cunich, who recently announced her engagement to Richard Rowe, was just about to leave for three weeks in Spain, Morocco, Scandinavia, Russia, and Poland, and then Rome, from where she will fly home in November. Richard (who has just returned from three months abroad) and Roseanne, are planning to be married early next year.

★ ★ ★

ANOTHER engagement was that of Jose Williamson and Graeme Fox, who celebrated the occasion with a family dinner party. There will be more celebrating later when Jose's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nicoll Williamson, host a party for seventy at their Dee Why home on October 28.

★ ★ ★

AN exciting telephone call from London on September 23 told Mr. and Mrs. John Regan of the engagement of their daughter Robyn to Sydney boy Alec Macintosh. Robyn (who flew to London in July for a working holiday) and Alec (who left Sydney five months ago) plan to marry at Caxton Hall, London, on December 2.

★ ★ ★

AND I believe Patricia Maher and Peter Webb have also announced their engagement. They received congratulations at an informal party which Patricia's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Maher, gave at their Fairlight home on September 24. Patricia (who is wearing a diamond engagement ring) and Peter plan to marry next September.

★ ★ ★

BELIEVE the engagement party the Claude Renshaws gave at "Boogadah," Binnaway, for their eldest son, Howard, and his fiancee, Wendie-Sue Stening, was such fun. Wendie-Sue met friends of the family from surrounding properties, and many of Howard's relatives for the first time.

DATES for your diary . . . October 5, when the Women's Pioneer Society will present their Australasian Pioneer Pageant Ball at the Sydney Town Hall; and the Sydney University Settlement Auxiliary's luncheon and fashion parade at the home of Mrs. Philip Rudder at St. Ives on October 12.

★ ★ ★

IN my mailbag this week I received a set of the four Christmas cards which Torch Bearers for Legacy have available this year. I particularly like the one showing Cedric Emanuel's black-and-white sketch of the Opera House and our changing Sydney skyline. As well, there's a formal gold one, one with three gaily colored candles, and a pretty one with two angels looking at the Child in the Manger.

★ ★ ★

INTRIGUED with the name members of the Thumbelina Committee have given their party on October 7—they've called it "Elegance on a Shoestring." Mrs. David Glenn, the publicity officer, told me that this newly formed committee (which works for The Children's Medical Research Foundation) hasn't a great deal of money but were determined to have a formal elegant party, so the committee members will do all the cooking for their formal dinner dance, to be held at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Ken Poyzer at Killara, and will then don their most elegant dinner gowns and enjoy the fruits of their labor.

★ ★ ★

WHEN I spoke with Anthea Marks just after she arrived home from overseas, she told me she and her sister Gail had been among the lucky Sydney people to go out each day on the coastguard boat Active during the America's Cup at Newport. Other Sydney people on board included the Bill Northams and, I believe, Sir Robert Menzies and Dame Pattie also went out one day. Gail and Anthea flew to London, where they met their parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Marks, and then accompanied them to New York, where they spent a week before going to Newport.



IN CANBERRA. The President of Italy, Signor Giuseppe Saragat (centre), with the Italian Ambassador, Dr. Mario Majoli, and Mrs. Majoli, waiting in the vestibule of the Embassy in Canberra to greet guests as they arrived for a dinner given in honor of the President.

"U.S.A. TODAY" PARADES

A SPECTACULAR collection of American ready-to-wear clothes will be the highlight of "U.S.A. Today," which opens soon at David Jones' stores in Canberra, Wollongong, and Sydney.

CANBERRA. The Canberra parades will open with a Gala Charity Show (invitation only) at the Canberra Rex Hotel on October 29. Tickets will be $10 a double and proceeds will aid the A.C.T. Division of Red Cross.

Daily parades will be held at David Jones' Canberra store on October 30 and 31, at 11 a.m. and 2.30 p.m.

Tickets may be obtained from the David Jones' Canberra store Theatre Booking Office AFTER October 16.

Tickets for all parades will cost $1.20 each and proceeds will aid local charities.

WOLLONGONG. Gala charity preview on November 1 at the Strata Hotel in aid of the Red Cross. Tickets (by invitation) will cost $4 each.

Parades in David Jones' Wollongong store will be free. They will be held on November 2 and 3 at 12 noon and 1.30 p.m.

SYDNEY. On November 4 cocktails and refreshments at 7 p.m. before a buffet supper to be held in the new sixth floor Annexe at David Jones' Elizabeth Street store.

The hour-long parade will start at 8.30 p.m., and coffee and biscuits will be served afterward. Tickets (invitation only) will cost $10 each.

Proceeds will aid the Golden Committee of the Royal N.S.W. Institution for Deaf and Blind Children.

Parades will be held in David Jones' new 6th floor Annexe (Elizabeth Street store) on November 6 and 8 at 11.30 a.m. and 3.30 p.m. each day. Morning and afternoon tea will be served at 11 o'clock and 3 o'clock.

Tickets for all four sessions cost $1.50 each and will be available for booking from October 16 at the Theatre Ticket Booking Office, David Jones' Market Street store.

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AT RIGHT: A reception held in the Great Hall at the University of Sydney was one of the many social functions arranged for overseas doctors attending the Fifth World Congress of Gynaecology and Obstetrics in Sydney. Pictured are Mrs. Malcolm Stening, of Sydney (at right), and Mrs. Martin Sachs, who accompanied her husband, Dr. Sachs, from London for the congress. The reception was given by the President of the Organising Committee of the Congress, Dr. Stanley Devenish Meares, and Mrs. Devenish Meares, and the new Vice-Chancellor of the University, Professor Bruce Williams, and Mrs. Williams.



DOCTORS CONFER

BOVE: Among guests at a reception held in the oundhouse at the University of New South Wales ere Dr. and Mrs. Roland Nattrass, of Perth, estern Australia (at left), and Mrs. Parvis akami, wife of a visiting Iranian doctor. The ting Vice-Chancellor of the University, Professor apert H. Myers, and Mrs. Myers gave the party.



T RIGHT: Miss Bella Inkster (left) and Dr. lbert Singer chatted with Mrs. Robert Goodwin, ife of United States visitor Dr. Goodwin, of lassachusetts, at the champagne and chicken upper which followed a recital by the Vegh tring Quartet at the Art Gallery of New South ales. The evening was given by a group of our Swiss drughouses in association with the rustees of the Art Gallery, the Art Gallery Society, nd the Musica Viva Society of Australia.



AT LEFT: The bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Keane, gave a reception at "Old Dubbo," Dubbo, following the wedding of their daughter, the former Miss Jenny Keane, pictured with her husband, Mr. Robert Brazier, in the grounds of the property after their marriage at St. Andrew's Church, Dubbo. The bridegroom is the elder son of Mr. Robert Brazier, of "Nubrygyn," Eucha-reena, and of the late Mrs. Brazier.



AT RIGHT: A September wedding is planned by Mr. Tony Scanlon and Miss Susan Mack, who recently announced their engagement. Miss Mack is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Mack, of Mosman. Mr. Scanlon is the eldest son of Mrs. Rex Scanlon, of Artarmon, and of the late Major Scanlon.

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CHANGING FACE OF SYDNEY



● *Painting by Charles Whitman, left, of the intersection of Hunter and Elizabeth Streets from a 1949 photograph. Below, the same area today, now Chifley Square, with the Qantas building in left background, opposite the multi-storey Commonwealth Centre. Still there are the billboards, in right foreground.*



LOOK today at the Hunter and Elizabeth Streets intersection in down-town Sydney and you would hardly find it fits the description "Dickensian."

On one corner of the area — now known as Chifley Square — stands the multi-storey Commonwealth Centre. On the opposite side is the curved Qantas building, with its new Wentworth Hotel next door just nudging in on the square.

On another corner is the glass, concrete, marble, and steel P & O building.

Yet, according to commercial artist Charles Whitman, only 17 years ago the intersection had a charming "Dickensian" feeling.

Among the few things which remain unchanged are the billboards which "decorate" one corner outside the unchanged Police Headquarters in Hunter Street.

"Only the advertisements are different," said Mr. Whitman.

As a bachelor, Mr. Whitman lived in a seventh-floor flat at No. 7 Elizabeth Street and knew the area well.

Recently he found a photograph he had taken of it from the roof of his block of flats in 1949.

"It looked so changed I decided to paint a picture from it," he said.

He has presented the painting to the Australian Government. It is expected that it will be kept in the National Archives or placed in the Art Section (historical) of the National Library, Canberra.

The photograph was taken on a Sunday morning when "the whole area was asleep. The only sign of movement came from the tram." In the painting, Mr. Whitman has added "more cars and people to give it more life."

In the old days, terrace houses (divided and let as artists' studios and business chambers) and rooming houses were packed in and around the intersection.

"With the old bookshops, greengrocers, and the dear old hotels, the area was charming," said Mr. Whitman.



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- Services of Tour Director and escort team, who will travel with you on both sea voyages and be resident in London to ensure the success of the entire operation.

This basic all-inclusive price of $1708 is not much more than the return shipping fares charged by many companies.

As well as having the company of 1400 Australian and New Zealand tour members, when you want it, you will visit exciting ports to and from Europe.

They include Guam, Kobe, and Yokohama (Tokyo) in Japan, Honolulu in Hawaii, and Los Angeles in the U.S.A.

From Los Angeles the Orcades sails to Acapulco, playground of Mexico, then to Balboa, gateway to the Panama Canal, Cristobal in the Caribbean, Miami, U.S.A., Portuguese Madeira, before Tilbury, England.

After arrival in London some tour members will immediately begin either their seven-day tour of England and Scotland or the eight-country tour of Europe, while others will take up their 23-day "free" period.

Obviously the whole group cannot travel together.

To facilitate a high standard of service in each centre, groups of 48 will travel together in one coach during the European and U.K. coach tours.

The dates and times for the departure of these coaches from London will be staggered.

The 23-day "free" period, which tour organisers, World Travel Headquarters, have deliberately made available to all tour members, is proving a most popular feature with those who have already booked for the tour.

Some people have arranged, through World Travel Headquarters, to take some of the excellent "supplementary" tours which are available at special prices.

Ranging from four days for the Holland Bulb Fields Tour to 14 days for the Sunny Spain and Chateaux Country, these tours can be booked and paid for separately before the World Discovery Tour begins.

Some tour members will use the "free" period — which is at their own expense — to visit relatives and friends in England.

Those who cannot spare the five months needed for the World Discovery Tour can see the 22 countries and return home one month earlier in the Oriana.

This ship leaves England April 26, arriving Fremantle May 17, Melbourne May 20, Sydney May 21.

To compensate for the reduced time which members will have had in London, a special reduction of $40 ($N.Z.32) will apply against all supplements for improved cabin accommodation.

Members who wish to have the complete tour schedule, including the 23-day "free" period, will return in the mighty P & O liner Canberra, which sails from England on May 24.

Canberra visits Gibraltar before Piraeus, seaport for Athens. From here excursions are available to the Parthenon, Acropolis, and other points of archaeological interest.

Ask your travel agent about the excellent arrangements which have been made by World Travel Headquarters to enable tour members from all States (except South Australians) and New Zealand to join the Orcades in their own port.

HOW TO BOOK

New South Wales — A.C.T.: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., 33-35 Bligh Street, Sydney 2000. Telephone 28-4841.

Northern N.S.W.: Jayes Travel Service Pty. Ltd., 285 Hunter Street, Newcastle 2300. Telephone 2-5191.

Victoria — Tasmania: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., C.M.L. Building, 330 Collins Street, Melbourne 3000. Tel. 67-7481.

Queensland — Northern Territory — New Guinea: Universal Travel Company, 371 Queen Street, Brisbane 4000. Telephone 2-3008.

South Australia: King's Travel Agency Pty. Ltd., 30 Currie Street, Adelaide 5000. Telephone 51-2146.

Western Australia: Wesfarmers Travel Service, 569 Wellington Street and 14 Terrace Arcade, Perth 6000. Telephone 21-0191.

Above agents all members of A.F.T.A.

New Zealand: Russell & Somers Limited, 83 Customs Street East, Auckland. Telephone 2-0959.

London Offices: Milbanke House, 104 New Bond Street, London W.1, England. Telephone HYDe Park 8494, GROsvenor 7221.

—or see a travel agent.

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- Transfers on arrival and departure (where part of itinerary) and porterage of one average-size suitcase per person on tours and two per person on initial arrival and departure from U.K.

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- "Alcohol? Ten years ago it was believed that whisky was good for the arteries. Now we are not so sure."
- "The problems of heart disease will probably take longer to solve than those of cancer."
- "On the suspect list are air and water pollution, job pressure, diet, the effects of pleasure and pain."



LARS WERKO, distinguished Swedish physician visiting Australia.

EXPERT ON THE HUMAN HEART

"Enlightened attitude" to women, sex, family

By KAY KEAVNEY

PROFESSOR LARS WERKO is tall, lean, young, and articulate, which seems to describe most distinguished Swedes who visit Australia.

He is this year's guest lecturer at the St. Vincent's Hospital Society (Sydney) Reunion Week. He is head of the department of medicine at famous Gothenburg University, physician-in-chief at famous Sahlgrenska Hospital, international lecturer on cardiac diseases, director of the International Cardiology Foundation, adviser on cardio-vascular diseases to the World Health Organisation, and so on and on.

In short, he is a man who knows as much as anyone in the world about the human heart. He is also refreshingly honest about how little is known.

"The only thing we can be certain about," he told me, "in the avoidance of heart disease is to avoid bad genes—and who can do that?"

(Physical characteristics are handed down from generation to generation by the genes.)

Research on other factors contributing to heart disease is going on all over the world, but so far very little is definite.

"For example," said the Professor, "it is still very much an open question whether heart-prone people should exercise, and if so how much.

"Heart disease seems to depend on many factors, and on the individual's response to those factors.

"On the suspect list are air and water pollution, job pressure, diet, the effects of pleasure and pain on the body."

"And smoking?" I ventured. I'd noticed the Professor didn't smoke.

"Smoking is not good," he said positively. "A relationship between heart disease and smoking has been established for some time."

He relaxed and laughed. "Personally, I am lucky. I never took it up. But my wife smokes, if only moderately. About ten a day.

"Alcohol? Ten years ago it was believed that whisky was good for the arteries. Now we are not so sure. Personally, I do not think that alcohol, taken in moderation, makes any difference either way—except that it is more difficult to keep slim and fit if one has a few drinks a day.

"I say, don't forbid it. In this, as in all things, take the middle way."

"The middle way" perfectly sums up Professor Werko's design for living, and his best advice to wives who want to keep their husbands heart-free. His favorite words are "moderately" and "in moderation."

"This applies to all things, diet, exercise, all things," he repeated. "Aim for somewhere between the two extremes of 'too much' and 'none at all.'

"It's usually the husband, you know," he said, warming to the subject, "who gets the heart disease. Not the wife.

"In all the developed countries, males get heart trouble ten years earlier than the females. It may be due to hormones. We don't really know.

"In colored people there is no difference! Why this should be so only research can tell us.

"It is said, too, that the disease is most common among doctors, lawyers, and businessmen. In England, there is certainly a clear difference between manual and sedentary workers. But you do not find this in the U.S. or Sweden.

"I don't think 'class' factors are vital in the developed countries. But, here again, all over the world research is going on, for instance, into the incidence of heart disease in primitive cultures.

"Everyone, Government, industry, and private persons, should support research as much as possible. After all, heart circulatory diseases are the worst killers of all. In Australia and New Zealand, your Heart Foundation is supporting much research.

"If you have a family history of heart disease, it is a good idea to have a regular check-up.

"And for those who are older, have your blood pressure checked regularly, and a general examination also."

This kind of preventive medicine is currently difficult in Sweden, the Professor told me, because of an acute shortage of doctors, who must take care of the sick first.

Next year, the universities propose to take in three times as many medical students as they have been doing, to heal the shortage.

We fell to talking about this remarkable and advanced little nation of only seven million people, of whom more than one million live in Stockholm alone.

"We have been fortunate," he said. "We have not been involved in any wars since about 1814. Yet we have a large military force. We believe in self-help! We have the third largest air force in Europe."

"How do you pay for it," I asked, "along with all your social services?"

"Taxation," he said promptly. "We are very highly taxed. Of course, our industry is big and rich.

"I agree, though, we are a fairly enlightened society, especially where women are concerned.

"Both Government and public feeling is strongly against discrimination. Many letters to the newspapers speak against it wherever it crops up.

"In the medical world, there are many distinguished women. Thirty percent of the intake at our medical schools are girls.

"There is one anomaly. All young males are subject to military service but the girls are not.

"In an effort to redress the balance, boys at medical school who have done military service were given extra marks, but now this has been done away with.

"There are other anomalies. A professional wife's earnings, for instance, are added to her husband's for taxation purposes, and the whole taxed as one.

"And there is no deduction for household help, which a professional woman must have.

"But there is talk of changing all this. And changes must come, because Sweden so badly needs her professional women — in fact, her women — in the work-force.

"In many ways, the Government does all it can to free wives and mothers to work. Public opinion, as I have said, is very much with this policy.

"Sweden has very good education in sex matters and family planning.

"One of the world's top authorities is an 80-year-old Swedish lady, Mrs. Ottosen-Jensen, who has been working devotedly in these fields since the 1930s.

"I don't think the Pill has made any real difference to Swedish attitudes on these matters, except as an instrument of trends long established.

"Abortion laws in Sweden are fairly liberal, though less so than in some other countries, such as Japan. You have to have a medical reason, backed by a physician and an obstetrician.

"If the medical reason is considered too slight, there must be an investigation by a special committee, and usually a psychiatrist is consulted.

"All this can take up a good deal of time, and many women find it objectionable.

"Changes are being mooted to reduce the bureaucratic element, but Sweden is a long way from 'abortion on demand.'

"There is much discussion, of course, as there is all over the world, on when life actually begins. Some doctors say it begins at the moment of conception, but most, I think, take a practical view and say they don't know.

"Under present laws, an operation is allowed up to the 20th week."

I asked where the Professor learned his faultless English. In Sweden, it appears English is compulsory from the age of nine. It is impossible there to get higher education without at least one foreign language.

After graduating, he also spent a year at New York's celebrated Bellevue Hospital. There he decided to specialise in the heart.

The decision to become a doctor in the first place was made so far back that he can't even remember it.

"There are no other doctors in my family," he told me. "My father was a businessman.

"As to why I wanted to be a doctor, I don't really know. I ask this question often of my students, and they don't know, either. All they know is that a doctor is what they must be."

This particular doctor is in the front rank in a world-wide battle against the scourge of this century.

He warned, "The problems of heart disease will probably take longer to solve than those of cancer. Perhaps they will never be entirely conquered.

"Even if we reach the stage when we know all about the diseases which afflict the heart, there will still be wear and tear on the pumps and the tubing.

"What we must do, so far as possible, is to reduce that wear and tear. We must study what happens in nature. The closer to the natural state we can be, the more certain we are not to upset the balances.

"In the national sphere we must work toward a reduction of air pollution.

"And in the personal — I can only repeat that in all things it is best to take the middle way."

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"FAMILY AFFAIR": As welcome as fresh-baked bread

Television





TWINS (above) Buffy (Annisa Jones) and Jody (Johnny Whitaker), 6, who complicate the household of bachelor-engineer Bill Davis. Right, Bill Davis (Brian Keith) and manservant French (Sebastian Cabot) with Buffy in a scene from TCN9's new "Family Affair."

"FAMILY AFFAIR," TCN9's new situation-comedy series, Fridays, 7 p.m., is certain of high ratings if Australian viewers run true to their usual form.

From its first viewing in America, the show captured viewers right and left, reefing them away from long-established shows like "Peyton Place" and "The Twilight Zone" and is now up and away into its second season.

Australian viewing habits follow the American pattern closely. Knowing this and having seen a preview of "Family Affair," I don't have to look into a crystal ball to predict its success here.

It has nothing original about it. The story is old and corny—that of a worldly bachelor uncle forced to take a clutch of children into his household permanently.

The world of Hollywood TV series is a queer one; original but unproved ideas for new series are not as popular as new series based on old ideas that have proved popular.

Remember "Bachelor Father"? Handsome John Forsythe, living luxuriously in a household run by an impassive oriental manservant, played a gay-dog bachelor whose life was sadly restricted by the need to bring up a teenage niece.

"Family Affair" is virtually a bigger - than - life - size "Bachelor Father." It has a more interesting cast, better production, better script.

The bachelor is a wealthy engineer, Bill Davis (Brian Keith), whose ideal bachelor household is looked after by his English gentleman's gentleman, French, played by Sebastian Cabot.

Their sophisticated life is sadly disrupted when two nieces and a nephew come to live permanently with them.

Brian Keith plays a very believable bachelor engineer. He is good looking in an un-filmstar way, masculine and forthright. His man-to-man relationship with French is good; with the children he is practised, firm, and charming.

In real life Keith has four children, three girls and a boy, ranging from six years old down. I think he must have written a segment in the first episode when he telephoned his home, long distance, and got six-year-old Buffy on the phone. His patient frustration with Buffy was almost painfully real.

I expected Sebastian Cabot, as a houseman, to be both precious and arrogant. He is neither. He plays the role in an understated, very human way.

The children are brother and sister twins, aged 6, and as nice a pair as you would find. They are plainer, less glossy productions, and certainly less obnoxious than the children usually starred in American series.

Buffy, a girl, is played by Annisa Jones: brother Jody by Johnny Whitaker. Buffy, just into the fantasy stage, has a rag doll, "Mrs. Beasley," who is a character in her own right.

"Mrs. Beasley" is the first doll I have seen wearing glasses. Her very definite opinions are put forward by Buffy. Buffy really overshadows her elder sister, Cissy, 16, a comely teenager played by Kathy Garver.

"Family Affair" is not world-beating TV, but it is staple fare that is as wholesome—and delectable—as a freshly baked loaf of bread.

TOMMY HANLON'S
Thought for the Week

Momma once said, "I think the people in the South American countries have the right idea—a siesta, which means a nap in the middle of the day. Maybe you can't sleep, but just to lie down and relax for an hour or two is a marvellous thing. And it must be beneficial to your system, because you rarely read of young men having heart attacks and nervous breakdowns in those countries. I understand in Italy even the stores close down for about four hours in the middle of the day, and everyone goes off home and takes a nap. And, as you know, they're a pretty healthy race of people, so maybe there's something in it after all."

MOMMA'S MORAL: A man feels better after forty winks . . . especially if all the girls wink back.

By NAN MUSGROVE

Tense moment of birth

SENSATION of the recent TV scene was the series of live telecasts made in color and answer-back sound for an audience of experts at Sydney's Wentworth Hotel.

The experts were 1400 doctors from all over the world attending the Fifth World Congress of Gynaecology and Obstetrics. The telecasts came direct from the operating theatre of the Royal Hospital for Women at Paddington.

Various operations, hysterectomies with different complications, were telecast, as well as the birth of a baby by caesarean section.

The telecasts, unavailable to the ordinary viewer, were on closed-circuit color TV direct from the hospital.

Cameras inside the theatre focused over the operative area of the patient, beamed pictures from a van outside the hospital by micro-wave link to the Wentworth Hotel.

From a studio set up next door to the theatre, commentators and visiting surgeons spoke, showed X-rays, slides, and so on.

Inside the theatre the surgeon wore a microphone under his gown so he could explain the operation and answer questions.

These questions were put to him by the audience through the telecast moderator stationed at the hotel.

Doctors wrote their questions on cards provided, handed them to ushers, who passed them on to the moderator, who was in touch by sound with the surgeon.

Most U.S. surgeons do the commentary of their own operations as well as answer questions; most Australians prefer a commentator for the main explanation and to only answer questions.

Producer Lloyd Capps, 28, told me doctors were constantly congratulating his firm on the telecasts.

Capps works for an international pharmaceutical manufacturing company, **Smith, Kline**, and French.

The firm do not sell color TV equipment nor are they interested in the distribution of color TV here. Their color telecasts are done as a service to the medical profession, and through them to the community.

When I spoke to Mr. Capps he was still excited about the caesarean section operation he had just finished producing.

"It was a girl," he said. "She was beautiful, a big girl. We watched her cheeks go from white to rosy pink as she began to breathe.

"She cried on camera. It was a good moment."

(Mr. Capps is married with a son born — NOT on camera — on a date numbers sequence he won't forget: 4-5-67.)

He started on commercial TV on ADS7 Adelaide, went to the Church of England TV organisation, then to his present job.

He says producing telecasts of major surgery that is saving life or repairing some bad fault is fascinating. It doesn't make him or the other laymen technicians feel squeamish.

"It's when you see something simple like the removal of an ingrowing toenail that it hits you," he said.

The operation rehearsals are done without patients but with the surgeon and theatre staff, mainly to get the camera in the right position.

Patients signed a consent form and always seemed pleased to "star" on TV.

"They have top surgeons operating," he said, "and other top surgeons watching."

Even with such attractions, it's one role that I'm sure all women would be pleased NOT to star in.

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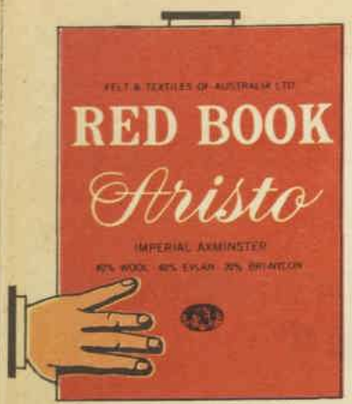
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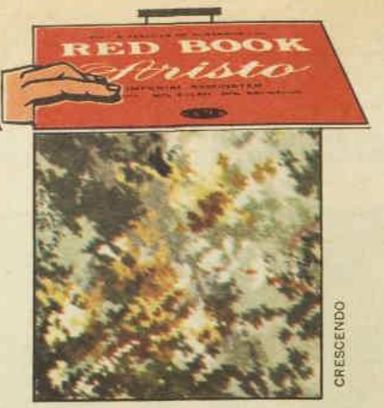
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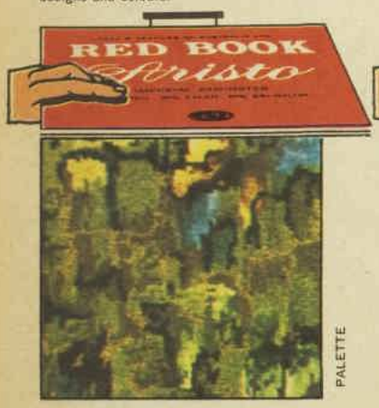
Well, I've always had an Axminster. You know, for the quality, but I must admit I didn't know you could get such contemporary designs and colours.



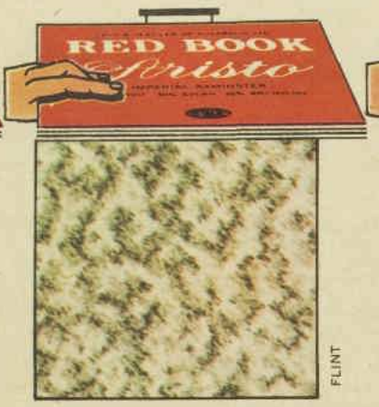
Oh things are happening to Axminster, Madam, that have chang . . . these Red Books are a marvellous idea aren't they! Who is it, now, that makes Red Book Carpets?



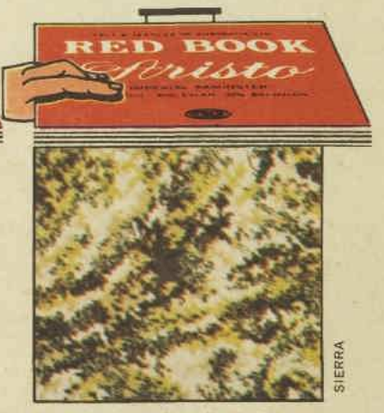
Felt and Textiles, Madam, Australia's larg . . . oh yes, they're very good aren't they.



I think my girl friend's brother-in-law works for them and he's awfully nice. It's hard to make up your mind when you see so many styles all under the one cover like this.



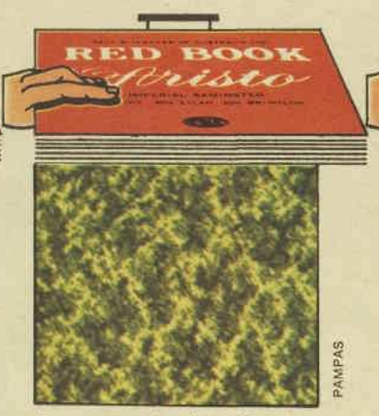
Bruce, he's my husband, says I can never make up my mind about anything but he's so illogical anyway.



Perhaps Madam would . . . Now look at those colours. That pattern is superb but Bruce would have a fit if I tried to bring it into the house.



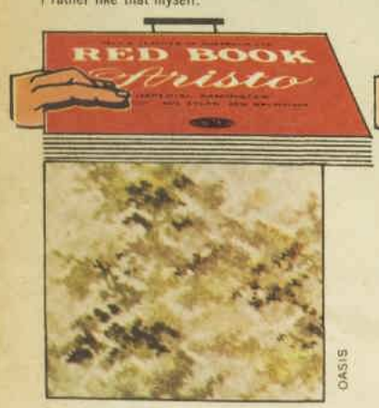
He's rather more conservative than me. It comes from his mother's side I'm sure. Hmm, that's much more in his line. Actually I rather like that myself.



These are very good quality too. You feel how thick that pile is.
Yes, Madam, I'm aware tha . . . Barbara! **I beg your pardon, Madam.**



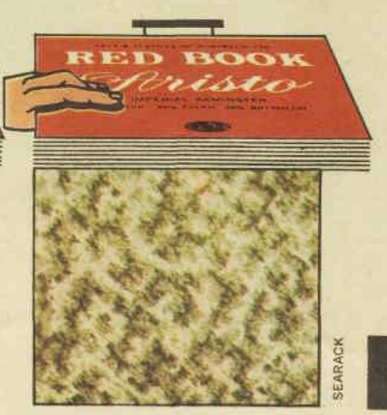
Barbara! That one's Barbara to a tee. Big sweeps of understated colour. I'd better keep her away from here or Alex will kill me.



I don't know. As sure as I pick something Bruce'll say I'm going all, you know, "Home Beautiful". Look, I think we'll come in tomorrow lunch time and decide on something together.



It's very handy having the Red Book like this. Now what's your name.

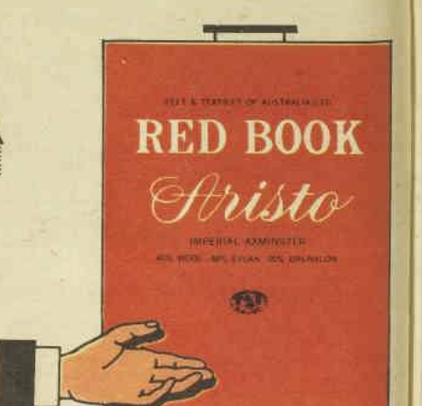


Browne, Madam, with an E.
But I'm off between one and two.

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Famous, talented LUCILLE

● Lucille Ball is undeniably a middle-aged woman with dyed red hair. Also, undeniably, she has two rich gifts — one for comedy and one for business.

These seemingly ill-assorted gifts have made her Madam President of the vast Desilu TV studios and internationally famous as daffy Lucy of "I Love Lucy."

How she keeps going week after week in this show and keeps up the standard that makes every show a riot is beyond me. But she does it, and with ease. Lucille has a sure-fire way of getting on her toes for her performances.

Just before the filming starts, Lucy comes out into the studio and deftly fields questions, personal ones, about herself and her family.

"And what questions," she says. "Like the one about why I am the star of 'The Lucy Show.' That really stopped me — for a minute I couldn't remember."

Lucy's Australian fans have no doubt about what makes her the star—sheer talent and a huge capacity for enjoyment, which she seems to spread to all who watch her.

—NAN MUSGROVE





LUCILLE BALL as herself, one of the world's most famous comediennes, a businesswoman who is a multimillionaire.

LEFT: Gale Gordon, Lucy's long-suffering, short-tempered bank manager, Mr. Mooney, dons a kilt for a highland fling.

RIGHT: In a softer moment, Mr. Mooney with Lucy, the customer who causes him the most trouble —and the most fun.



Television

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"Greenknowe" the old house and the new





"GREENKNOWE" (above), the Toorak mansion which was the home of Sir Robert Knox and his family for 48 years. It has been pulled down to make way for road improvements in this part of Melbourne. At right is the new "Greenknowe," known as "Greenknowe Court," which occupies the site of one of the former tennis courts behind the old house.

● The spacious room echoed to the sound of our footsteps.

On one wall were the remains of tinsel decorations, by another a pile of long-forgotten gramophone records, and here and there cartons and boxes and the odd chair.

"This is the exact spot where Dame Nellie Melba used to stand," said Sir Robert Knox, firmly planting his feet on the dais in the deserted music-room.

"I will always remember it as a music-room rather than a ballroom. There's been so much music here."

We were taking a last look at "Greenknowe," the magnificent Tudor-style house in the Melbourne suburb of Toorak, which had been Sir Robert's home for 48 years.

A couple of weeks later, the house was nothing more than a pile of rubble.

"I suppose that's progress," said Sir Robert a trifle wistfully, referring to the road extensions planned to take up much of the site.

"Of course, I'm sorry it had to be pulled down, but one can't stand in the way of progress."

The house was built more than 50 years ago and was originally owned by Sir John and Lady Sanderson. (Sir John was chairman of the well-known pastoral and shipping company, John Sanderson and Co.)

Sir Robert and Lady Knox used to live next door and

By JANE NUGENT

the two families were great friends.

At that time, the house was known as "Brie Brie" after the Sandersons' western district station.

It was always filled with people, and some of Sir John and Lady Sanderson's house-guests included many famous names of the day.

Dame Nellie Melba, for instance, always stayed there during her Melbourne opera seasons and used to rehearse in the music-room, with Lady Sanderson accompanying her on the piano.

"I used to love listening to Nellie Melba," recalled Sir Robert. "They were always special occasions when she was here."

Another regular visitor was John Brownlee, one of Australia's great baritones.

Then, in 1919, Sir John and his wife decided to return to England, and Sir Robert and Lady Knox bought "Brie Brie."

One of the first things they did was to change the name to "Greenknowe" in honor of the family's Scottish ancestry. It means "little green hill" and Sir Robert pointed out that the correct pronunciation was "Green-now."

The name might have changed, but the spirit of the house didn't. It was still noted for its grand parties and, of course, music.

"Three generations enjoyed the house," said Sir Robert, "and three generations of friends. It certainly has a lot of memories."

Scottish forebears

Sir Robert, who is of Scottish descent, comes from a well-known Victorian family and also married into another old Victorian family when Ivy Victoria, daughter of Sir William Clarke, became his wife. Lady Knox died five years ago.

He has had an extremely large number of business interests and has also been associated with the Red Cross Society and the National Theatre Movement.

Sir Robert's daughter, Mrs. Robert Lindsay, remembers that when she was a very small girl she would sit, partly hidden at the top of the stairs, and watch her parents' dinner guests arrive.

"Entertaining was very formal in those days," she

ENTRANCE HALL in the old "Greenknowe" (below) and the new (right). As a small girl, Mrs. Lindsay used to sit at the top of the stairs watching her parents' guests arrive. From the circular hall of the new house doors lead to reception-room, dining-room, the Lindsays' flat, guest-room and bathroom.





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"It had a lot of memories," said Sir Robert Knox of his old home, which saw three generations of family and friends. It has been demolished for road improvements in Toorak, but a new "Greenknowe" has been built on the site.



***THREE GENERATIONS** pictured before the last family party held at the old house. From left, Major Robert Lindsay, Sir Robert Knox's son-in-law; Sir Robert; his daughter Rosemary, Mrs. Lindsay; Andrew, one of the Lindsays' three sons.*



***MUSIC-ROOM** at "Greenknowe," decorated for a discotheque party last Christmas — the last family function held there. The dais on which Dame Nellie Melba used to rehearse for her opera season was then occupied by a pop group.*

said, "and everyone would arrive in top hats and furs. I used to admire the ladies' beautiful dresses."

There were nearly always weekend house-guests, but as the family kept a staff of about six, including a gardener and chauffeur, this was never a problem.

"Some of our staff were with us for years and years," said Mrs. Lindsay. "They were almost part of the family."

During World War II the ballroom became the headquarters for many a money-raising effort. There were charity balls, mannequin parades, and endless meetings.

It also saw numerous big family occasions. In 1946 Mrs. Lindsay was married to Major Robert Lindsay and about 800 guests attended the glittering reception.

"To be perfectly honest I can't remember too much about that wedding reception," said Mrs. Lindsay, "except that it was a very happy time."

Another function was the magnificent 21st birthday party given for one of Sir Robert's granddaughters, Diana Knox, now Mrs. Adrian Gibson, of Tasmania.

Just before last Christmas the family prepared to move out of the old "Greenknowe" and into the new "Greenknowe," and for the last family gathering held a discotheque party.

Disco noise

Mrs. Lindsay commented, "It was wonderful. We couldn't hear ourselves think for the noise, but we all enjoyed it."

The party was for Major and Mrs. Lindsay's eldest son, 18-year-old Andrew, and about 200 young people danced until the small hours.

The new "Greenknowe," as "Greenknowe Court," is equally impressive, but in a rather different way. A single-storey, Georgian-type building, it occupies what used to be one of the two tennis courts at the back of the old house.

"To think we used to have tennis parties out here," said Mrs. Lindsay, "and erect huge marquees for our larger parties and receptions."

She and her husband and three children, Andrew, Ian, and Jamie, share "Greenknowe Court" with Sir Robert.

Work on the new house began about 12 months ago, but Mrs. Lindsay said they were in no hurry, so the builders were able to take their time.

"We continued to live in the old 'Greenknowe,' and to avoid the muddle of one big moving day transferred everything from one house to the other gradually," she said.

She loves entertaining, especially entertaining quite simply — so the house has been designed for this purpose.

The entrance hallway is circular, with unusual black

Continued overleaf



***RECEPTION-ROOM** (left) in the new house is an echo of a room in the old "Greenknowe" (below). The new room has a sprung floor and is big enough for a fair-sized dance to be held there comfortably. Transfer of the furniture to its new home was done gradually to avoid one big moving day.*



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This advertisement is not to try and sell you a Simpson electric range right here on this page. We think you actually have to see one in the showroom to believe how advanced it is. But we can whet your interest by mentioning just a few of Simpson's extremely advanced features.

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"Greenknowe" Continued from previous page





DINING-ROOM in the old house (left) decorated for the discotheque party last Christmas and (above) the dining-room in "Greenknowe Court," the new house. Like much of the old house's furniture, the oak table and chairs have settled happily in new surroundings. The portrait (above) is of Mrs. Lindsay when she was aged 20. Over the sideboard is an Arab prayer rug.

Together-yet-separate design blends what is virtually three flats in the one house

and white tiling. One of the rooms opening off this is the main reception-room, large enough (30ft. x 15ft.) for a fair-sized dance.

The sprung floor is scattered with Persian rugs. Throughout, furnishings include many reminders of the old house.

Also opening off the hall is the dining-room. On one wall is a framed Arab prayer rug, and on another a portrait of Mrs. Lindsay, painted when she was 20.

The huge oak table and matching chairs are family heirlooms, and they look just as much in place in "Greenknowe Court" as they did in their previous home.

This room, the dining-room, and one of the bedroom wings surround a paved terrace, which Mrs. Lindsay already visualises as being ideal for parties.

She is particularly proud of the spacious kitchen, which is divided in two by a bar counter and cupboards. She said she thought it was terribly important to have a conveniently sized kitchen for entertaining, "otherwise it can be chaos."

Comfort, privacy

The rest of the house has been carefully designed so the family can live together and yet have complete privacy if they wish.

Major and Mrs. Lindsay have what could almost be described as their own apartment within the house.

This, too, opens off the main hall and has a comfortable sitting-room, bedroom, and bathroom. A door and a long corridor divide them from the two younger boys.

Their accommodation consists of a room for the nurse, a small living-room plus kitchenette, a bedroom, and bathroom.

On the other side of the house, Sir Robert and Andrew Lindsay have bedrooms and bathroom. As well as this, Sir Robert has a well-equipped dressing-room with a sink and facilities for making light snacks or a hot drink.

The Lindsays have a house at Mount Eliza, and the family divides its time between this and "Greenknowe Court."

On occasions Sir Robert goes to Mount Eliza, where he owns a block of land. He has no house there and has no plans for building. Instead, he has a boatshed fitted out with his own rooms for eating and resting.



NEW, WELL-APPOINTED KITCHEN. Mrs. Lindsay is particularly pleased with this feature of "Greenknowe Court." It is divided almost in two by a bar counter and cupboards, and there is ample room to prepare food and drinks for big parties — "otherwise it can be chaos," she says.

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Picture by staff photographer Ron Berg

SHEPHERD'S COTTAGE on the foreshores of Lake Burley Griffin directly opposite Parliament House (background, right), Canberra. The cottage is preserved as a heritage of the era before 1908 when the Yass-Canberra district was chosen as the site of the capital.

AUSTRALIAN ALMANAC

● *A weekly series by* **BILL BEATTY**

OCTOBER 8

1842 Robert Lowe (Viscount Sherbrooke) arrived in Sydney. Lowe's career in the colony began as a conveyor before he was nominated to the Legislative Council. When Dr. John Dunmore Lang moved a motion for the separation of the Port Phillip district from New South Wales, Lowe was his only supporter, apart from the Port Phillip representatives.

In 1844 he defended the notorious convict John Knatchbull at his trial for murder, and used for the first time in Australia the plea of "moral insanity" — a concept that left the judge snorting with indignation. Lowe fought vigorously for the abolition of transportation. On one auspicious occasion he made a prophetic speech on a new note: "I hope and believe that the time is not remote when Great Britain will give up the idea of treating the dependants of the Crown as children . . . and substitute for it the far wiser and nobler policy of knitting herself and her colonies into one mighty confederacy."

1908 Yass-Canberra selected as site for Federal capital.

1931 Death of Sir John Monash, Australian Army commander and engineer. Born and educated in Melbourne, Monash practised as a civil engineer and was responsible for the introduction of reinforced-concrete in Victoria and other States. During World War I he commanded the 4th Infantry Brigade and was at the landing operations on Gallipoli. Subsequently he commanded the 3rd Australian Division in France. His marked capacity eventually earned him recognition as one of the ablest corps commanders in the British Army.

OCTOBER 9

1855 Death of Sir Thomas Mitchell.

1871 Barque Badger collided with the American steamship Nevada. The Badger was on her way from Newcastle, N.S.W., when she was struck by the American vessel in the Tasman Sea and sank. The Nevada neither stopped to save lives nor reported the collision on arrival in Sydney. Fortunately, the Badger's crew were able to take to the boats and were later picked up and landed at Sydney. The Nevada's captain was fined $3200.

1885 First direct shipment of sugar from Brisbane to London. Today, Australia has the fourth largest sugar industry in the world. About half of the output is exported. Queensland's massive sugar industry has extended along the State's northern coastline, a broad belt of European development that is not duplicated in any other tropical area in the world.

OCTOBER 10

1774 Norfolk Island discovered by Captain Cook.

1843 First meeting of the South Australian Legislative Council (seven nominees).

1915 The "Coo-ees" began their marathon march. A group of 20 men left the town of Gilgandra, N.S.W., on a 320-mile, 34-day walk to Sydney. The "Gilgandra Snowball," as the marchers were called, was a private World War I recruiting drive that was later emulated by several other New South Wales towns and one in Queensland.

Gilgandra residents contributed about $400 toward the cost of the march, and the marchers, carrying only a few clothes and a blanket slung across one shoulder, moved off. They were given the final name of the "Coo-ees" and everywhere they received an enthusiastic welcome. The original band increased as the miles moved by, and they reached Sydney 263 strong. Martin Place was jammed with people as the "Coo-ees" made a final appeal for recruits before entering camp. The original 20 marchers are remembered at Gilgandra with a mile-long avenue of trees and a perpetual light.

OCTOBER 11

1738 Birth of Arthur Phillip (Governor).

1817 Foundation stone of St. Matthew's Church, Windsor, laid by Governor Macquarie. The convict-built church is typical of the period, plain and dignified. The rectory, a delightful red-brick building, has a tradition of being haunted. The late Rev. Norman Jenkyn, Rural Dean of the Hawkesbury district, was rector for 30 years until 1936. He lived at the rectory until the ghosts finally drove him to seek refuge in a local pub. He claimed that eerie sounds often woke him in the middle of the night; he heard shuffling feet in the dining-room and the rattle of cutlery; footsteps echoing along a bare, stone corridor, then a noise as if bricks were being stacked in a corner. Time and again he leapt out of bed to intercept the nocturnal visitors. "But the ghosts of the chain gang, as they were supposed to be, always gave me the slip," he said. He found it impossible to keep servants. Even a Japanese cook-groom left after hearing the ghosts carrying and stacking bricks.

The Dean had a breezy, likable manner, was an eloquent preacher, and extremely popular. He didn't believe in ghosts, but he said the evidence in the case of the rectory was very difficult to ignore.

OCTOBER 12

1834 Birth of Sir George Dibbs, Premier of New South Wales. He is chiefly remembered for his bitter opposition to Henry Parkes and as the successful champion of a protectionist policy for New South Wales. During the financial crisis of 1893, when many banks closed, the prompt action of the Dibbs Government stemmed the panic by proclaiming all notes issued by local banks to be legal tender.

1849 The town of Geelong incorporated by Act of the New South Wales Legislative Council. The city was proclaimed on December 8, 1910.

1912 Mount Lyell mine disaster. A fire in the underground engine-house of the Tasmanian tin mine at Mount Lyell filled the workings with smoke and led to the death by suffocation of 42 miners. Rescue attempts were carried on for five days. A commission of inquiry into the working conditions in the mine was due on the day of the disaster.

OCTOBER 13

1838 First issue of the "Port Phillip Gazette." The editor of this four-page weekly was fined and jailed for contempt of court following publication of criticism of the Resident Judge, Mr. Justice Willis. There were other difficulties as the following notice showed: "To Subscribers. The last week's papers did not leave town till Wednesday owing to the messenger's horse running away, leaving the rider stranded and the papers lost beyond recovery."

Then there was shortage of money. In desperation he put this notice in his paper: "It is no use to honey the matter — payments must be made at least once a quarter, or else I shall run down to heel. Every one says how well the paper is getting on, when the fact is that I have not enough money to buy myself a shirt or a pair of breeches. My wife is now actively engaged in turning an old pair wrong side out. Come, come, pay up, friends. Keep peace in the family and enable me to wear my breeches out. The Editor."

OCTOBER 14

1840 First Government sale of Portland Bay land. Portland, Victoria, five miles from the Princes Highway, the coastal road between Melbourne and Adelaide, is the only deep-sea port between the two capitals.

Portland Bay was probably used by Bass Strait sealers before 1800, when Lieutenant Grant, of the Lady Nelson, named it after the Duke of Portland. In 1828, a seal-trader named William Dutton built a home in Portland Bay and subsequently established a whaling fishery there. However, because of his activities in other centres, the distinction of being the first permanent settler in Portland Bay (and Victoria) is given to Edward Henty, who arrived in 1834 to establish an agricultural settlement.

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TOPFLIGHT MODELS for PARADES

● On these pages are pictured the two top overseas models who will visit Australia for our "U.S.A. Today" Fashion Parades, which are part of the Georges/David Jones American promotion fortnight in October-November. They are Christine Lee and Hedwig Bates, both of New York City, and they will parade with ten Australian models. The designs opposite are from the collection.



CHRISTINE LEE, a tall, willowy blonde, and Heddie Bates, a pert, lively brunette who personifies youthful chic, are both former stage actresses who prefer the fashion runway to theatre lights.

Heddie (short for Hedwig) is 27, has been modelling for five years.

With her Sassoon-style Greek-goddess haircut and boyish figure, Heddie has been called the "American Twiggy" — a title she rejects on the grounds that she is "heavier and rounder" than the young cockney girl.

Heddie got off to a start in the theatre some years ago with the help of Robert Montgomery, the actor and TV director. Her biggest role was in the touring company of "Mary, Mary," in which she appeared opposite Lee Bowman all over the United States for nine months.

However, because she "likes to eat," Heddie has shelved an acting career in favor of the steady $40 an hour she earns from fashion houses such as Dior, Fogarty, Geoffrey Beene, and Gernreich.

It hasn't hurt her career one bit that New York's enterprising Parks Commissioner frequently borrows her to help promote his "happenings" in the city parks.

Her most recent chore was to model the uniform for the "Bike Patrol" — a volunteer group which is supposedly ready to rescue distressed weekend cyclists in New York's popular Central Park.

If Christine Lee, who is a lofty 5ft. 9in., looks vaguely familiar, it could be because she played a bit part in the Italian hit film "La Dolce Vita."

At the time, Christine was working in Italy as a magazine cover girl, and much in demand.

"In a land of short, dark, plump women, I was tall, thin, and fair — what more could I ask?" she said.

In Fellini's masterly "Dolce Vita," Christine played the mistress of an Italian nobleman and appeared in the seance scene.

Maestro Fellini asked her to stay on in Cinecitta doing bit roles, but Christine became homesick and went back to her swank East Manhattan apartment.

She has been a familiar figure on fashion runways for the past eight years. Her cool, blonde elegance is typical of the look favored by high-fashion designers.

Both Heddie and Christine jumped at the chance to visit Australia with the "U.S.A. Today" collection.

"This kind of fashion work is much more of a challenge. I expect to learn a great deal from the trip about publicity, promotion, and even photography," said Christine.

Christine and Heddie are friends as well as fellow-workers for the same New York model agency. Both are fond of dogs, each owns an afghan hound. The dogs will be kennelled together on a farm outside the city while their model owners are overseas.

The agency expects that the trip will enhance their appeal to clients — provided they come back unmarried.

On this score, both girls have given the reassurance that they could not be wooed and won in just three weeks abroad.



● *Striped mini-dress and bare feet for Hedwig Bates (left), drinking coffee in tiny kitchen of her flat.*

● *At home, Christine Lee wears silk crepe hostess pyjamas by Oscar de La Renta.*

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Glamor treatment to colorful and swingy designs from "U.S.A. TODAY" collection.



● *Multi - colored, striped paillettes in discotheque tent (left) by Victor Costa of Suzy Perate. Model is glamorous Christine Lee.*



● *Swingy three - piece in purple, white, and gold wool plaid (by Jacques Tiffeau) with purple tights. Model Hedwig Bates loves mod styles.*

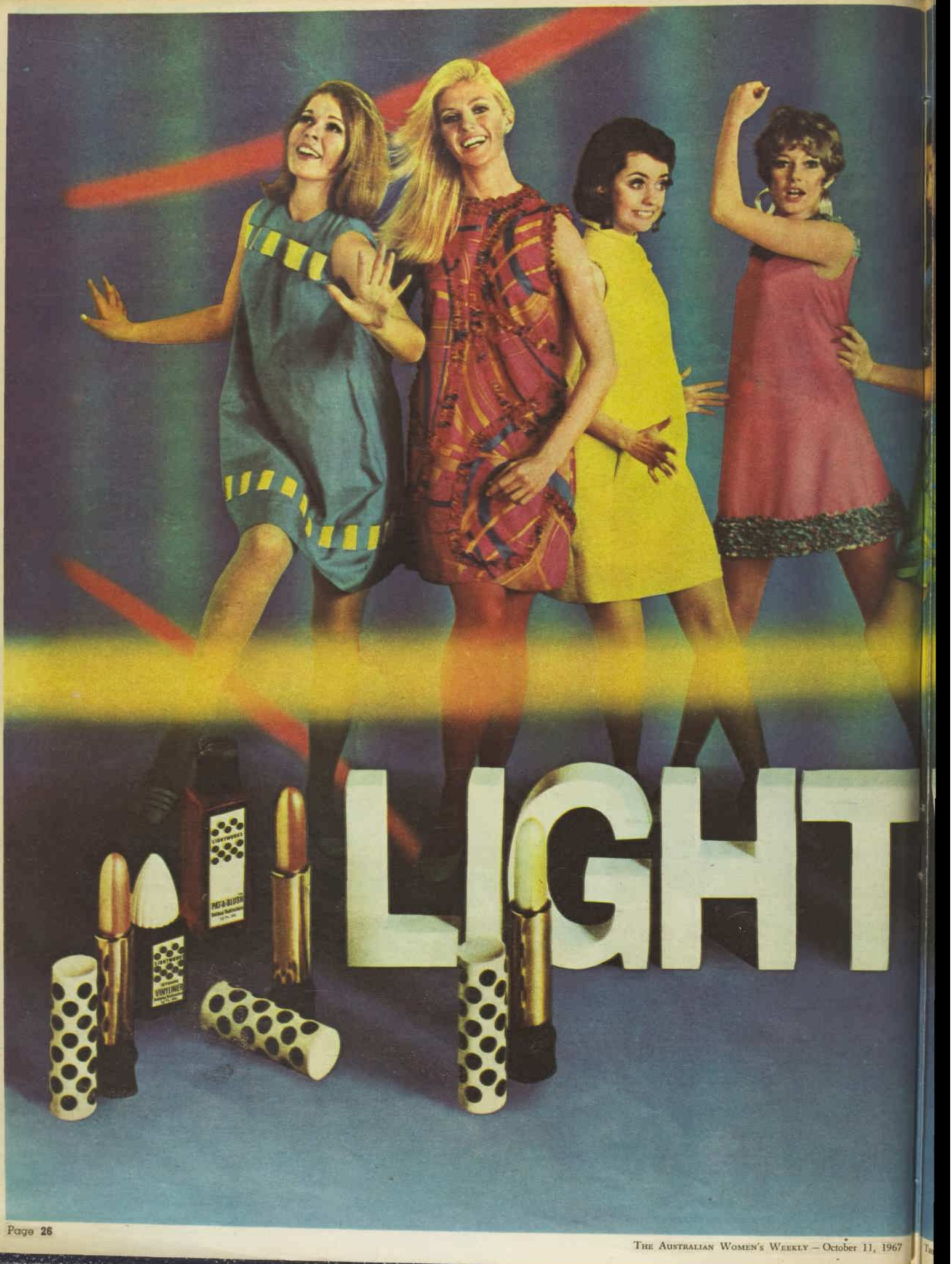
● *Jacques Tiffeau's cotton ensemble in multi-color leaf print (below), worn by Hedwig with contrast shoes and tights.*



● *Christine Lee models a smart red-on-white cotton print dress with high sash. (By Oscar de La Renta.)*



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move into the switched-on world of shadow and shine!

LIGHTWORKS *by* Helena Rubinstein

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The shining new eyeliner that goes on like liquid lightning.

Lashbrow!
Great new eyebrow make-up and great new mascara. One cake does it all!

Pat-a-Blush!
The new transparent liquid blush that lasts naturally all day long.



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1. GREETING THE HENS at the dawn of a busy day at harvest time, Lise (Barbara Chambers) enters the farmyard in search of Colas, the young farmer she loves. For the Sydney season of "La Fille Mal Gardee," Marilyn Jones also dances the role of Lise.

Australian Ballet presents



4. AT THE PICNIC after the harvest, a hopeful Alain (Alan Alder) dances with Lise while Colas, far right, watches jealously. Alain's father has asked for Lise's hand in marriage on behalf of his coy son, and Lise's mother accepts for her daughter.

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2. LISE and COLAS (Karl Welander) meet, and as a symbol of devotion entwine each other with ribbons. In Sydney, Bryan Lawrence dances the role of Colas.

● *Lively ballet tells the story of romance at harvest time*



3. THE LOVERS are interrupted by Lise's widowed mother, Simone (Ray Powell), rich and ambitious, who disapproves of Colas and wants her daughter to marry Alain, the son of wealthy vineyard proprietor Thomas.

"LA FILLE MAL GARDEE"

● The romantic comedy ballet "La Fille Mal Gardee" has its Australian premiere on October 12, when the Australian Ballet presents it in Sydney to open the company's 1967-68 season.

THIS version of "La Fille Mal Gardee" was first performed by the Royal Ballet in 1960 with choreography adapted by Sir Frederick Ashton from the 1828 original.

It is being reproduced in Australia by choreologist Elphine Allen, who was chosen by Sir Frederick, the present director of the Royal Ballet, for this task.

Elphine, 25, a former dancer with the Royal Ballet, is Australia's only choreologist and one of about 20 in the world.

Her job is to write down the movements of a ballet, in the same way a musical score is notated, and then to teach from the written score.

"This system of notation evolved only in 1960 at the Royal Ballet," said Elphine, who graduated from the College of Choreology in London in 1963.

"Before that, ballets were passed on only from one person's memory to another, and a great many were lost."

Settings and costumes for the Australian Ballet's performance have been reproduced from those created for the Royal Ballet by the celebrated English cartoonist Osbert Lancaster.

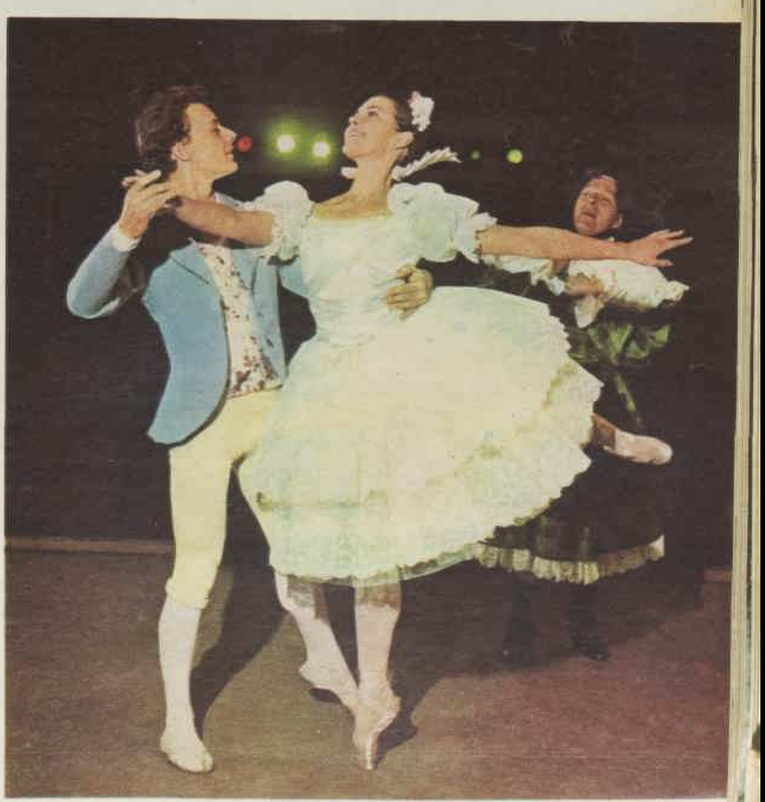
In "La Fille Mal Gardee" (literally, "The girl badly looked after"), farmgirl Lise loves Colas, a young farmer. But her widowed mother, Simone, disapproves. She wants Lise to marry Alain, the coy and clumsy son of wealthy vineyard proprietor Thomas.

As the ballet unfolds, it is clear that true love will find a way.

All capital cities in Australia will see the ballet during 1967-68.

For the Sydney season, alternating principals dancing the roles of Lise and Colas will be: Marilyn Jones (prima ballerina) and Bryan Lawrence (premier dancer); Barbara Chambers and Karl Welander; Kathleen Geldard and Kelvin Coe; Robyn Croft and Walter Bourke.

— By Beverley Cooper



5. IN THE FINAL ACT, right, Alain and his father arrive with a notary to sign the contract of marriage, but Lise's heart belongs to Colas. Finally Simone relents and gives them her blessing.

Pictures by Michael Coyne

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A TRAVELLER'S TALE



MAGNIFICENT Iguacu Falls, on the Iguacu River in southern Brazil. Though wonderful to look at, they're not so easy to get to, says Mr. Jack Anderson.

A JOURNEY TO THE FALLS

By JACK ANDERSON

THE loudspeakers were calling flight numbers as my wife, Joy, and I joined the nearest queue and presented our flight tickets. After a great deal of Brazilian waving of hands, we "got the message" — another queue.

After what seemed a lifetime, we clambered aboard an old DC3. Slowly the plane taxied away from Sao Paulo airport, and we were heading for Iguacu Falls — the greatest falls in the world.

All was serene in the beautiful, clear sky. The remarkable old aircraft was purring contentedly, while down below several black peaks popped out of a blanket of white. With a slight banking of the aircraft, the engine revs fell off.

After the same old peaks kept coming into the picture it dawned on me that something was amiss.

Are we lost? Hope the wireless is OK . . . **An hour went by.** I wonder how the fuel is lasting? . . . I don't like the look of the peaks and the thick white carpet below . . .

Starting to perspire again . . . there have been a lot of plane accidents lately . . . wonder what my wife is thinking?

I was back to the days of my early flying: days of sandstorms, cloud, rain, poor visibility, hairy landings, the panic of getting lost. It was a cold winter's day, but I felt hot and clammy; I couldn't see a thing and my heart was pounding.

But we descended and landed — a copybook approach — a good pilot and control tower. What a relief! It was great to be alive.

We talked excitedly in the bustle of the airport while we waited for the refuelling of the plane, change of passengers, luggage, and cargo.

Soon we were clawing our way skyward with Curitiba airport dropping away below; our destination—Iguacu Falls.

It was not long before we were sweeping in over the beautiful new International bridge linking Paraguay to Brazil and Argentina and landing on the dirt airstrip at Iguacu.

An airport official, in broken English, informed us that our return tickets were no good, as the strip would be closed for repairs.

"Hair-raising"

We were stranded — but this was only the beginning. Little did we know what was to follow.

I have been driving all sorts of things in the past 25 years, touring through six States in Australia and several countries of Europe—bikes, motor-cycles, cars, trucks, caravans, speed-boats, even a sand yacht; on skis, skates, and I have flown three types of planes.

I would say that I had had thousands of thrills and near misses, but what was to follow was the most hair-raising ride I had ever had.

Two youths bundled us and luggage into a battered Kombi bus, which was to take us to the Falls. It had been raining and the roads were red mud.

After an attempt at a Brabham start (Jack would wince) with wheels spinning and much jockeying of the steering wheel, we were off. Sliding sideways, we missed both gateposts with only inches to spare.

We shot through the outskirts of the town, careering from one side of the road to the other, all other vehicles dodging frantically to either side of us.

Both young Brazilian drivers really appeared to be enjoying the proceedings, and their spirits were only momentarily dampened when we spun right around, facing where we had been.

Leaving behind us a trail of cars and trucks in the ditches, we sloshed on to the Falls road. This was mainly two wheel tracks through the bush.

The distance to the Falls would possibly be 20 to 30 miles—I never did find out.

I tried to slow the driver several times—it was no good. With a great toothy grin he put his foot to the floor. Our heads were becoming quite friendly with the roof, and we were treated to a great panorama of views without moving our heads either to left or right.

Fortunately, the two tracks acted as rail tracks in places, and this kept us heading in a forward direction.

We swept around a bend and met another car in our tracks. Both drivers wrenched fiercely on their wheels and we went into orbit, but Lady Luck was with us and rear end just missed rear end.

Later, the road branched each side of a large tree, and as we passed around it we slid sideways toward it . . . another near miss! This kind of thing went on mile after mile.

The only other car we met took to the jungle (probably recognised the bus), and simply disappeared, much to the enjoyment of our drivers.

Around a bend and there it was: "Hotel Cataratas." We fell out of the bus, battered and bruised, visibly shaken and deathly pale.

The manager must have noticed this, or else knew his driver, and offered us a small glass of wine to revive us. But we had arrived.

There were a few hours of daylight left, so we hurriedly freshened up and tore out to take in all the fantastic beauty.

The hotel, poised on the brink of the Falls, was surrounded by beautiful gardens.

Without doubt this is the most idyllic spot one could wish for; magnificent, awe-inspiring, it has to be seen to be believed — a wonder of the world.

These falls are a series of falls plunging over a two-mile escarpment roughly the shape of a letter C. From the top of the hotel is a fine panorama of the Falls, and tracks and steps lead to vantage points.

The Falls are so large that it is impossible to see them all from the one spot. The main area has a lookout tower with a lift to the bottom, and this section is floodlit at night. The noise of the Falls was deafening and the volume of water over them stupendous.

What a mess!

We have known from past experiences never to wait until tomorrow. Sure enough, it rained all the next day. How lucky we were to have seen the Falls and taken movies. Now, to get back.

Closure of the airstrip meant we had to bus back to Cascavel, a small town less than 100 miles way, and weather permitting catch a plane here, or if this was not possible go another several hundred miles to Curitiba.

The return drive to Iguacu township was not as hectic—or were we becoming used to living dangerously?

We found the bus terminal —a rough wooden shed with a counter and rough wooden seats. With the usual pad and pencil, I quickly sketched a bus and seats and wrote the word "Cascavel." The ticket-seller began talking rapidly in Portuguese, being equally expressive with sign language.

Neither of us was giving an inch, neither understanding the other. Boy, what a mess we were in.

This could have gone on for ever. By the dead-pan expressions on everyone's faces, I wasn't winning. Suddenly it dawned, hit me like a sledge-hammer: the bus had no more seats left.

So the whole rigmarole started again. I drew a rough sketch of two buses, crossed number one out and pointed to number two. A smile; we were in business, now to find the time. It was easy to draw a clock—four o'clock tomorrow. More sketches to really nail it down—morning. Good grief, the middle of the night. That being settled, I paid over and got the tickets.

At the taxi stand, the only taxi was a 1940 panel van with glass inserts on the sides. "Try-anything-Jack" wandered over and signalled "A rough drive around and back to the hotel."

We hopped in through the non-existent side door over the missing floorboards, and composed ourselves on the makeshift seat.

After the driver made several attempts to start, I looked over and noticed him with his hand on the battery terminal under the non-existent floor. It was almost corroded away and I could smell burning flesh. He hastily doused his fingers in his mouth.

I gave his fingers a rest and tried to hold the terminal.

The driver rushed out to push, I popped out also, and sank up to my ankles in mud. Puffing and blowing, we managed to ignite it, ran like mad, and jumped aboard, forgetting the missing cabin floorboard and nearly disappearing down this manhole.

I am sure we were the only foreign passengers he had had for weeks. He tooted and waved to everyone he saw and we received great toothy grins back from the locals.

Soon the town disappeared and we thrashed, bumped, and skidded off into the

Continued overleaf on page 38

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That pale pink shows an orange streak. A clear red turns blue on you. And what exactly matched your wardrobe no longer does.

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These lipsticks are absolutely colour-true. A pale pink Innoxa lipstick stays pale pink. A clear red stays clear. And it's true of every single lipstick shade we make. The colour never varies in the slightest.

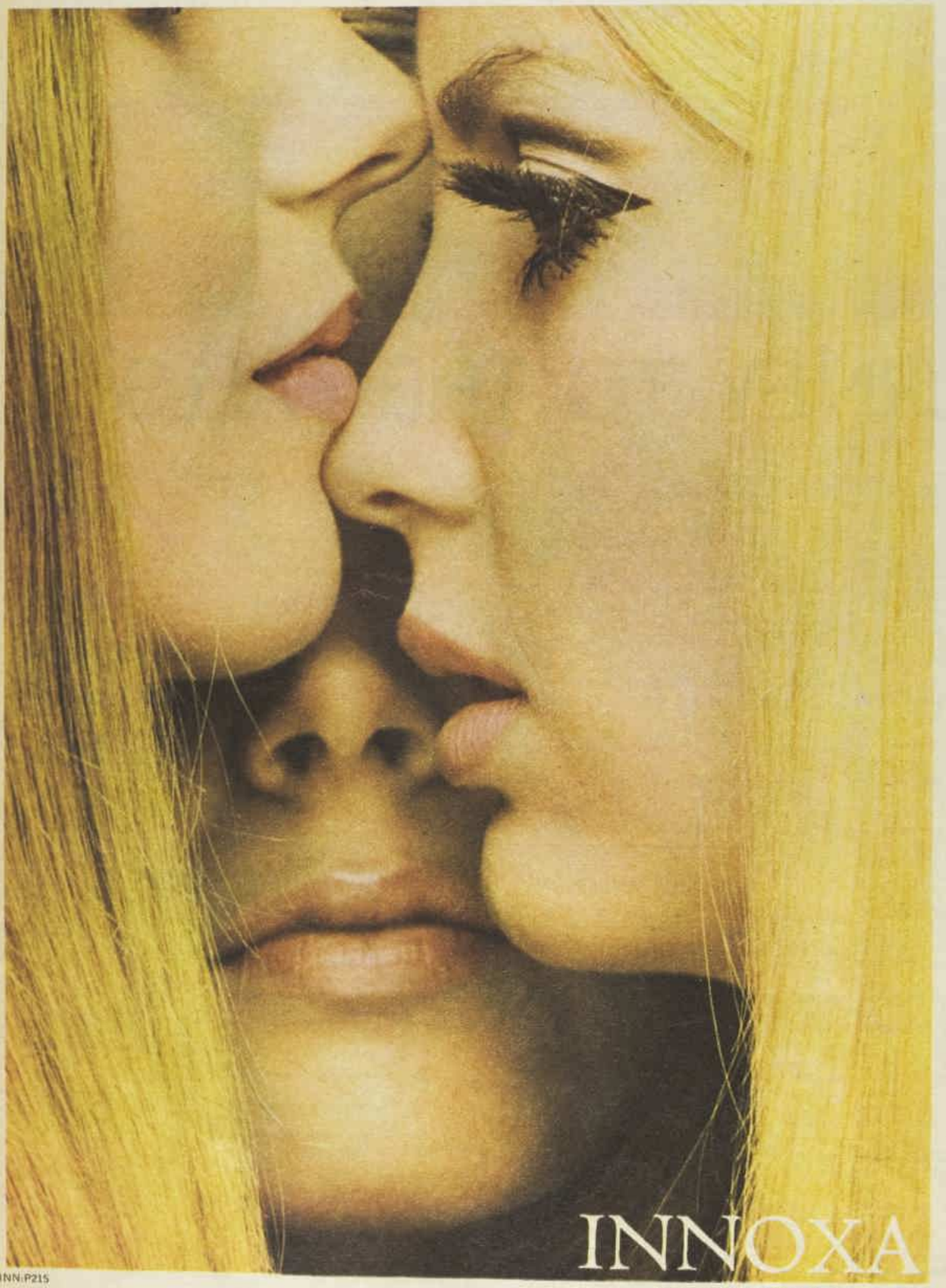
They have a smooth dewy texture, these Jewelfast lipsticks. To make your lips shine without looking wet or greasy. They just gleam on your lips with pure light and colour.

There are colours brilliant and muted and dramatic and demure.

Colours that harmonise with nail enamels in Regular or Frosted.

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THE JULIE ANDREWS I KNOW

First of two parts

BY

HER FATHER

TED WELLS





JULIE AND DAD, above, on Central Park Lake, New York, in 1957 during the Broadway run of "My Fair Lady." LEFT: A portrait she likes to give to her fans. BELOW: An early picture.



WHEN I think of Julie Andrews, which is often, it is not just as somebody rich and famous with her name in lights outside a thousand theatres. To me, Julie is also the little girl whose toboggan I used to tow through English streets behind my bicycle in winter when it snowed.

The little girl I taught to handle a skiff during many a long, lazy summer evening on the River Thames.

The daughter with a gifted voice who gladly starred at a concert in our village hall when the local football team needed a bit of money.

I live in a three-bedroom cottage outside Ockley (pop. 700), tucked away in a leafy corner of Surrey where it is still peaceful enough to be able to hear a nightingale sing. In this lovely village they still talk about "the time Julie Andrews came down and sang for us."

The best seats cost, if I remember rightly, 4s. 6d. each and we grossed just over £50. That is at least $U.S.34 million less than the gross of Julie's record-breaking film, "The Sound of Music," but the Ockley Football Club had no complaints.

I still go down on Saturday afternoons and watch them play between the goalposts Julie helped to buy. She hasn't forgotten them either. She often asks in her letters from California, "How's the football team getting on this season?"

The past ten years have brought Julie the sort of fame and riches that are just a dream for most girls.

She has three homes—a house with a swimming-pool in fashionable Beverly Hills, California; a house which used to belong to Lord Russell of Liverpool, overlooking Wimbledon Common, in England; a little semi-detached cottage on the Channel Island of Alderney, where she likes to escape for a week or two from the goldfish-bowl life of being a star.

She has everything she wants that money can buy and, at 31, has been able to provide a secure future for her four-year-old daughter, Emma.

I even read in a magazine article the other day that she is now challenging Elizabeth Taylor as the highest-paid star in the world. To anyone outside of show business—like myself, a schoolmaster—I suppose there is always something of fantasy about film stars' salaries. Actually, money is not a subject Julie and I ever discuss. All I should like to say about it is this:

I am glad, as any father would be, to know that she is doing so well in the world—but she is the kind of daughter I should be equally proud of if she were working behind a desk or counter.

I often wonder what would have happened in Julie's career if she had not gone to America. She was only 19 when she was offered the chance to star in the musical "The Boy Friend," on Broadway. This part was to prove her launching pad. It led on to "My Fair Lady" and from there to her films and the international stardom she enjoys today.

Yet she nearly turned it down.

Julie has always consulted me about any major step in her life, and when "The Boy Friend" was in the air I drove over one afternoon to see her at The Old Meuse, the house at Walton-on-Thames where she lived with her mother and stepfather, Ted Andrews.

She was clearly troubled. She said as we walked beneath the silver birch trees in the garden, "I don't know if I ought to go, Dad. It will be a strange country with strange audiences. Worst of all, I shall be entirely on my own. I shall miss you all so much. None of us can afford the fares to America and back, so if the show is a success it will be a year or two before I see anyone who is near and dear to me."

I suppose it was only natural for a girl of 19 to feel like that, but I advised her to seize her chance. Finally she decided, "All right, I'll go, but I'll only sign a year's contract."

She did not want to commit herself for longer than that in case she did not like America or found she missed her family too much. It turned out to be one of the luckiest decisions she has ever made.

The critics raved about her in "The Boy Friend." She won an award as the best actress making her Broadway debut in a musical play during the 1954-55 season. She was such a success, in fact, that, when they started to think about "My Fair Lady," Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe didn't bother to get in touch with her.

Alan Lerner's casting manager told me long afterwards, "We all felt Julie would be ideal for the part of Eliza Doolittle. Yet she was such a hit in 'The Boy Friend' we were sure she'd be on a long contract and there wasn't any point in approaching her.

"Then I decided one day, 'I might as well give her a call. What have I got to lose—except 10 cents?' You can imagine how I felt when she told me, 'No, I'm only committed to "The Boy Friend" for a year.'

"I said, 'I have a proposition I think might interest you. Can I come round right away?' "

That was how near Julie came to missing the role of Eliza, which, I imagine, will always be associated with her name no matter what else she does.

There was a sense of anticipation about "My Fair Lady" right from the beginning, a feeling that this was going to be something really sensational.

Julie had no doubts about what she was up against. She was not yet 21, with only one Broadway show behind her. Yet here she was playing the female lead in a major musical alongside such established stars as Rex Harrison and Stanley Holloway.

For "My Fair Lady" she "trained like a boxer"

She wrote to me on one occasion, "I know, Dad, that this is a tremendous challenge. I'm going to have to pull all the stops out. It'll take some doing." In another letter, just before "My Fair Lady" opened, she said, "I've trained like a boxer for this one, Dad."

She meant that literally. I have always taken good care of myself physically. At 58 I still run three or four miles most days, still play cricket for the neighboring village of Forest Green each summer weekend, and gave up football only a couple of seasons ago. I taught all three of my children—Julie, her brother, John, and their half-sister, Celia—the importance of daily exercise.

Every morning Julie goes through a strenuous routine of deep-breathing, press-ups, toe-touching, arm-swinging, leg-swinging, and body-rolling. In preparation for "My Fair Lady" she stepped up her exercises and made sure she had plenty of early nights.

She needed them.

Eliza was a demanding part, from the point of view of acting as well as singing, and Julie had a lot of trouble getting it right. The way she puts it is that "there seemed to be a screen between me and what I was trying to do."

Finally, Moss Hart, the producer, spent two days with her in a locked theatre, where he imposed his ideas on her until the character came through.

I believe that Mr. Hart, in his dramatic way, has described it as "the 48 hours of terror." Later I believe he said, "She had that terrific strength that makes you wonder why the British lost India."

I know he was very tough with Julie—but the results justified it.

In its pre-Broadway try-outs "My Fair Lady" earned colossal notices. They were so good, in fact, that the whole cast was terrified of what the notorious New York critics—the Butchers of Broadway—might have to say about the show. Julie wrote and told me: "It has gone so well everywhere, with so much advance publicity, that we are sure they'll have an eagle eye on us."

I think my present wife, Win, and I were just as worked up as Julie by the time of the New York opening. I know it was all I could do that day to keep my mind on the task of teaching woodwork and metalwork to the pupils of my school at Dorking. I really burnt the road up to get home when the 4 o'clock bell went.

Continued overleaf

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CONTINUING:

THE JULIE ANDREWS I KNOW





From page 33



ABOVE LEFT: Julie in 1949, next to brother John Wells, with half-brothers Don and Chris Andrews and half-sister Celia Wells. RIGHT: With Danny Kaye at a Royal Command show rehearsal. LOWER: On a toboggan with John in 1941.

Julie's cable had already arrived. It said: "SMASH HIT. RAVE NOTICES FOR REX, STANLEY, AND SELF. LETTER FOLLOWS."

Win told me, "I was so excited I've already shown the cable to the neighbors." I said, "You've done *what?*" I must confess, without any pride, that I was so jealous about the neighbors knowing before I did that I hardly spoke to her for the next two days.

Rex Harrison has since described Julie as "a real trouper." It was on that opening night in New York, however, that he came to accept this slip of a girl, not yet 21, as a worthy co-star—because Julie came to his rescue when he dried up.

It happened in the scene where Eliza, Professor Higgins, and the faithful Colonel Pickering collapse breathless on the sofa after their riotous "Rain in Spain" number.

Mr. Harrison suddenly found he could not remember his next line. Julie realised instinctively what had happened. She pulled the Professor and the Colonel to their feet. "Come on, boys," she said, "let's take a little bow."

Her quickness of thought gave Mr. Harrison the moment he needed to pick up his line—and the show went on without anyone in the cheering audience realising what had happened.

There was, of course, great excitement in the family when Julie left the New York cast and the date was announced for the opening of "My Fair Lady" at Drury Lane, in London.

I myself had been lucky enough to see "My Fair Lady" on Broadway when Julie invited me over. It was an exciting trip for me—my first really long flight with, at the end of it, the prospect of seeing her again after being apart for more than a year, a year that had made her the toast of Broadway.

Julie was at the airport to meet me. It was a sunny morning, giving promise of one of those sweltering days for which New York in August is famous. When we reached her hotel, Julie said, "Dad, I have a couple of presents for you."

Practical as ever, she had equipped me against the unaccustomed heat and humidity with a robe of white towelling and a refrigerator stacked with iced drinks.

I went to see "My Fair Lady" the night after I arrived.

I think nearly everyone who saw this musical on the stage experienced a moment when it really touched their hearts, really came alive. I still remember, as if it were yesterday, when that moment occurred for me.

It happened in the scene after the "Rain In Spain" number. Poor Eliza has at last mastered English pronunciation. Professor Higgins and Colonel Pickering go off to bed after a celebration tango and mock bullfight, leaving her to curl up on the sofa.

She is tired, but she is also so happy that she cannot sleep. She voices her happiness by singing "I Could Have Danced All Night."

Julie sang it beautifully. By the time the last clear note had sounded through the theatre, I found myself clutching a very damp handkerchief.

By George she'd done it—not just Eliza but my own little Julie. After all the struggles, all the hard work, she was a success, a star. Even now, ten years later, I still feel something of that same emotion each time I hear "I Could Have Danced All Night."

For Julie had not had an easy life, either materially or emotionally.

She is often referred to as "the child of a broken home." I always wince when I read that phrase. It seems to me to conjure up a picture of endless quarrels and jealousies, and empty gin bottles under the sink. It wasn't like that. At the same time, I know that the fact that her mother and I parted, then divorced, did cause Julie great distress as a child.

But, perhaps, I should begin at the beginning.

THE star you know as Julie Andrews was born Julia Elizabeth Wells in Rodney House maternity home, Walton-on-Thames, on October 1, 1935. She weighed just on 8lb. and we named her after her two grandmothers, Julia Morris and Elizabeth Wells.

She was born about 6 a.m. The matron phoned shortly afterward with the news and, before setting off for my day's teaching, I slipped round to the home in my Baby Austin.

Julie was not producing any Fs above high C that morning—she slept peacefully in her mother's arms. I suppose my feelings were much the same as any father experiences: joy, a sense of humility, relief to learn that the baby was all in one piece.

She was born into a family which was, quite frankly, poor.

My father, Wilfred Wells, was a village carpenter. I won a scholarship to the Tiffin Boys' School, a very good school at Kingston-on-Thames.

In a pram, she went to Auntie's dancing class

I was there for six years and left with a love of poetry, literature, languages, and sport—but with no academic qualifications whatever.

My first job after leaving school was with the Hackbridge Construction Co., a local firm specialising in transformers. I worked 47 hours a week for 4½d an hour.

It was at the factory that I again got to know the girl who was to be Julie's mother. She came to work in the coil-winding department. We had been childhood friends, for she lived near us when her father was serving as a bandsman in the Guards; but they left when he finished his army service and obtained a job as a mine's deputy, a kind of foreman, in the coal-mines up north.

Barbara was 17 when they came back. I still remember how she looked when I saw her again—fair, vivacious, extremely pretty.

We eventually married on Boxing Day, 1932, by which time I was able to offer a certain amount of security. Through going to night school for two years after my day's work at the factory, I had qualified as a handicrafts teacher.

I taught in five Surrey villages, where the schools were too small to warrant a full-time handicrafts teacher; often I had to bike 40 miles in a day. I had earlier owned a motor-cycle, but I sold it for £12 to keep a roof over the heads of Barbara and her sister, Joan, who had been having a bad time following the death of both their parents.

Barbara, a talented pianist, made a precarious living giving lessons to children, and Joan was still studying dancing. They had one tiny flat after another, none very imposing.

I used to move them with a handcart I borrowed from a builder friend of mine. I still have vivid memories of nightmarish evenings spent trying to manoeuvre Barbara's precious piano up staircases which seemed to get narrower with each change of address.

That Boxing Day when we were married came at the end of my first term as a permanent teacher.

I had previously been doing the same job—paid by the day—as a temporary replacement for someone who was sick. I was offered the permanent appointment when the summer vacation began in the third week of July, 1932. I jumped at it, of course, but it meant I had to go from then until the end of September, the first month of the autumn term, before receiving my first pay cheque.

All I had in the world was £11. I had left home, and I spent most of the holiday down by the river, with a packet of dates and half a pint of milk, alternately swimming and reading.

When Julie was born, we were living in a three-bedroom, semi-detached house in Walton-on-Thames.

To help make the money go round, Joan lived with us and, in honor of the arrangement, we had renamed the house "Threesome." On the night of Julie's birth, Joan and I got some refreshments in, a few friends and relations came round, and we had a bit of a celebration.

I know none of us would have believed it if someone had suggested we were celebrating the birth of a star.

IT is something of a convention for stars to claim that they were born on a stage and spent their early years being carried around in a wicker basket which also contained the company's laundry. I cannot say that about Julie. Nevertheless, the theatre was very much part of her life from the time she was born.

When Julie appeared on the scene, her Aunt Joan had opened her own school of dancing in some rented premises in Walton-on-Thames. By day they housed a prep. school; in the evenings they were transformed into Joan's dancing academy. A half-hour lesson in a class cost a shilling.

This dancing school, to which we all gave a lot of our time, was to prove one of the most significant influences in Julie's life.

Her mother played the piano there in the evenings and, as we had no money to spare for baby-sitters, Julie was usually taken along in her pram. She was, therefore, used to the sight of dancers and the sound of music long before she could walk or talk herself.

From time to time the school put on shows. Then our home became a jumble of piles of material for the costumes, while the scenery, which was my part of the operation, filled the garden.

I often went on working outdoors until 4 a.m. by the light of a standard lamp in the french windows. The scenery I built included a 24ft. model of the liner Queen Mary, then newly in transatlantic service, and a working roundabout which could be assembled, positioned, and ready for use while a single chorus was sung in front of the curtain.

I also made a windmill, rocks and grottoes, houses and furniture — and Julie, baby-like, had to be the first to pose, to ride, to swing on everything I made.

She made her stage debut in a non-speaking role at the age of two. She was a tiny fairy, wearing a frilly white dress and carrying a wand. Within 12 months, however, she was showing clear signs of her prodigious memory. Today, she can have a film script word perfect in a few days; at three, she always knew everybody's lines, positions, and movements just as well as she knew her own.

I made up my mind not to send Julie to school for an ordinary education.

I'm afraid I have views about education which must seem heretical coming from a schoolmaster. In my view, it starts far too young and is far too fragmentary; I am certain the young mind cannot give itself efficiently to seven or eight different subjects in one school day.

I do not think any knowledge is entirely useless, but I feel we spend a lot of energy teaching things to children merely so that they, in turn, will grow up and teach them to somebody else. I am also sure we waste time imparting facts which a child would pick up for itself from reading and general observation once its interest and imagination had been stimulated.

These convictions, plus my feeling that Julie's future would almost certainly lie in the theatre, made me feel that it would be a waste to send her to ordinary schools,

Continued overleaf

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From page 35

THE JULIE



● After the London first night of "My Fair Lady," Julie slumps exhausted but triumphant in her Savoy Hotel sitting-room. With her is ever-dependable brother John.

term in and term out, for ten years or more.

She had her dancing and singing classes, of course, but the rest of her teaching I took care of almost entirely myself. It wasn't a formal education. I simply tried to pass on to Julie my love of literature and poetry, my love of nature and the open-air life, my general interest in the world around us.

Poetry is a joy we have shared since she was a tiny baby. Two of my earliest gifts to her were anthologies of poetry — the "Golden Treasury" and the "Oxford Book of English Verse." I read to her from them every night before she went to bed.

She also had her own children's books, of course.

Julie could read and write when she was three. It came quite naturally from sitting on my knee or at my side when I read to her. I don't think there is anything remarkable about it. My other two children — Julie's brother, John, and her half-sister, Celia — had no difficulty either. I doubt if any intelligent child does.

The young mind has a great capacity for absorbing facts and symbols provided it is allowed to range among them by instinct with just a certain amount of control. I am sure it learns far more effectively this way than through formal teaching.

I taught Julie to add, subtract, multiply, and divide when the need arose, naturally. We went for long walks in the country, and I would tell her about the trees, the animals, the flowers, and the seasons. I often took the children to the Science Museum and the Natural History Museum in South Kensington, both of which fascinated Julie immensely.

I simply tried to stimulate her interest and imagination. The rest of her education she owes to her own wide reading. I would say, for instance, that she knows as much about history and geography as anyone who isn't actually studying for a degree in the subjects. I don't suppose she could tell you the exact date King James I was born or what the mean temperature is in Vladivostok in July — but does that matter? She knows where to find the information if she ever needs it.

PEOPLE have said that Julie never had a childhood. That is nonsense. Certainly she was involved with her aunt Joan's dancing school and its shows from the time she was a baby. But she also had swings, a bike, a dog. She had bonfires, skipping-ropes, toys, and books. She met plenty of other children. She climbed trees and got dirty.

I made a toboggan for her and John.

On summer evenings and at weekends we'd have a couple of bobs' worth on the skiffs on the River Thames. We used to row two miles upstream to the Mitre, a 300-year-old inn opposite Hampton Court Palace, and I remember John threatening to jump in the water once "because Julie won't let me have my go with the oars."

I taught Julie to ride a bicycle. I took her on picnics, hill-climbs, and camping holidays. I taught her to swim, not forcing her but waiting until, at about five, she said, "Dad, I'd like to learn." Last summer I took a cine-film of her in the pool at her home in Beverly Hills. Her breaststroke could illustrate a swimming manual.

I introduced Julie to the pleasures of outdoor life for two reasons. Firstly, they were my own pleasures, and I have always tried to treat my children as cherished companions, sharing their interests and encouraging them to share mine. Secondly, I knew they would provide a valuable antidote to the make-believe world of the theatre.

Julie has often told me how happy she was in those early years of her girlhood. I even have written evidence. On the desk of my country cottage at Ockley, 40 miles from London, lies a scrap of paper with faded writing on it. It is a story which she wrote—with an uncertain pencil and still-sketchy grasp of spelling.

I think it speaks for itself. It reads:

"Wuns the wos a mother and father. The motheer wanted a lil girl and boy. It was Crisms, the night Santer Claus hee cam to bring the two babis. Wen the muther woke up she wos so pleesd she loot afothem and they lived hapleeeverovter."

Julie was clearly idealising the family she knew and was happy in—a father, a mother, and two "babis," herself and John, the newly arrived brother she adored. Life, however, is not a fairy story. We were not destined to live "hapleeeverovter." It was not long before Julie had to face the emotional shock of the separation of myself and her mother, Barbara, followed later by our divorce.

It happened like this.

In the summer of 1939, when Julie was just a couple of months short of her fourth birthday, Barbara was engaged as a pianist for The Dazzle Company, a variety troupe booked for the season at a music hall just off the seafront at Bognor Regis. At the end of July, when my school holidays began, we rented a little house down there so we could all be together.

Then an accident occurred which was to affect all our lives. One of the cast, a surviving member of a once-famous act called The Three Freds, hurt himself and had to leave the show. It was not easy to find a replacement at that late stage in the season. Eventually, however, they came up with an act billed "The Canadian Troubadour — Songs and a Guitar."

The name of the troubadour was Ted Andrews.

Musically, Ted clearly found Barbara a sympathetic partner when she accompanied him in his act. I suppose things might have stopped there but for the war. The news grew worse and worse, however. The holidaymakers began to pack their bags and leave. Some of the stagehands and cast who were on reserve received their call-up papers.

I helped out behind the scenes and even appeared



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ANDREWS I KNOW



WITH HER FATHER, snatching a holiday on a Long Island beach during the Broadway run of "My Fair Lady." She was 21.

a few times in the chorus, singing "Home Town." Then the war started.

After helping with the evacuation of Surrey schoolchildren to safer areas, I volunteered for the RAF aircrew. Barbara decided she would do her bit by working for the Entertainments National Service Association entertaining the troops. Ted Andrews joined the same ENSA company — and, from that moment, my marriage started to fold up.

I DON'T want to reopen a lot of old wounds. I will say this, though. I took it very hard. I was very much in love with my wife. I could not believe that all that had been between us—so many memories we both shared, two fine children we both loved—was going to come to an end.

I did not divorce Barbara straight away. I must confess there was a measure of selfishness in that. It was only when I met my present wife, Win, that I started proceedings.

I did not get my wish to fly with the RAF. Instead, I spent the war helping to run a factory set up in a converted garage at Hinchley Wood in Surrey. It was there that I met Win, a hairdresser and the widow of an RAF bomb-disposal expert, when she came to be trained as a lathe operator (and, as it turned out, a very good one).

Next issue:
Her days of doubt

I must tell you a little about the factory, because it has an important bearing on what was to happen to Julie.

We worked day and night. One week I was out of it for a total of only 17 hours. I often went two or three nights without sleep. One morning I came home so exhausted that I fell asleep at the breakfast table with my head in a plate of porridge and slumbered there quite happily for two or three hours.

Now, I had the custody of Julie and John. It became increasingly clear to me, however, that with war work taking up so much of my time, I could not do my duty to both of them as a father. I therefore took the hard and painful decision — which I hoped then, and believe now, was largely right — to return Julie to her mother's care.

There were, of course, other considerations apart from my long working hours. I felt that a growing girl needed a mother's influence. There was no doubt that Barbara and Ted, being of the theatre themselves, were better equipped than I to further her professional career. They also had more money to pay for her training.

It was not an easy decision to make. I had all the usual safeguards written into the agreement, including my rights to see Julie at all suitable times. I suppose that, even when she was away with Ted and Barbara on one of their variety tours, never more than a month or two passed without our meeting.

Yet the pain of separation from me and John went very deep with Julie. I remember once collecting her from the Andrews' home to take her and John to Wisley Lake, a favorite spot of ours for picnics and swims by the side of the London-Portsmouth Road. It was quite pitiful. They clung to each other all the way there in the bus and all the way home again afterward, unable to bear the thought that they would have to part again at the end of the day.

It was not easy for me, either. It would be hard to say which of us was the nearer to tears very often when I took Julie back to her mother and we knew we had only a few more minutes together before another period of separation. We used to try to pretend to each other that it wasn't really so bad after all — but never with much conviction.

I do not want to give the impression that Julie's childhood from the time she left me was a period of unrelieved misery. That would be far from the truth.

I am not saying that everything was sweetly glossed over. At the same time, we tried to take an adult view of our situation and soften the hurt as much as possible for Julie and John. There were never any big animosities. I scarcely ever remember having a quarrel with Barbara. I have pleasant memories, too, of the times I spent with her and Ted after the parting.

BARBARA and Ted Andrews eventually had two sons, Donald and Chris. I got on famously with them and they called me "Daddy Wells." Julie and John and Celia got on famously with Ted Andrews — they called him "Pop." Ted and I both had the same attitude: "They're all just kids. Let's give them a good time." On Sundays, I'd pile all five of them into the old Singer saloon I had after the war and take them for long drives or a swim.

Whenever I saw Julie, I tried to keep up the outdoor activities which I felt were such a necessary counterbalance to the make-believe life she led on the stage — and she loved them.

In 1948, she was appearing nightly in a revue at the London Hippodrome. It was her first big West End show, and people were already calling her "the English Deanna Durbin."

I realise that a lot of people, seeing her on the West End stage at the age of 12, thought, "She must be a precocious little brat." Julie was never that. Success came to her young — but it did not turn her head.

People who knew her saw her still unspoilt and apparently without a care in the world. They did not realise how much she might be suffering inwardly. That was brought home to me only last summer when, one evening, while sitting out under the stars on the patio of her Beverly Hills home, Julie said to me, "Dad, I'd like you to read a diary I kept while I was making 'Hawaii.'"

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A JOURNEY TO THE FALLS

Continued from page 31

jungle. Our smiles vanished. I tapped the driver on the shoulder and pointed back, but he waved and grinned reassuringly.

Joy was showing concern, and as he did not understand English she said, "Where are we going? I am frightened."

Having read of prospectors, missionaries, and others being killed, held for ransom, or just plain disappearing in South America, I was rapidly losing confidence in our driver.

After what seemed a lifetime, we slid to a stop and the horn racket produced a mechanic.

After much lingo and armwaving, up went the bonnet and in went their heads. The ammeter started to flicker—the mechanic friend of the driver waved us farewell.

Next morning we rose at 3 a.m., had a quick face dab, and, robed in all we could muster, including raincoats and two pairs of socks, silently sipped hot coffee and munched toast.

Out with the luggage to the waiting "taxi" — and it was on again. Yes, you've guessed it — there she stood shivering in the foggy mist, all wet and muddy, Old Faithful, same as before, dead asleep.

We kicked with each foot, dislodging the worst of the mud, and clambered aboard groping in the gloom for the seat.

The driver went through all the familiar routine — one foot on the starter motor, the other on the accelerator pedal, one hand on the choke, the other on the loose battery terminal, working all four furiously like a one-man band.

After several more attempts, out he jumped, crank in hand, and wound furiously. I tried the foot-and-hand routine while his nibs was out making round holes in the fog with the crank. He staggered back, blowing steam like a small loco hauling a big freight train.

I jumped out and pushed. My lungs were bursting, I was taking in wet fog instead of oxygen, I was losing consciousness, and then, far off, a familiar sound — the rattle of pistons, gudgeons, and big ends.

Dark forms

I fell aboard, and straight down the hatch — those damn floorboards that weren't there.

Just as well I had on two pairs of pants to save my shins.

Out we went into the fog with two-watt, two-volt lights, to catch that 4 a.m. bus.

Other dark forms joined us at the bus shed, and inside on the cold wooden bench we waited, everyone staring rigidly at everyone else.

Low moaning accompanied by chain-rattling heralded the bus. We sat ourselves behind the driver. My wife was the only woman aboard.

The floor was littered with spare wheel-chains, spades, axes, and tools. To stop these rattling about, the whole floor was caked with about three inches of mud.

We went straight out into the white wall of fog. First gear, I would say, would have been fast enough, but, no, up into second and then up into third.

The driver was working on the steering wheel like a three-year-old, changing the gears up and down like a pianist practising scales.

Our course was never a straight one.

We missed the ditches, trees, and the edges of the ravines innumerable times.

I was perched on the edge of the seat trying to see something, anything. It was freezing and so was I, but not the driver. He shed his jacket.

The passengers were mainly workers, lightly clad in trousers and shirts and mostly barefooted, armed with wicked-looking machetes.

After about two hours we pulled into a roadside cafe and my wife and I looked for a sign to the rest room. We saw one lavatory and opened the door, but found ourselves outside staring at the jungle.

Breakfast was most enjoyable—tortillas and hot, thick black coffee, followed by stomping up and down outside to regain circulation.

All aboard again, and our driver was disrobing further. We jockeyed up and down hills and around countless bends with the motor roaring and gears groaning. Would we get through? Many trucks and buses were hopelessly bogged.

"Swaying"

The sun was sneaking over the hills, the fog lifting in spots, and the already overloaded bus was stuffing more humans inside. They were quite adept at swaying with the side-slides, as sailors are at sea.

But finally we arrived at Cascavel—5½ hours to go less than 100 miles.

The plane was due at 11. There was no sign of it. We gathered that it was late, possibly by two to three hours.

This little town was a real movie setting, with ancient shops and dwellings, "Hotel Americano," an extra-wide, mainly dirt street, covered wagons (springless), horses with riders in high-heeled boots, large-brimmed hats, sitting in ornate saddles. Except for the odd car or truck, you would swear you were back in the Old Wild West.

Even the trucks were fascinating. One had just a radiator, motor, rough seat, and tray, quite streamlined and air-conditioned; another was gaily and elaborately painted with scenes, even on the bumper-bar.

Even the dentist's shop had beautiful spotted and striped animal skins nailed on the wall, presumably for sale.

A character emerged weaving from a hotel, arms full of white stone bottles which he stuffed into his saddlebags. Lunch at the hotel consisted of six or seven large bowls full of I don't know what, a real outback smorgasbord; then outside to loaf in the sun.

Soon a group, young and old, gathered round us. Out came the sketch pad again and we tried to speak each other's language. Soon everyone was chattering away with no one understanding a single word.

But giant grins and laughter poured forth—what a happy lot.

I drew a map of Australia, but no one had heard of it. They thought we were American. And soon we were joined by two German tourists, so now three languages added to the fun.

A well-dressed local drove up in a VW and joined in. He wanted us to be his guests to see the new coffee factory and silos he was erecting, and after sketching the plane, pointing skywards and at watches, he assured us he would hear the plane a long way off and get us back on time.

Reluctant . . .

Reluctantly we and the German couple went with him a few miles out of Cascavel.

He took us straight into the canteen and gave us a large glass of red wine, with a great flourish.

He downed his in one gulp. I tried a large sip and nearly lost my vocal cords. I am sure it was loaded with battery acid.

Our exuberant host was a little disappointed in our lack of appreciation, but still he proceeded with the tour of inspection.

With loud banging of pile-drivers, power saws screaming, and all the racket of dozens of workmen busy all round, how on earth did he expect to hear the way-off drone of the plane?

My eyes were forever scanning the skies.

After about an hour I was becoming edgy. I pointed to my watch and then to the sky, but he dismissed this with a nonchalant wave of his arms. But we **had** to catch this plane for connections to Peru from Sao Paulo.

After several tuggings at his sleeve and with the plane rigmarole over again, he graciously gave in and returned us to the airport. We had no need to worry. We whiled away another hour looking at the red dirt strip, walking on it, checking to see if it was dry enough, and hoping like mad it was.

We talked over the past three days and were convinced that it was a weekend we would never forget.

About four, the plane drifted in and gave us a few anxious moments, with tyres spewing mud in a few soft spots.

We watched the refuelling via 44-gallon drums and pump, and loading of about 12 sandbags of ballast, and soon the few of us went aboard and were heading back to civilisation.

Yes, it was an eventful weekend, but given the opportunity we would go again. Brazil is really fascinating.

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Build your own wishing-well barbecue

● This charming rustic wishing-well is actually a barbecue. Directions and easy-to-follow diagrams for building it are given overleaf.



SUMMER MEALS out of doors will be loads of fun cooked on this quaint barbecue. The whole family can take part in this simple project, and if Dad is the chef he can build it to suit his own height so he doesn't have to stoop while cooking. Ledge around top makes a handy counter; roof will provide comfortable shade. If available, use secondhand bricks — they are cheaper and help to give that rustic effect. The large pulley, rope, and water barrel are not essential, but they make the well look authentic.

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Build your own wishing-well barbecue

. . . continued from previous page

TO build the wishing-well barbecue you will need the following:

Miscellaneous: For foundation: 3 sacks cement; 6 cu. ft. sand; 9 cu. ft. crushed stone. 14 cu. ft. gravel or stone for fill. Ready-mixed concrete — buy one or two large sacks as needed.

Approx 330 tapered (or wedge) bricks — if cutting standard bricks to shape, order extra to allow for breakages.

Use second-hand bricks if you can buy them— not only are they cheaper but they add to the rustic appearance of the wishing-well.

This quantity is for the barbecue only — if you want to surround it with a brick patio you will, of course, need more bricks.

Timber (Use redwood or cedar): Two pieces 4 x 4, 11ft. 3in. long for posts

One piece 4 x 4, 3ft. 7in. long for crosspiece between posts

One piece 2 x 4, 3ft. 7in. long for ridge

Four pieces 2 x 4, 3ft. 3in. long for braces

Six pieces 2 x 6, 3ft. long for rafters

Twelve pieces 1 x 3, 4ft. 6in. long for slat sheathing

Two bundles 16in. cedar shingles.

Hardware: Two 4in x 4in. iron angles; two small pulleys and two screw eyes; 20ft. 1-16in. steel cable; small winch. (Pulleys, screw eyes, steel cable, and winch are available from marine suppliers.)

Metal fire tray 23-24in. diameter (you could substitute an iron cooking pot or bottom portion of 44-gallon steel drum); metal grille 26in. diameter; iron clean-out door approx. 10in. x 10in. (adjust hole to fit size you can buy); ½lb. 10d nails for framing; 1lb. 5d nails for roof slats; 1lb. shingle nails.

CONSTRUCTION

Excavate for foundation as Diagram 1, allowing for 4in. of gravel for under circular slab. In sheltered areas you could modify foundation to 6in. concrete base, with posts sunk 2ft. in ground. Laying of ½in. steel reinforcing mesh in concrete 2in. from bottom would also considerably reduce depth of foundations needed.

Note: Do not disturb surrounding soil unnecessarily — this maintains the round form.

Lay 4in. gravel bed for circular concrete slab. Lay the two 4 x 4 posts, 11ft. 3in. long on the ground parallel to each other and 3ft. 7in. apart. Nail 2 x 4 ridge to top of these as shown in Diagrams 3 and 4. With 4in. x 4in. angle irons, attach 4 x 4 cross-piece between posts as Diagram 4.

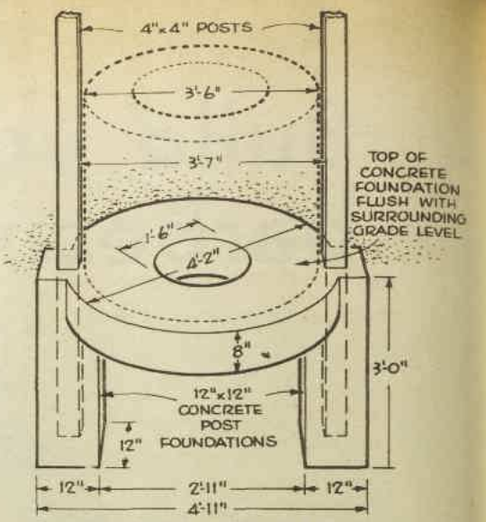
Pour concrete foundation made of following mixture: 1 part cement, 2 parts sand, and 3 parts crushed stone, setting posts as shown in Diagram 1. Keep posts in position until concrete has set.

Bricks: If you cannot buy tapered (or wedge) bricks, cut standard bricks to shape. Mark cutting lines on bricks with chalk, keeping lines straight with ruler — see Diagram 2 for shape. Score bricks along cutting lines with cold chisel. Place brick on firm solid surface, place cold chisel on cutting line, and strike chisel handle firmly and sharply with hammer.

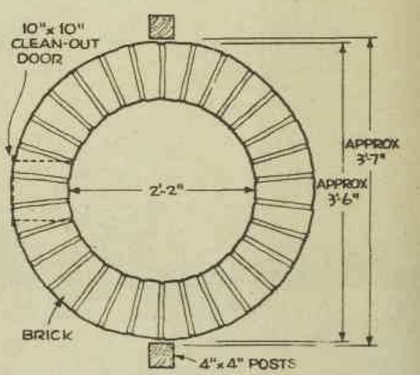
Lay bricks as shown in Diagrams 2, 3, and 4 — lay first course dry, then add mortar in the even joints. Use ready-mixed mortar for this, preparing only small amounts at a time as required. If you prefer to mix your own mortar, use 1 part cement, 1 part hydrated lime, and 6 parts sand. Install iron clean-out door with its top flush with top brick joint.

Cut 6 roof rafters as shown in Diagram 5. Cut 2 x 4 end braces. Construct roof structure as shown in Diagrams 3 and 4.

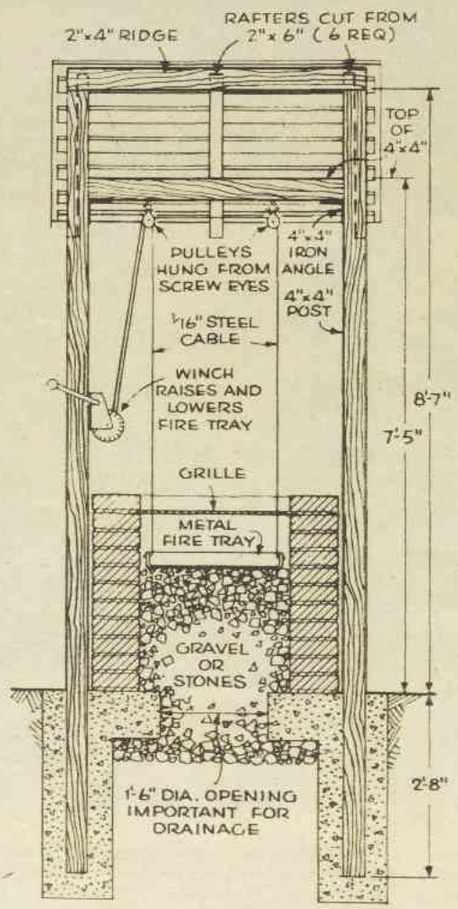
Rest metal grille on lugs (make these from scrap metal) set in brick joints. Install metal fire tray as shown in Diagram 4 and fill brick pit with gravel up to level of clean-out door.



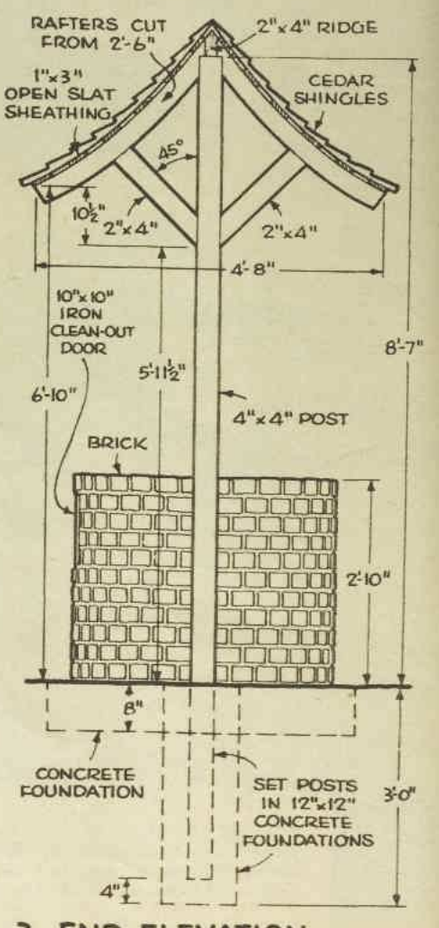
1. CONCRETE FOUNDATION



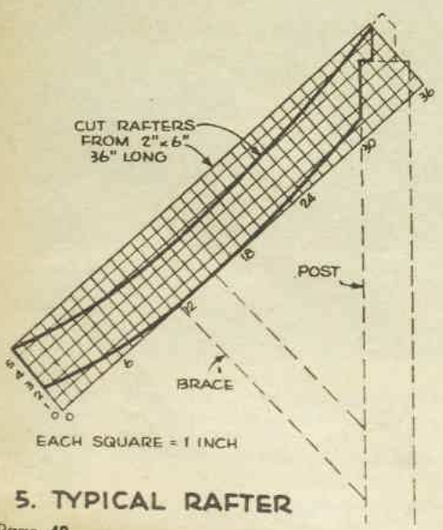
2. PLAN OF BRICK FIRE PIT



4. SECTION CUTTING THROUGH POSTS



3. END ELEVATION



5. TYPICAL RAFTER

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Be happy! Go lively in 'Bri-Nylon'

(Easy-care clothes you don't have to fuss over)*

THE STYLE IS LORD JIM FROM BISLEY



The racy look in a breezy blue open weave sports shirt from **Bisley.**
The style is perfect. The fit, great. Now check the label. It says 'Bri-Nylon'? Go ahead — you're assured of the quality. 'Bri-Nylon' means easy-care clothes you don't have to fuss over. Bri-Nylon' means value for the price you pay. 'Bri-Nylon' puts the fun back into shopping for clothes. Be happy! Go lively in 'Bri-Nylon'!

'Bri-Nylon' is a registered trade mark applied to nylon yarn or fibre manufactured by ICI, or by its registered user Fibremakers Limited, and which has been used to their satisfaction for approved merchandise. It is not authorised for use except in this manner.

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(Advertisement)



How to achieve that special

Wedding-Day Radiance

Beauty advice for the bride who wants to look her loveliest for that once-in-a-lifetime occasion

An Exquisite Complexion

ON your wedding day your complexion can look more "young bride" beautiful than you ever imagined possible, thanks to the tremendous advances of skin care techniques, in particular to the discovery of a tropical moist oil that gives a perfect balance, bloom and texture to the skin, brings out the loveliest qualities of youthfulness and radiance to rival even the splendour of white tulle and orange blossoms—the kind of complexion radiance you'll capture on your wedding day.

A beautiful skin for your wedding day vitally depends on a balanced supply of natural elements to the subsurface cells, and this moist oil has a particularly essential "isotonic" action that soaks life-giving beauty components deep down where the skin is continuously born afresh and where the supplementary fluids are most needed. Tiny, dry lines and wrinkles are eradicated and the complexion rapidly gains a flawless texture and an exquisite, dewy bloom.

It's never too soon at any stage of life for a woman to give her skin a concerted lift to loveliness, and a month or more ahead of your wedding is not a moment too early for you to start your campaign for a clearer, milkier complexion. To achieve this new loveliness always smooth tropical moist oil of Ulan over your face and neck daily and use it as an ideal powder-base beneath make-up. Because of its hygroscopic properties it will enable your skin continually to attract and draw in moisture from the surrounding atmosphere and so retain its freshness and vibrancy all day long.



Uplifting Facial Massage

CARRY the beautification and nourishment of your skin a step further at night by pampering your face and neck with an ultra-rich cream that contains all of the precious moist Ulan oils, as well as a concentrated blend of vitalizing oils to hasten the smoothing away of tired lines, for correcting any tendency to dryness, for toning the muscles and fading away shadows.

Light-fingered massage will quickly bring a beautiful radiance to your complexion and a firmness to facial contours. Swirl the cream over your skin from neck to forehead with rotatory movements of the fingers and exercise special care as you circle cream into the tissue-thin area surrounding your eyes.



Cleansing Milk for Clarity

SINCE the principles of your skin-care programme are based essentially on gentle pampering of the complexion, use only the soft dissolving-action of a cleansing milk to remove stale make-up and other impurities that collect and cling to the skin during the day.

Smooth Delph cleansing milk lightly over your face and neck and allow it to melt off make-up and float out make-up particles without drying the skin or removing the natural protective oils. Cleansed in this way your skin will soon become radiantly clear, feel wonderfully soft and satiny.



Toning for Fine Texture

IT'S important to remember to tone your skin after cleansing, if only to close the tiny pores that are so easily liable to lose their flexibility and consequently to spoil the fine-grained appearance of your complexion. Pat lemon Delph freshener generously over your face and neck and feel the tingling sensation of an improved circulation inspired by the natural lemon-toning properties of this beautifying freshener. It is especially designed to brace the complexion and encourage a radiant glow.

Make-up for the Great Day

KEEP it light, clear and very natural. The loveliest complexions ever are being created with the help of the new petal-flake make-up technique. Simply smooth a sub-foundation of nourishing oil of Ulan over your skin and then apply a richly delicate film of flattering Evenmatt foundation to your face and neck, skilfully blending it in with your fingertips. Add a blush of rouge and a dusting of Evenmatt powder to give the skin an appropriately misty bloom. Take care to apply two coats of rose-pink lipstick, blotting between applications, and only use eye make-up that you are certain will give your eyes a soft, luminous appearance.

The Crowning Bridal Glory

GIVE your hair a beautiful, silky lustre that will make it truly your crowning glory by shampooing it a day or two before the wedding with one of the famous "Peek-in-Glow" shampoos. These "glow" shampoos bring to life jewel-like highlights in even the most ordinary heads of hair, and are particularly remarkable for their ability to enhance and intensify the colour-tones of the natural hair shade. Wonderful, too, for inspiring manageability to hard-to-control tresses.

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● *Clever heading in a London paper over a picture of a German racing cyclist catapulting over the handlebars of his bicycle (he was unhurt): LOOK, MUM, NO HANS!*



SIGN TO WELCOME SCAREFUL DRIVERS!

★ Signposts in Switzerland's Saas Valley surprise a lot of tourists, who find them poles apart from the ones at home. Still, a traveller would be a sap to ignore a barked command. It's a big business; branches everywhere.

The flying ice-cream man



● *Chris... freezer jolly good fellow.*

ONE of the most popular men with the children of outback New South Wales is flying ice-cream salesman Chris Nelson, 22.

Chris is one of two pilots who have been making regular deliveries of ice-cream and frozen foods to outback places — such as Nyngan, Cobar, Coonamble, Brewarrina, and Bourke — during the past four and a half years.

● Treats unknown

Before this, such items were luxury goods for outback people, and a specialty such as an ice-cream birthday cake was unheard of!

This service to the outback was originated by Mr. T. A. Barrett, of Orange, N.S.W., who manufactures the ice-cream.

His company, founded by his father more than 60 years ago, and now the second largest in Orange, supplies milk, ice-cream, and frozen foods to the western areas of New South Wales.

When Chris joined the company three years ago after obtaining his pilot's licence at Bankstown, Sydney, he began by flying milk deliveries.

But when the quantity of milk orders grew too big for plane transport it was railed, and the company decided to fly frozen foods.

The success of the idea was immediate. Chris started his selling in Cobar and rapidly extended his area to Bourke (a two-hour flight from Orange).

The joy he has brought to outback children can be well imagined — at last they can eat ice-cream "hearts" to their hearts' content.

And that takes some licking!

MEN AT HOME ON THE RANGE

● **Good news for Victorian wives whose husbands like to dabble around in the kitchen but are helpless when it comes to preparing an entire meal.**

Mrs. Jean Forward, the Gas and Fuel Corporation's cookery expert in Melbourne, has just introduced gourmet classes there for men only.

So enthusiastic has been the response that the classes are booked up until mid-1968.

First menu

At each of the ten lessons, to be held at the Corporation's new showrooms at Princes Gate, Mrs. Forward will teach how to prepare a gourmet dinner for four people.

"Our first menu will be grapefruit maraschino, coq au vin, and creme de caramel," she said. "The men will do their own shopping for the ingredients."

And if a wife has any doubts about her husband's culinary ability she will be able to test it herself when he brings his creations home.

COMPACT

School is "in" again for the . . .



FIRST TOSSERS OF STREAMERS

■ **Did you know that the idea of farewelling people on ships with streamers originated in Australia? That it was thought of by a group of schoolgirls in 1908 when they said goodbye to two well-loved teachers returning to England?**

Apparently, the girls' silken streamer farewell was observed and photographed by an officer of the Japanese ship on which the teachers were sailing. And when the ship reached its Japanese port the silk ribbons were reproduced in paper and the rolled paper streamer as we know it today came into being.

This interesting story was unearthed by Mrs. F. F. Munro, of Killara, N.S.W., during her six years of research for a book on the history of Shirley School, Sydney.

The schoolgirls had been pupils of this school which the two English teachers, Misses Harriet Newcomb and Margaret Hodge, had taken over in 1900.

The Misses Newcomb and Hodge had transformed Shirley School into a school for both children and trainee teachers, and their original methods and advanced education ideas made them adored by both groups.

They had organised such adventurous things as bush excursions, picnics, outdoor lessons, and science lessons which included incubating and hatching chicks.

When they boarded the ship to return to England, says Mrs. Munro, the two teachers were farewelled by a large party of young women and girls in tightly waisted skirts, puff-sleeve blouses, flower-trimmed hats, and bearing two large bunches of waratahs wound with yards of blue and grey ribbons.

The bunches were presented to the teachers, who then tossed the ends of the ribbons back to the girls on the wharf. They were held fast by the girls until they finally snapped, and were then cut into pieces for keepsakes.

Little did the girls realise that what they had done would become a world-wide custom, but the pretty picture they had made greatly impressed the Japanese officer.

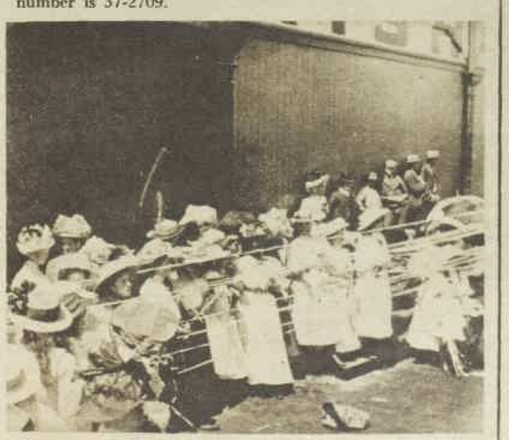
Mrs. Munro even managed to obtain a print of the historic photograph (**see below**), which she has used in her book.

Mrs. Munro was a pupil of Shirley School from 1911 to 1924. The school, in Edgecliff Road, Sydney, was finally closed in 1934, although the building still remains as a block of flats called "Shirley."

Mrs. Munro's book is called "Shirley — The Story of a School in Sydney."

There have been many subscribers to the book. Others interested may buy copies at $10 each.

The book can be bought from the secretary of Shirley Old Girls' Union, Mrs. D. C. Mann, Unit 7, 2 Young Street, Vaucluse, N.S.W. 2030. Mrs. Mann's telephone number is 37-2709.



● *Sydney streamer pioneers in 1908.*



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Pretty Girl

Jersey Masters

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from your favourite Nestlé's mayonnaise recipe..

NESTLÉ'S 2-MINUTE MAYONNAISE

½ tin Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk,
1 lev. teaspoon Keen's Mustard,
½ cup vinegar, ½ teaspoon salt
Just stir ingredients till mixture thickens.
Let stand for few minutes to stiffen.
Adjust seasoning to *your* taste.

NEW

2-minute Thousand Island Dressing

NESTLÉ'S THOUSAND ISLAND DRESSING

1 quantity 2-minute Mayonnaise*
¼ cup tomato sauce,
1 lev. dsp. finely chopped onion
few drops chili sauce
1 lev. tblsp. finely chopped capsicum
salt and pepper, to taste
Blend all ingredients. Chill. Serve with any seafood salad, tuna salad, seafood cocktail or green salad.

* 2-minute Mayonnaise Recipe on Label of Nestle's Sweetened Condensed Milk Can.





2-minute mayonnaise and Thousand Island Dressing both start with NESTLÉ'S SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK and Keen's mustard.

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LETTER BOX

● We pay $2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

A pictured gossip

ONE of the most destructive instruments in our social life is the human tongue when it is used to traffic in gossip, which, more often than not, is mere hearsay. In a university psychology course a simple picture (a table, a chair with a bucket on it and a broom leaning against it) was shown to the first person, who then drew it from memory. A second person was shown this drawing, and the process repeated down to the last person in the group. It was quite surprising how the last drawing differed from the original, something added, something left out. Surely this is a good illustration of gossip.

$2 to "Victim" (name supplied), Pennant Hills, N.S.W.

Realistic family tree

INSTEAD of the usual type of family tree, I have a tiny photograph of the original couple of our family pasted in the centre of a large sheet of drawing-paper. Radiating from this are five circles, each larger than the last, representing our five generations. Each ring is divided into sections, one for each child, the name of their marriage partner, and the ensuing children. Each circle is in a different color so that it is easy to see to which generation each member belongs. These rings represent the rings of a tree, which can be seen when a tree is cut, and denotes its age.

$2 to Mrs. E. Moss, Parkdale, Vic.

Took Mum at her word

BEING nearly three, my young daughter is at the age to love helping Mum unpack the groceries. So one day I asked her to help by putting the toilet rolls in the toilet. Horror! Some minutes later I discovered that she had done exactly what I had told her to.

$2 to Mrs. N. Fraser, Lakemba, N.S.W.

Tongue-tied

ALTHOUGH I have learnt my migrant husband's language, and can understand conversation among his parents and friends, try as I might, I am too shy to speak it myself. He has often asked me why I won't, but I don't really know why. Probably it is a fear of being laughed at or of being the centre of attention. Has anyone any suggestions as to how I can rid myself of this annoying complex?

$2 to "Shy" (name supplied), Rosewater, S.A.

Mother's uncontrollable whip

MY mother's "investment" for keeping us small-fry in line was a sharp whip. This was so zealous that it would, of its own accord, chase down and chastise any naughty child. In fact, it was over-zealous and would start lashing round without provocation, and therefore had to be kept locked in her wardrobe. I can still remember the convincingly terrifying tale she used to tell of the day it broke out and turned on her, and how she managed to escape only by climbing the apple tree, keeping it at bay by pelting it with green apples till Father came home and captured it. Needless to say, Mother had only to reach for her wardrobe key.

$2 to "Kay" (name supplied), Cessnock, N.S.W.

Creamed, not mashed



● A campaign to improve the "public image" of the potato has been launched. Executives of potato-handling firms are studying packaging and presentation abroad.

Considered humble once, the spud,
Its jacket drably masked in mud,
Goes upward in the social scale
When cleanly scrubbed and packaged, pale,
And, though credulity is taxed,
As well as washed it's sometimes waxed.
Purveyors soon will have their wish
And see it on a sideboard dish
In arty-crafty disarray
(Not hidden as of yore away),
But cheek by jowl with aubergines
A bunch of grapes, and pretty greens.
Who dares its image to despise,
Presented in such snobbish guise,
Especially with its status crowned
At ten to 15 cents a pound?

— Dorothy Drain

Misguided thoughtfulness

AFTER washing their hands in a friend's bathroom, many people omit to use the guest towel put out for their use, saying, "It's a shame to use it, I'll just use my hankie." Then they surreptitiously wipe their hands on the corner of one of the family towels.

$2 to "Always Wondering" (name supplied), Holland Park, Qld.

Warm feelings

HARKING back to winter, I feel that the Quote of the Season award should be given to my daughter for her apt comment on her husband's noble action in preparation for my week's visit: "Greater love hath no man than that he would give up his new electric blanket to his mother-in-law."

$2 to "It's True" (name supplied), North Carlton, Vic.

Era of impatience

WHEN someone rings up or rings the doorbell, presumably they assume that one is seated with folded hands, within 3ft. of the door or phone, just waiting to answer either. Three rings, and friends say, "You weren't at home when I rang." And in two seconds flat, delivery-men are out of the gate and gone.

$2 to Juliet Blake, Mount Druitt, N.S.W.

Joeys, nixes, and other sayings

HARKING back to the "Wigwam for a goose's bridle" series of letters (which I found very amusing and interesting), my mother always stemmed my curiosity with this. Concerning its origin, I would mention in passing that my grandmother was a Quaker. The old mums certainly had an original way of dealing with us. My own childish whining was always stopped by, "There's a tear in your eye like a travelling rat." When I'd say, "What's for tea, Mum?" she'd answer, "Hoodlum soup, call Daphne" (my sister). I often wondered since what the neighbors must have thought of my repeatedly hanging over the front fence, yelling, "Tea, Daphne, hoodlum soup!"

$2 to Mrs. G. Lucas, Willagee, W.A.

★ ★ ★

RE old sayings, when my mother was asked what she was making, she always answered us with, "A jacket and trousers for a gooseberry." One day my young niece asked her the same question and got the same old answer. I saw her looking very puzzled, so asked her what Grandma had said. "I don't know," she replied, "but it sounded like 'a coat and pants for a strawberry.'"

$2 to "Kaybee" (name supplied), Pascoe Vale, Vic.

★ ★ ★

I AM now over 21 years away from my original home and my family, and as much as I like it here I'll always long to see my family once again. It's funny how the years dim the memory, but certain things keep standing out, unforgettable. Like my father's funny old saying when one of us fell down and started crying, "Come here, Darling, Daddy will help you up." Many was the time we fell for that one. When we used to ask him if he'd brought us a present, and what it was, he always answered, "A golden nix, with a silver tail on it." Well, nix means the same in any country — absolutely nothing. But we didn't wake up to this for many years.

$2 to Mrs. E. Plant, Grenfell, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

SOME other reader may know the origin of this odd little ditty, or it may have just been an invention of my mother's. But whenever she thought we children were telling tall tales, she would sing derisively, "And the joey flew over the wall." I tried it on my own kids, and it caught on to such an extent that I had to ban it, for the house was ringing with "joeys" from morning to night.

$2 to Mrs. L. Gribble, Powelltown, Vic.

★ ★ ★

MAY I add a further contribution to the series of letters on old sayings from our childhood? My mother used to answer the questions of curious children with, "A wigwam for a goose's bridle, to teach a young gander to trot." Readers who have been following the correspondence may be unfamiliar with this variation.

$2 to Mrs. W. Fishpool, Tottenham, N.S.W.

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it's a shrinking problem that GROWS . . . and GROWS and GROWS



And we've all encountered it at one time or another. Remember how you vowed never to let it happen again — only to find the same problem with the very next cotton garment you bought. There is only one way out! Look for the label that says 'Sanforized' — your safeguard against shrinkage. Unless you see 'Sanforized' on the label you can never be certain. So, be downright inquisitive . . . and be sure, not sorry.

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and when Grosvenor silver costs so little, why settle for stainless?





There's something very special about silver that appeals to a bride . . . something more than its reasonable price. She knows silver can do wonderful things for her table — has a soft, lustrous finish that cold, hard steel can't match — comes in patterns that satisfy the most exacting taste. And only silver sparkles romantically. Christine, illustrated, is an intricately worked daffodil design on sleek, modern lines. Complete 44-piece deluxe setting priced at $52.50 Silver Handled Knives. $40.30 Pearlex Handled Knives.

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The Australian Women's Weekly Presents

THE SPRING SCENE

...Handknits and Crochet



Suddenly it's spring — time for light little dresses and gay sweaters, with handbags to match or contrast, in clear colors and simple tones. Here's a new collection to keep nimble fingers busy.



LOLLIPOP. This dream of a dress has a skirt of crocheted squares combined with an airy lace top. Directions are on page 2.

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LOLLIPOP Color picture page 1



Materials: 14 balls Lincoln Bri-Nylon 4-ply or Cleckheaton 4-ply; 1 each Nos. 10 and 11 crochet hooks.

Measurements: To fit 32in. bust; length 36in.

Tension: Motif meas. 4¼in. square.

Abbreviations: Bobble — made thus: (y.o.h., insert hook in next sp., draw a long loop through) 5 times, y.o.h., draw through 10 loops, y.o.h., draw through last loop; y.o.h., yarn over hook.

SKIRT

(Make 40 Motifs)

1st MOTIF

Using No. 10 hook, make 12 ch.

1st Row: Miss 1 ch., d.c. in each ch. to end, 1 ch., turn.

2nd Row: D.c. to end.

Rep. 2nd row 8 times. Work 1 row d.c. round square, working 1 ch. at corners, join with sl-st.

Next Round: 3 ch., 3 tr. into 1 ch. sp., 3 ch., 4 tr. in same sp. as 3 tr., * 3 ch., 1 bobble in centre d.c. of side of square, 3 ch. (4 tr., 3 ch., 4 tr.) in corner ch. sp., rep. from * twice, 3 ch., 1 bobble, 3 ch., join with sl-st. to top of first 3 ch., sl-st. to sp. at corner.

Next Round: 3 ch., (3 tr., 3 ch., 4 tr.) in 3 ch. sp. at corner, * (3 ch., 1 bobble in next 3 ch. sp.) twice, 3 ch., (4 tr., 3 ch., 4 tr.) in corner sp., rep. from * twice, (3 ch., 1 bobble in next 3 ch. sp.) twice, 3 ch., join to 3 ch. at beg. with sl-st., then sl-st. to corner sp.

Next Round: 3 ch., (3 tr., 3 ch., 4 tr.) in 3 ch. sp., * (3 ch., 1 bobble in next 3 ch. sp.) 3 times, 3 ch., (4 tr., 3 ch., 4 tr.) in corner sp., rep. from * twice, (3 ch., 1 bobble) 3 times, 3 ch., join with sl-st. to 3 ch. at beg. Fasten off.

2nd MOTIF

Work as 1st motif to last round. Join to 1st motif thus:

Last Round: 3 ch., 3 tr. in 3 ch. sp., 1 ch., 1 sl-st. into 3 ch. sp. at corner of 1st motif, 1 ch., 4 tr. in sp., (1 ch., 1 sl-st. into next 3 ch. sp. of 1st motif, 1 ch., 1 bobble in next sp. of 2nd motif) 3 times, 1 ch., 1 sl-st. in 1st motif, 1 ch., 4 tr. in corner, 1 ch., sl-st. into corner of 1st motif, 1 ch., cont. as last round of 1st motif.

Make 4 motifs for width of skirt, joining as 2nd, and 5 rows of motifs for length.

BODICE (back and front alike)

Using No. 10 hook, right side facing, join yarn to corner ch. sp. of right-hand motif.

1st Row: 6 ch., 1 tr. in same sp., (1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr.) in each 3 ch. sp. along motifs, incl. corner at each end, rep. to end.

2nd Row: 6 ch., 1 tr. in 3 ch. sp., (1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr.) in each 3 ch. sp. to end.

Rep. 2nd row until work measures 29in.

To Shape Armholes: Sl-st. over two 2 tr. groups, work to last 2 groups, turn. Dec. 1 tr. group each end of next row. Cont. in patt. until work measures 32in.

To Shape Neck — Next Row: Work 6 patts., turn, dec. ½ patt. at neck edge of every row until 3 patts. rem. Cont. straight until work measures 36in. Fasten off. Rejoin yarn to other side, leaving 6 patts. unworked in centre, work to match 1st side.

TO MAKE UP

Join side and shoulder seams.

Edging: Using No. 11 hook, work 2 rows of bodice patt. round neck, armholes, and lower edge.

Make ch. belt to length required, using 4 strands of yarn.

SUMMER BREEZE Color picture page 3

Materials: 13 (14, 15) oz. Strutts Milford Knitting Cotton No. 8; No. 12 crochet hook; 7 (7, 8) in. zip-fastener.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust and hips. If larger hip measurements are required, work to waistline on size larger hook.

Tension: 13 sts. to 2in. over 2nd patt. row; 17 rows to 4in.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble crochet; sl-st., slip-stitch; dec., decrease; patt., pattern.

FRONT

Make 114 (122, 130) ch. loosely.

1st Row (right side facing): 1 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, * miss 1 ch., 3 tr. in next ch., miss 1 ch., 1 d.c. in next ch., rep. from * to end of ch., 3 ch., turn (28, 30, 32 3-tr. shells).

2nd Row: * 1 d.c. in centre tr. of shell, 1 ch., 1 tr. in d.c., 1 ch., rep. from * to end, turn.

3rd Row: 1 d.c. in 1st tr., * 3 tr. in next d.c., 1 d.c. in next tr., rep. from * to end, working last d.c. in top of 3 turning ch., 3 ch., turn. These 2 rows form patt.

Rep. last 2 rows until 113 (113, 115) rows have been worked, i.e., approx. 25 (25, 25½) in. Adjust length at this point as required, allowing 1in. for dropping and finishing on 3rd patt. row.

To Shape Armholes: Sl-st. over 2 shells to d.c., 2 ch., 1 d.c. in centre tr. of shell, cont. in patt. to last 2 shells, 1 tr. in d.c., 1 ch., turn.

Cont. in patt. until 24 (26, 28) rows have been worked from start of armhole shaping, ending with 3rd patt. row.

To Shape Neck—1st Row: Patt. over 6 shells, 1 tr. in d.c., 1 ch., turn.

2nd Row: Patt. to end.

3rd Row: Patt. to last shell., 1 d.c. in centre tr. of shell, 1 ch., turn.

4th Row: 1 d.c. in 1st d.c., patt. to end.

Rep. last 2 rows twice (3 shells form shoulder). Fasten off. Leaving 12 shells unworked, join cotton at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

BACK

Work as front until 9 (11, 13) rows have been worked after armhole shaping, ending on shell row.

Next Row: Work as 2nd row over 12 (13, 14) shells, 1 ch., 1 tr. in next d.c., 1 ch., turn (back opening).

Cont. on this side only. Work 20 (22, 24) rows in patt. Cut cotton. Join in cotton between 3rd and 4th shell from armhole edge. Work 3 shells to armhole edge. Fasten off.

Join cotton at back opening and work other side to correspond.

TO MAKE UP

Pin pieces into shape and press on wrong side with very damp cloth. Join the 3 shells at shoulders with flat seam. Sew up side seams with flat seam, leaving 4in. from hemline open at each side.

COLLAR

With right side facing, join cotton at back opening, 2 ch., 1 d.c. in each of the 9 (10, 11) tr. across neckline, 17 d.c. down side to front, 1 d.c. in centre tr. of each shell across front, 17 d.c. up side, 1 d.c. in each of the 9 (10, 11) tr. across back, 1 d.c. in last st., 1 ch., turn. 65 (69, 73) d.c.

Next Row: 1 d.c. in 1st st., * 3 tr. in next st., 1 d.c. in next st., rep. from * to

Continued on page 4

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For pretty, pretty sun-filled days



WATERMELON (above). Lacy-knit with set-in sleeves and a round neckline that's cut away slightly for summer comfort, looks marvellous against sun and sea and sand. See page 4.



SUMMER BREEZE (right). Cool and blue, an easy-line shift with cut-in shoulders, hemline vents, and a turn-down collar is crocheted in cotton; directions for making are on page 2.



COTTON CANDY (above). Slip-on top in pretty-pink outlined in white is crocheted in cotton. Matching bag has handle frames made from wire coat-hangers. Directions page 4.

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COTTON CANDY Color picture on page 3

SWEATER

Materials: 4oz. Strutts Milford Knitting Cotton No. 8 in main color (m.c.); 1oz. in contrast color (c.c.); No. 12 crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36) in. bust.

Tension: 11 h.tr. to 2in.; 5 rows to 1in.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; h.tr., half treble; sl-st., slip-stitch; m.c., main color; c.c., contrast color.

BACK

Using m.c., make 98 (103) ch.

1st Row: 1 h.tr. in 3rd ch. from hook, 1 h.tr. in each ch. to end, 2 ch. for turn 95 (100 h.tr.).

2nd Row: * 1 h.tr. between next 2 h.tr., rep. from * to end, working 1 h.tr. between last h.tr. and turning ch., 2 ch. for turn.

Rep. 2nd row until 68 rows have been worked or piece measures 13½in. from beg., or length required.

To Shape Armholes: Sl-st. over 8 sts., 2 ch., work in patt. to last 8 sts., 2 ch., turn.

Work 32 (34) rows straight. Cut m.c. Join in c.c.

Work 7 rows d.c. Fasten off.

FRONT

Work as back.

TO MAKE UP

Pin pieces into shape and press with damp cloth on wrong side. Join shoulder seams for 2in. from armhole edge, using flat seam. Join side seams, using flat seam.

ARMHOLE BORDER

With right side facing, join in m.c. to last m.c. row worked. Work d.c. to last m.c. row on other side. Cut m.c. Join in c.c. Work d.c. across shoulder. Cut cotton. Darn in ends. Join c.c. at underarm, work 7 rows d.c., dec. to keep band flat. Fasten off.

LOWER BORDER

With r.s.f., join m.c. at side seam. Work 2 rounds d.c. Cut m.c. Join in c.c Work 7 round d.c. Fasten off. Press all seams.

BAG

Materials: 8oz. Strutts Milford Double Lustre in main color (m.c.), 4oz. in contrast color (c.c.); OR 6oz. Strutts Milford Knitting Cotton No. 4 in m.c., 3oz. in c.c.; No. 10 crochet hook; 2 wire coathangers.

Measurements: 14in. by 14in.

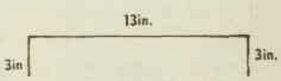
Using m.c., make 53 ch. Work in h.tr. as for sweater until 48 rows have been worked or piece is approx. 12in. square.

Work 1 row d.c. around square, working 3 d.c. in each corner-st. Cut m.c. Join in c.c.

Work 5 rows d.c. around square, working 3 d.c. in each corner-st. Fasten off. Make another piece the same.

TO MAKE UP

Cut two 19in. lengths of wire from wire coathangers and shape thus:



With r.s.f., join in c.c. to 14th st. from top right-hand corner. Holding wire shape in place, work 2 d.c. over wire in each st. to top, 4 d.c. in corner, 2 d.c. in each st. across top, 4 d.c. in corner, 2 d.c. in each of next 14 sts. Fasten off.

HANDLES (2)

Count 32 d.c. from right-hand corner, join in c.c. to next st., 1 ch., to count as 1 d.c., miss 1 d.c., 1 d.c. in next d.c., miss 1 d.c., 1 d.c. in next d.c., 1 ch., turn.

Work 10 rows d.c. on these 3 d.c. Cut cotton. Count 16 d.c. from this band back toward corner. Join cotton and work as 1st band for 15 rows. Cut cotton. Join cotton in corner-st., work as 1st band for 2¾ rows, 1 ch. turn.

Next Row: 1 d.c. in each d.c., pick up 2nd band, 3 d.c., pick up 1st band, 3 d.c., 1 ch. turn. Work 24 rows on these 9 d.c., 1 ch. turn, 1 d.c. in each of next 3 d.c., 1 ch. turn. Work 24 rows on these 3 d.c. Cut cotton. Joining cotton in 4th and 7th sts. of centre part, work to correspond with 1st and 2nd bands. Join to correspond with other side. Join the two bag pieces with d.c., starting at end of wire at sides.

WATERMELON Color picture on page 3

Materials: 11 (12, 12) balls Lincoln Bri-Nylon 4-ply, or Cleckheaton 4-ply; one pair each Nos. 11 and 9 needles; medium crochet hook; 3 small buttons.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length, 21¼in.; sleeve, 12in.

Tension: 7 sts. to 1in. over patt.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 117 (125, 133) sts. K 5 rows.

Change to No. 9 needles and patt.

1st Row: K 1, * y.o.n, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., y.r.n., p 1, rep. from * to last 4 sts., y.o.n., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., y.o.n., k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, * p 3, k 1, rep. from * to end.

Rep. these 2 rows until work measures 15 (14½, 14) in., ending 2nd patt. row. Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of next and foll. alt. rows until 95 (101, 107) sts. rem. Cont. straight until armholes measure 2 (2¼, 3) in.

Next Row: Patt. 47 (50, 53) sts., turn. Cont. on this side only, until armhole measures 6½ (7, 7½) in., ending armhole edge. Cast off 7 (8, 8) sts. at beg. of next and foll. alt. row, then 8 (8, 9) sts. on next 2 alt. rows. Cast off rem. 17 (18, 19) sts.

Rejoin yarn at centre back, cast off 1 st., work to correspond with 1st side.

FRONT

Work as back, omitting opening, until armholes measure 4½ (5, 5½) in.

Next Row: Patt. 37 (39, 41), cast off 21 (23, 25), patt. to end.

Cast off 3 sts. at neck edge once and 2 sts. twice, cont. straight until same length as back to shoulder, ending armhole edge. Cast off 7 (8, 8) sts. twice and 8 (8, 9) sts. twice. Work 2nd side as 1st.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 65 (65, 67) sts. K 5 rows, inc. 1 st. each end of last row on **3rd size only.**

Change to No. 9 needles and patt., inc. 1 st. each end of 5th and foll. 6th rows until inc. to 93 (97, 101) sts.

Cont. straight until sleeve measures 12in. Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and foll. alt. rows until 53 (57, 61) sts. rem., then each end of every row until 29 sts. rem. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join shoulders with a fine bk-st., using No. 11 needles, pick up and k 102 (106, 110) sts. evenly round neck edge. K 4 rows. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press very lightly. Work 2 rows d.c. on back opening, making 3 buttonholes on right side in 2nd row. Sew buttons to left side. Sew in sleeves, join side and sleeve seams. Press seams.

SUMMER BREEZE . . . concluded

end, 3 ch., turn. Work 4 rows in patt., 3 ch., turn.

Next Row: * 1 d.c. in centre tr. of shell, 1 tr. in d.c., rep. from * to end, 1 ch., turn.

Next Row: 1 d.c. in 1st st., * 3 tr. in next st., 1 d.c. in next st., rep. from * to end, 3 ch., turn. Work 6 rows in patt. Fasten off.

Pin zip-fastener in place, starting at 3rd shell row of collar, and st. in place.

ARMBANDS

Join cotton at underarm. Work 96 (100, 104) d.c. round edge.

Next Row: * 1 d.c. in each of next 5 d.c., dec. in next 2 d.c., rep. from * to end of round.

Next Round: 1 d.c. in each d.c

Next Round—work edging thus: 1 ch. 1 sl-st. in each d.c. to end. Fasten off.

LOWER EDGE

Work 1 row d.c. round edge. **Next Row:** Work edging row as on armbands.

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SAILAWAY Color picture page 6

Materials: 5 (6, 7) oz. blue, 8 (9, 10) oz. red Strutts Milford Double Lustre OR 4 (5, 6) oz. blue, 6 (7, 8) oz. red Strutts Milford Knitting Cotton No. 4; 1 pair each Nos. 7 and 11 knitting needles; 5in. Aero zip-fastener for small size, 6in. for larger sizes.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38) in. bust.

Tension: 11 sts. to 2in.; 7 rows to 1in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st-st., stocking-stitch; dec., decrease; B, blue; R, red.

BACK

Using B and No. 7 needles, cast on 90 (96, 102) sts. Work 24 rows in st-st. This includes 6 rows for hem.

Cont. in st-st. thus: 1 row R, 11 rows B, 2 rows R, 8 rows B, 4 rows R, 6 rows B, 6 rows R, 4 rows B, 8 rows R, 2 rows B, 11 rows R, 1 row B.

Using R only, work 16 rows or until piece measures 14¼ (15, 15¼) in. from beg.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 6 (7, 8) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and each alt. row until 56 (60, 64) sts. rem. Work 3 rows straight.

Dec. 1 st. each end of next row. 54 (58, 62) sts.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: K 27 (29, 31), turn, leaving rem. sts. on holder.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: Dec. 1, k to end. Work 16 (20, 24) rows straight in st-st.

To Shape Neck: Cast off 10 (12, 14) sts., p to end. **Next Row:** Knit.

Next Row: Cast off 5 sts., p to end. Cast off.

Join cotton to rem. sts. at centre back. Work other side to correspond.

FRONT

Work as for back to 56 (60, 64) sts. Work 3 rows straight.

Next Row: Dec. 1 st. each end. 54 (58, 62). Rep. last 4 rows once. 52 (56, 60).

Work 6 (10, 14) rows straight.

To Shape Neckline: K 20 (22, 24), cast off 12 (14, 16) sts., k to end. Cont. on last 20 (22, 24) sts.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: Cast off 4 sts., k to end.

5th and 7th Rows: Cast off 2 sts., k to end.

9th Row: Cast off 1 st., k to end. Work 5 rows straight. Cast off.

Join cotton to rem. sts. at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

TO MAKE UP

Pin pieces to shape and press with damp cloth on wrong side. Join shoulder seams only.

NECKBAND

With right side facing, using No. 11 needles and R, pick up 95 (95, 99) sts. round neckline. Work 9 rows in k 1, p 1 rib. Cast off in rib.

ARMBANDS

With r.s.f., No. 11 needles and R, join cotton at beg. of armhole shaping, pick up 112 (120, 128) sts. round armhole. Work 4 rows rib. Cast off in rib.

TO FINISH OFF

Pin zip-fastener in back opening and st. in place. Sew up side seams, matching stripes. Turn up hem and sl-st. in place. Press all seams and hem.

BAG

Materials: 4oz. blue, 5oz. red Strutts Milford Double Lustre OR 3oz. blue, 4oz. red Strutts Milford Knitting Cotton No. 4; one pair each Nos. 7 and 11 knitting needles; 14 medium-sized buttons; one pair 6in. round cane handles; ½yd. material for lining.

Measurements: 13in. by 18in.

Work exactly as back of sweater until last B row has been worked. Using R only, work 12 rows.

Change to No. 11 needles.

Next Row: * K 1, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end. Work 15 rows straight.

Next Row: (buttonholes): K 2, * cast off 4 sts., k 5, rep. from *, ending with cast-off 4 sts. on last rep.

Next Row: P 1, cast on 4 sts., * p 5, cast on 4 sts., rep. from * to end. Cast off.

Make another piece the same.

TO MAKE UP

Pin pieces into shape and press with damp cloth on wrong side. St. the two pieces tog., leaving 3½in. open on each side from dec. row. Sew in lining. Sew buttons on inside of bag to correspond with buttonholes. Button on handles.

BEWITCHING DRESS FOR A PARTY

Believe it or not, it's last year's shift covered completely with crocheted bands. Directions for making the bands are below.



Materials: Eleven 2oz. balls Strutts Milford Knitting Cotton No. 8; No. 14 crochet hook.

Tension: Approx. 6 ch. to 1in. for required length.

Make a length of ch. a multiple of 6 plus 3, for length required, working chs. very loosely.

1st Row: 1 tr. in 3rd ch. from hook, 1 tr. in each ch. to end, 1 ch for turn.

2nd Row: 1 d.c. in 1st tr., 5 ch., * miss 4 tr., 1 d.c. in each of next 2 tr., 5 ch., rep. from * to last 5 tr., miss 4 tr., 1 d.c. in last tr., 1 ch. for turn.

3rd Row: 1 d.c. in 1st d.c., * 13 tr. in 5 ch. lp., dec. 1 d.c. in next 2 d.c., rep. from * to last lp., 13 tr. in lp., 1 d.c. in d.c., 1 ch. for turn.

4th Row: ** 1 d.c. in d.c., 1 ch., 1 tr. in next tr., 1 ch., * miss 1 tr., 1 tr., in next tr., 1 ch., rep. from * 5 times and from ** to last d.c., 1 d.c. in d.c., 1 ch. for turn.

5th Row: ** 1 d.c. in d.c., * 1 d.c. in next tr., 1 ch., 1 d.c. in 1 ch. sp., 1 ch., rep. from * 5 times, 1 d.c. in next tr., rep. from ** to last d.c., 1 d.c. in d.c., 1 ch. for turn.

6th Row: * 1 d.c. in d.c., 1 d.c. in next d.c., 3 ch., sl-st. in 1st of 3 ch. (picot made), rep. from * to end. Fasten off.

Sew bands to dress as illustrated.

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SAILAWAY (below). Nautical stripes for a snazzy crew-neck top with cut-in shoulder line and grand-scale shopper with cane handles. Both are knitted in cotton. See page 5.

PEPPERMINT (left)

Materials: 9 (10, 11) balls Emu Bri-Nylon 4-ply in main color (m.c.), 1 ball contrast color (c.c.); one pair each Nos. 10 and 11 needles.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length, 19½ (19¾, 20) in.; sleeve 4 (4, 4½) in.

Tension: 7 sts. to 1in. over patt.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles and c.c., cast on 118 (126, 134) sts. K 5 rows. Change to m.c. and patt.

1st Row: K 1, * k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 1, p 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

2nd and 4th Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: K 1, * k 1, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., p 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

Rep. these 4 rows 5 times. K 4 rows in c.c.

Change to No. 10 needles and cont. in m.c. and patt. until work

Continued opposite page



POPCORN (right). Cotton handbag crocheted in popcorn-stitch to carry you through many a summer outing. It's durable, attractive, washable. See page 7.



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PEPPERMINT . . . concluded

measures 14½in., ending p row.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and foll. alt. rows until 94 (100, 104) sts. rem. Cont. without shaping until armholes measure 6 (6¼, 6½) in., ending p row.

Next Row: Patt. 32 (34, 35), cast off 30 (32, 34), patt. to end.

Cont. on last sts., dec. at neck edge 1 st. every row, 5 times. Cont. straight until armholes measure 7¼ (7½, 7¾) in., ending armhole edge. Cast off on alt. rows 6 (8, 8) sts. once, 7 (7, 8) sts. once, and 7 (7, 7) sts. twice. Rejoin yarn at neck edge to rem. sts. Work to correspond with 1st side.

FRONT

Work as back until armholes measure 4¼ (4½, 4¾) in., ending p row.

Next Row: Patt. 37 (39, 40), cast off 20 (22, 24), patt. to end.

Cont. on last sts. only, cast off at neck edge 3 sts. once, 2 sts. twice, then 1 st. every row 3 times.

Cont. straight until armhole measures same as back, ending armhole edge. Shape shoulder as back. Rejoin yarn to rem. sts. Work to correspond.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles and c.c., cast on 74 (74, 78) sts. K 5 rows.

Change to No. 10 needles and m.c. and cont. in patt. as for back, inc. 1 st. each end of 3rd and foll. 4th rows until inc. to 80 (84, 88) sts.

Cont. straight until sleeve measures 4 (4, 4½) in., ending p row.

Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of 3rd and foll. 4th rows until 60 (64, 68) sts. rem., then each end of alt. rows until 38 (40, 46) sts. rem., and every row until 22 (24, 24) sts. rem. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join right shoulder with fine bk-st. Using No. 11 needles and m.c., pick up and k 118 (122, 126) sts. evenly round neck edge. Work ¾in. in g-st. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Using fine bk-st., join left shoulder and neckband. Sew in sleeves, join side and sleeve seams. Press seams.

POPCORN Color picture page 6

Materials: 8oz. Strutts Milford Double Lustre OR 6oz. Strutts Milford Knitting Cotton No. 4; No. 11 crochet hook; 7in. detachable handbag mount; piece of material for lining.

Measurements: 9in. by 12in.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; sp., space; st., stitch; p.c., popcorn worked thus: 4 tr. in st., remove hook, insert hook in 1st of 4 tr., pick up loop of last tr. worked, draw through.

Begin with 55 ch. (top of bag).

Foundation Row: 1 tr. in 4th ch. from hook, 1 tr. in each ch. to end, 3 ch. to turn. (51 tr. plus 3 turning ch.)

1st Row: Counting 3 turning ch. as 1 tr., work 3 tr. in 1st tr., remove hook, insert hook in top of 3 turning ch., pick up loop of last tr. worked, draw through, 2 ch., * miss 1 tr., p.c. in next tr., 2 ch., rep. from * to end, working 3 ch. on last rep., turn. (26 p.c.)

2nd Row: * 1 tr. in top st. of p.c., 1 tr. in sp. between p.c., rep. from * to end 3 ch. to turn.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 8 times, then 1st row once. Fasten off. Make another piece the same.

TO MAKE UP

Do not press. St. the two pieces tog., leaving a 3in. opening at top of bag. Sew in lining. Thread mount through foundation row.

SQUARE LOOK Color picture page 8

MINI TOP

Materials: 5 (6, 6) balls Villawool Starlite Crepe main color (m.c.); 1 ball (all sizes) contrast color (c.c.); 1 pair No. 10 needles; No. 11 Aero crochet hook; approx. 130 split metal rings.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length, 19½in. (all sizes).

Tension: 7 sts. to 1in.; motifs 2½in. square.

BACK

With No. 10 needles and m.c., cast on 91 (98, 103) sts. and work in st-st.

Inc. 1 st. each end of 5th, then every 4th row until 119 (126, 133) sts.

Cont. until work measures 7in. (or length required), ending on p row.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 4 (5, 6) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Dec. 1 st. each end of next 5 rows, then every 2nd row 4 (5, 6) times. Cont. on rem. 93 (96, 99) sts. until armholes measure 2½in. on straight, ending on p row.

To Shape Neck—Next Row: K 42 (43, 44) sts., cast off the centre 9 (10, 11) sts., k 42 (43, 44) sts.

Cont. on last 42 (43, 44) sts. and cast off at neck edge on every 2nd row 3 sts. once, 2 sts. 5 times, 1 st. 8 times.

Cont. on rem. 21 (22, 23) sts. until armhole measures 6½in. on the straight, ending at armhole edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off at beg. of next and each alt. row 7 sts. twice, 7 (8, 9) sts. once. Ret. to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge, and finish to correspond.

FRONT

Work as back.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Using small bk-st., sew up shoulder and side seams. Press seams open. With right side facing, crochet hook, and m.c., work 1 row of d.c. round all edges.

TO MAKE A MOTIF

With c.c., make 4 ch., join in circle with sl-st. Work 12 d.c. in circle.

1st Round: (1 d.c. in each of next 2 d.c., 3 d.c. in next d.c. for corner), rep. to end.

2nd Round: (1 dc. in each of next 4 d.c., 3 d.c. in next d.c. for corner), rep. to end.

Change to m.c.

3rd Round: (1 d.c. in each of next 6 d.c., 3 d.c. in next d.c. for corner), rep. to end.

4th Round: (1 d.c. in each of next 8 d.c., 3 d.c. in next d.c. for corner), rep. to end.

5th Round: (1 d.c. in each of next 10 d.c., 3 d.c. in next d.c. for corner), rep. to end.

6th and 7th Rounds: As 5th round, working 2 d.c. more between corners. Fasten off.

Make approximately 20 motifs, 8 for front, 8 for back, and 2 for each side.

TO MAKE UP

Attach to top with rings as illustrated, using 3 rings at top and bottom and 5 rings along centre row.

WALL HANGING

Make 121 squares as for top using colors of your choice in Villawool Starlite Crepe. Join with metal rings using 3 rings for each join at top and bottom and 5 rings for each row in between. Hang from curtain track attached to wall with 11 squares in each row.

LAMPSHADE TRIM

Make required number of squares in Villawool Starlite Crepe, working motifs as for top in one color only. Make a chain of metal rings; catch sew every 2nd ring to lampshade. Join squares with 3 metal rings at top and bottom and hang from chain.

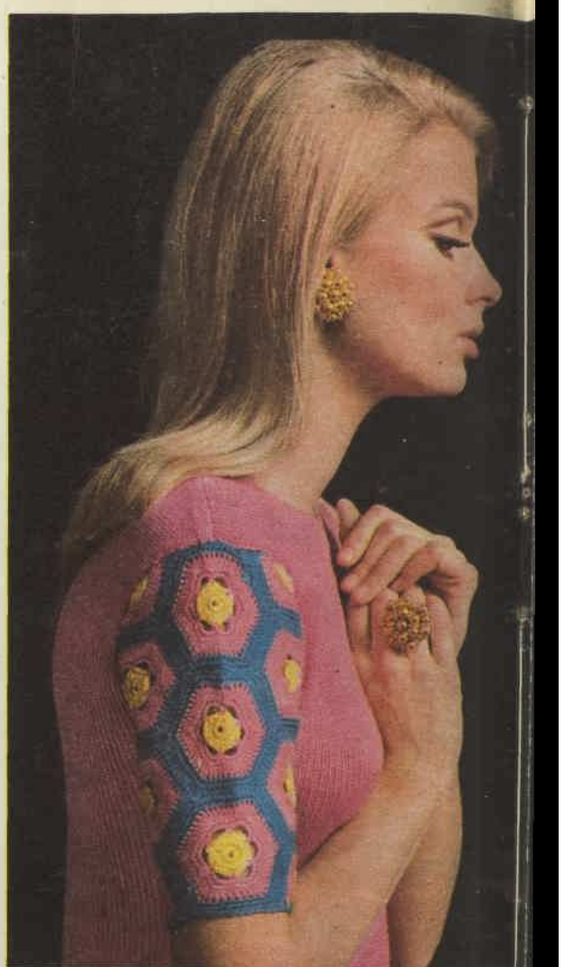
MIRROR SURROUND

Make required number of squares in colors of your choice from Villawool Starlite Crepe. Join with 2 rings at each side between squares and attach to frame at intervals with staples or drawing-pins.

Note: Squares for decorations can be firmed slightly by applying iron-on stiffened interlining to the back of each crocheted square. Cut the interlining approximately half an inch smaller than crocheted square.

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SQUARE LOOK (above). The mini top is trimmed with crocheted squares joined with brass rings to show glimpses of midriff. The square motif is repeated in the decor, to trim a lampshade and mirror and make a colorful wall hanging. Directions for top and squares are on page 7.

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Italian ideas adapted to local yarns

MOSAIC MOTIF (left). A simple, shaped shift knitted in cotton sets off ornamental sleeves crocheted in contrast colors. Directions for making 3 sizes begin on page 10.

BEDSIDE CO - ORDINATES (right). Feminine gown is knitted in stocking-st. trimmed with crocheted loops. Rug and bedspread trim are crocheted. Directions, see page 10.



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BEDSIDE CO-ORDINATES

Color picture on page 9

BRUNCH COAT

Materials: 34 (36, 39) balls Villawool Avanti; 1 pair No. 8 needles; 1 No. 11 Aero crochet hook; 1½yds. grosgrain ribbon for facing; 2 lengths of ribbon for ties.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38) in. bust; length, 34in. (all sizes); sleeves, 6½in. (all sizes).

Tension: 6 sts. to 1in.; 5 d.c. to 1in.

Abbreviations: S.c., single crochet worked thus—insert hook in the 2 lps. of l.s.; y.o.h. pull through all loops; l.s., lp.-stitch—insert hook in one lp. of the l.s. of prev. row and one lp. of the s.c. of row just worked, yarn round first finger of left hand (y.o.h. pull through 2 lps.) twice; y.o.h., yarn over hook.

BACK

With No. 8 needles, cast on 126 (132, 138) sts. and k 4 rows.

Next Row: Purl. **Next Row:** Knit.

Rep. last 2 rows inclusive.

Dec. 1 st. each end of foll. 8th row, then every 14th row thereafter until 106 (112, 118) sts. rem.

Cont. until work measures 26in. (or length required), ending on p row.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 4 (5, 6) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every 2nd row 5 (6, 7) times.

Cont. on rem. 88 (90, 92) sts. until armholes measure 7½in. on the straight, ending on p row.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off at beg. of next and every row 7 sts. 8 times, 32 (34, 36) sts. once.

LEFT FRONT

With No. 8 needles, cast on 84 (87, 90) sts. and k 4 rows.

Next Row: K 2, p to end.

Next Row: Knit.

Rep. these 2 rows inclusive, at the same time dec. 1 st. at beg. of 8th row, then every 14th row thereafter 9 times. Cont. on rem. 74 (77, 80) sts. until work measures 19½in., ending on k row. Proceed to shape collar as follows:

1st Row: K 2, p 1, turn, sl. 1 knitwise, k 2.

2nd Row: K 2, p 2 tog. t.b.l., p to end.

3rd Row: Knit.

4th Row: K 2, p to end.

5th Row: As 3rd.

Rep. last 2 rows once.

8th Row: K 2, p 2, turn, sl. 1, k 3.

9th Row: K 2, p 1, p 2 tog. t.b.l., p to end. Work 5 rows straight.

15th Row: K 2, p 3, turn, sl. 1, k 4.

16th Row: K 2, p 2, p 2 tog. t.b.l., p to end. * Work 5 rows straight.

22nd Row: K 2, p 4, turn, sl. 1, k 5.

23rd Row: K 2, p 3, p 2 tog. t.b.l., p to end. *

Cont. in this way from * to *, working 1 st. more before shaping 17 times in all, at the same time when side edge measures same as back ending at side edge:

Shape Armholes: Cast off 4 (5, 6) sts. at beg. of next row. Dec. 1 st. on armhole edge at beg. of every 2nd row 5 (6, 7) times.

Cont. to shape collar and keep armhole edge straight until armhole measures same as back ending at armhole edge. (48, 49, 50 sts.)

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off at beg. of the next and each alt. row 7 sts. 4 times, ending at front edge.

** **Next Row:** K 2, p 14 sts., turn, sl. 1, k to end. Work 6 rows straight. **

Rep. from ** to ** until long enough to fit to centre back neck. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as left front in reverse.

SLEEVES

With No. 8 needles, cast on 66 (68, 70) sts., and k 4 rows, then cont. in st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of foll. 6th row, then every 8th row thereafter until 72 (74, 76) sts. Cont. until sleeves measure 6½in. (or length required), ending on p row. Cast off 4 (5, 6) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every 2nd row until 36 sts. rem., ending on p row. Cast off at beg. of next and every row 3 sts. 6 times, 18 sts. once.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Using small bk-st., sew up shoulder seams. Press seams open. Join collar at centre back neck and neatly attach collar to neck edge. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Press seams open. Set sleeves smoothly into armholes.

COLLAR

RIGHT SIDE

Make 11 ch.

1st Row: Work l.s. in 2nd ch. from hook, work l.s. in each ch. to end, 1 ch. for turn (10 loop sts.).

2nd Row: Work s.c. to end, 2 ch. for turn.

3rd Row: Work l.s. to end, 1 ch. for turn.

Rep. last 2 rows inclusive. Work 5 rows, ending on 2nd row.

9th Row: L.s. to end, working 2 l.s. into last st. Work 5 rows straight.

Rep. last 6 rows until 22 l.s. Cont. in patt. until collar fits to shoulder, ending on a 2nd row, 2 ch. for turn.

Continued on page 13

MOSAIC MOTIF

Color picture page 8

Materials: Strutts Milford Double Lustre (33oz. pink, 2oz. blue, 1oz. yellow) OR Strutts Milford Knitting Cotton No. 4 (22oz. pink, 2oz. blue, 1oz. yellow); 1 pair No. 7 needles; No. 12 crochet hook.

Note: For 36 and 38in. bust sizes use No. 11 crochet hook for sleeves.

Tension: Knitting, 11 sts. to 2in., 7 rows to 1in. Crochet motif 3½ (3¾) in.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38) in. bust.

Abbreviations: C.f., cotton forward; lp., loop.

FRONT

Using No. 7 needles and pink, cast on 110 (116, 122) sts. **1st Row:** Purl.

Work 7 rows in st-st. for hem.

9th Row: K 2, * c.f., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

Cont. in st-st. until 100 rows have been worked from beg., i.e., approx. 14in. or length desired to hip.

Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every foll. 8th row until 90 (96, 102) sts. rem., ending on p row.

To Shape Armholes: K 2 tog. each end of next and each alt. row until 76 (82, 88) sts. rem. Work 15 (19, 21) rows straight, ending on p row.

To Shape Neck—1st Row: K 30, cast off 16 (22, 28) sts., k to end.

2nd Row: Cont. on last 30 sts., p to last 2 sts., p 2 tog. **3rd Row:** K 2 tog., k to end. Rep. last 2 rows 3 times.

Work 5 (5, 7) rows straight.

To Shape Shoulder: K 15, turn. P to end; k 8, turn, p to end. Cast off.

Join cotton to rem. sts. at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

BACK

Work as front to end of armhole shaping. 76 (82, 88) sts. Work 25 (29, 31) rows straight, ending on p row.

To Shape Neck: K 22, cast off 32 (38, 44) sts., k to end. Work 3 rows straight. Shape shoulders as for front. Cast off.

SLEEVES

No. 1 MOTIF (Make 9)

Using yellow cotton and No. 12 crochet hook, make 6 ch. Join with sl-st.

1st Round: 1 d.c. in ring, 2 ch., 17 h.tr. in ring, join with sl-st. in top of 2 ch. Drop yellow, join in pink.

2nd Round: * 4 ch., miss 2 sts., 1 d.c. in next st., rep. from * 5 times. (6 lps.)

3rd Round: 1 ch., 9 d.c. in lp., * 9 d.c. in next lp., rep. from * to end of round, join to ch. with sl-st.

4th Round: 3 ch., 1 tr. in each d.c. to end., join with sl-st. Drop pink, join in blue. **5th Round:** 1 ch., 1 d.c. in each st., join with sl-st., 1 ch. for turn.

6th Round: 1 d.c. in each of next 4 sts., * 2 d.c. in next st., 1 d.c. in each of next 8 sts., rep. from * 4 times, 1 d.c. in each of next 4 sts., join with sl-st. Cut cotton, leaving short length to st. motifs tog.

No. 2 MOTIF (Make 2)

Using yellow, make ring as for 1st motif.

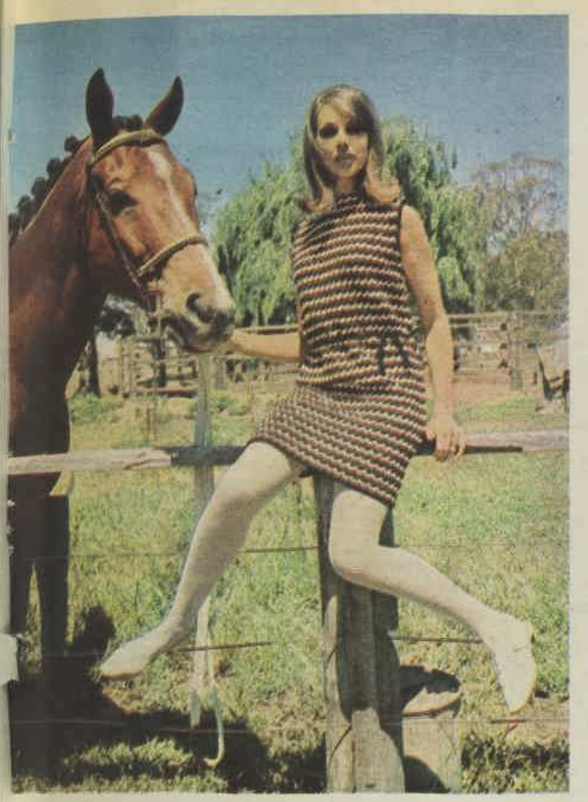
1st Round: 1 d.c. in ring, 2 ch., 11 h.tr. in ring, 1 d.c. in side of last h.tr. worked, 5 d.c. in ring, 1 d.c. in side of 2 ch., join with sl-st. Drop yellow, join in pink.

2nd Round: * 4 ch., miss 2 sts., 1 d.c. in next st., rep. from * 3 times. (4 lps.) Cut cotton, join again at 1st lp.

3rd Round: 1 ch., 4 d.c. in lp., 9 d.c. in each of next 2 lps., 5 d.c. in last lp. Cut cotton, join again to 1 ch.

Continued on page 13

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YOUNG WILLOW (above). Shift for lazy days in the open air, city or country, is crocheted in raffia and lightweight wool. Directions page 12.



TWO IN RAFFIA (above). Striped bag is crocheted, plain bag is knitted; both are in raffia straw, with detachable handles. Directions for making, see page 12.



MOSS-STITCH pull (left). Its simple lines are outlined in sharp contrast with squared-off neck and armholes. Directions on page 12.

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YOUNG WILLOW Color picture page 11

Materials: 8 balls Patons Bluebell Crepe in black (bl.), 7 balls in brown (br.), 4 spools Jolly Raffia in white (w); 1 pair each Nos. 9 and 10 crochet hooks.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length, 33in. all sizes.

Note: Use wool single with No. 9 hook and raffia double with No. 10 hook throughout.

BACK AND FRONT ALIKE

With No. 9 hook and bl. make 77 (83, 89) ch. loosely.

Foundation Row: 1 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. in next ch., * 5 ch., 1 sl-st. in 5th ch. from hook (picot made), 1 d.c. in each of next 3 foundation ch., * rep. from * to last 2 ch., 1 picot, 1 d.c. in each of last 2 ch., 1 ch. for turn, 25 (27, 29) picots. Break bl., join in br.

1st Row: 2 d.c. in 2 d.c., * sl-st. in picot, 3 d.c. in 3 d.c., rep from * to last 2 d.c., 2 d.c. in 2 d.c., 1 ch. for turn.

2nd Row: 2 d.c. in 2 d.c., * 1 picot, 3 d.c. in 3 d.c., rep. from * to last 2 d.c., 2 d.c. in 2 d.c., 1 ch. for turn. Break br., join in w.

3rd Row: With No. 10 hook and w, work as 1st row.

4th Row: With No. 10 hook and w, work as 2nd row.

5th Row: With No. 9 hook and bl., work as 1st row.

6th Row: With No. 9 hook and bl., work as 2nd row.

Rep. last 6 rows until work measures 24in. or length required to armhole, changing color after every 2 rows worked.

To Shape Armholes — Next Row: Sl-st. over 2 d.c. and 1 sl-st., patt. to within 1 sl-st. and 2 d.c., 1 ch. for turn.

Dec. 1 st. each end every alt. row until 21 picots rem. Cont. straight until armhole measures 8½in. on straight, ending with a bl. picot row.

To Shape Shoulders: With br., d.c. in each d.c. and sl-st. in top of each picot to 6th picot. Fasten off. Join br. to opp. armhole edge and work other shoulder the same.

TO MAKE UP

Sew side and shoulder seams. Knot and trim joining strands.

With bl. doubled, work d.c. round armholes. Press lightly with damp cloth.

TIE

Cut 24 80in. lengths bl.; tie 2in. from one end. Divide into thirds and plait. Tie other end and trim ends evenly.

TWO IN RAFFIA Color picture page 11

STRIPED BAG

Materials: One ball each of 2 contrasting colors in Jolly Raffia; No. 10 crochet hook; handbag frame; lining.

Note: Use 2 strands raffia tog. throughout.

With 1st color make 52 ch.

Next Row: 3 d.tr. in 4th ch. from hook, * miss 2 ch., 3 d.tr. in next ch., rep. from * to end. (17 3-d.tr. groups). Break off 1st color, join in 2nd color.

Next Row: 4 ch. for turn, 2 d.tr. in 1st st., 3 d.tr. in 1st sp., 3 d.tr. in each sp. to end, 1 d.tr. in last st.

Rep. last row 27 times, changing colors for each row.

TO MAKE UP

Press with damp cloth. Fold piece in half, right sides facing, join sides with d.c. to within 2in. of top at either side. Turn right side out.

Across each side top work thus for handle slots: 1 tr. in 1st st., * 1 ch., miss 1 st., 1 tr. in next st., rep. from * to end. Attach frame to bag.

PLAIN BAG

Materials: Two spools Jolly Raffia; 1 pair No. 11 knitting needles; 1 8in. handbag frame; medium crochet hook.

Note: Use 2 strands raffia tog. throughout.

Cast on 107 sts. Work 4 rows in st-st., beg. with a k row.

Cont. in pattern thus:

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: P 2, * sl. 3 purlwise, p 2, rep. from * to end.

3rd Row: Purl.

4th Row: As 2nd patt. row.

Work 4 rows st-st., beg. with a k row.

These 8 rows form patt. Work 20 complete patts. in all. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Fold piece in half, wrong sides facing, seam sides. Stitch across each lower corner 1in. in from point to make triangle which forms gusset. Turn bag right side out.

TO FINISH OFF

With crochet hook, work 1 round d.c. round top of bag. Fasten off.

Join raffia to 9th d.c. from one side seam, work d.c. to 9th d.c. from opposite seam, 1 ch. for turn.

Cont. working d.c. on these sts. for 4 more rows, turning each row with 1 ch. Fasten off.

Fold last 2 rows to wrong side and stitch to 1st top border row.

Work other side top of bag the same.

Attach frame to bag.

MOSS-STITCH Color picture page 11

Materials: 10 (11, 12) balls Lincoln Buffalo, Lambswool, or Bri-Nylon 8-ply or Cleckheaton 8-ply in main color (m.c.); 3 balls in contrast color (c.c.); one pair each Nos. 8 and 10 needles.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length, 18¾ (19¼, 19¾) in.

Tension: 6 sts. and 10 rows to 1in.

BACK AND FRONT ALIKE

Using No. 10 needles and m.c., cast on 91 (97, 103) sts. Work in m-st. for 2in. Change to No. 8 needles, cont. in m-st. until work measures 11½ (11¾, 12) in. Cast off 12 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cont. straight until armholes measure 4¼ (4½, 4¾) in.

Next Row: M-st. 8 (9, 9), cast off 51 (55, 61) sts., m-st. to end.

Cont. straight until armhole measures 7¼ (7½, 7¾) in. Cast off in m-st. Rejoin yarn at neck edge to rem. sts., work to match.

SIDE BANDS (2)

Using No. 10 needles and c.c., cast on 11 sts. Work in m-st. for 2in. Change to No. 8 needles, cont. in m-st. until same length as back and front to armholes. Change to No. 10 needles, cast on 13 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, cont. in m-st. for 10 rows.

Next Row: M-st. 9, cast off 19, m-st. to end.

Cont. on last sts. until same length as front to shoulder. Cast off. Rejoin yarn to rem. sts. Work to correspond with 1st side.

NECKBANDS (2)

Using No. 10 needles and c.c., cast on 49 (53, 59) sts. Work in m-st. for 11 rows.

Next Row: M-st. 9, cast off 31 (35, 41) sts., m-st. 9. Cont. on last sts. for 1½in. Cast off. Rejoin yarn to rem. sts. and work to match.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly with warm iron and damp cloth. Join contrast side bands to side seams and armholes, sew in neckbands, keeping all corners square. Join shoulder seams. Press seams.

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BEDSIDE CO-ORDINATES Concluded

Next Row: Work 10 l.s., turn, work to end. **Next Row:** Work 14 l.s., turn, work to end. **Next Row:** Work 18 l.s., turn.

Cont. in patt. on these 18 l.s. until collar fits to centre back neck, fasten off.

LEFT SIDE

Work as right side, but inc. at beg. of l.s. row and shape for shoulder on s.c. row.

CUFFS (2)

Make 17 ch. and work as 1st row of collar. Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows inclusive (16 loops) until long enough to fit sleeve edges, and fasten off.

BORDER FOR LOWER EDGE

Make 19 ch. and work as cuffs (18 loops) until long enough to fit round lower edge and fasten off.

TO FINISH OFF

Neatly join collar at centre back. Pin collar to the wrong side of coat collar and neatly sl-st. into position. Neatly attach grosgrain ribbon for facing on front edges. Make buttonhole loop on right front edge for ribbon slot at base of collar and attach ribbon to side seam for tie. Work left front the same way for inside tie. Neatly join ends and attach cuffs to sleeves. Pin border in position on lower edges and sew into position.

BORDER FOR BEDSPREAD

Materials: Approximately 11 balls Villawool Cha Cha for 1yd.; No. 6 Aero crochet hook.

Measurement: Width of border, 4½in.

Tension: 7 d.c. to 2in.

Abbreviations: H.o.y., hook over yarn; y.o.h., yarn over hook.

Make 16 ch.

1st Row: 1 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. in each ch. to end, 2 ch. for turn.

2nd Row: * Insert hook in 1st d.c. (y.o.h. and round 1st and 2nd fingers of left hand) 3 times, h.o.y. pull through loops and d.c., y.o.h. pull through rem. loops, rep. from * to end, 2 ch. for turn.

3rd Row: 1 d.c. in each l.s. to end, 2 ch. for turn. Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows until border is required length. Fasten off.

BEDSIDE RUG

Materials: Villawool Cha Cha in 2 colors—approximately 8 balls in 1 color makes 1 square; No. 6 Aero crochet hook.

Size: 1 square is 12in. in diameter.

Tension: 7 d.c. to 2in.

Make 43 ch.

Work as Bedspread Border, rep. 2nd and 3rd rows until piece is same length as width. Fasten off.

Neatly join squares as illustrated on page 9; 20 squares joined will give a rug 48in. x 60in.

MOSAIC MOTIF Concluded

4th Round: 3 ch., 1 tr. in each d.c. to end. Cut cotton.

5th Round: Join blue to top of 1st 3 ch., 1 d.c. in each tr. Cut cotton, join again in 1st d.c.

6th Round: * 1 d.c. in each of next 8 d.c., 2 d.c. in next d.c., rep. from * once, 1 d.c. in each d.c. Cut cotton.

No. 3 MOTIF (Make 2)

Using yellow, make ring as for 1st motif.

1st Round: 1 d.c. in ring, 2 ch., 8 h.tr. in ring, 1 d.c. in side of last h.tr. worked, 6 d.c. in ring, 1 d.c. in side of 2 ch., join with sl-st. Drop yellow, join in pink.

2nd Round: * 4 ch., miss 2 sts., 1 d.c. in next st., rep. from * twice. Cut cotton, join again at 1st lp.

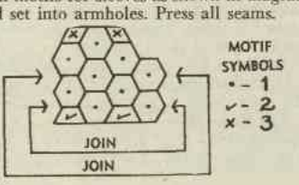
3rd Round: 1 ch., 3 d.c. in lp., 9 d.c. in next lp., 4 d.c. in next lp. Cut cotton, join again at 1 ch.

4th Round: 3 ch., 1 tr. in each d.c. to end. Cut cotton.

5th Round: Join blue to top of 3 ch., 1 d.c. in each tr. to end. Cut cotton.

6th Round: Join cotton again to 1st st., 1 d.c. in each of next 7 sts., 2 d.c. in next st., 1 d.c. in each st. to end.

Pin pieces to shape and press on wrong side with very damp cloth and hot iron. Using bk-st., join side and shoulder seams. Turn up lower hem at 9th row and stitch. Join motifs for sleeves as shown in diagram and set into armholes. Press all seams.



JONQUIL Color picture on page 14

SWEATER

Materials: 10oz. Strutts Milford Knitting Cotton No. 8; No. 14 crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit 32-34in. bust. (For a 34-36in. bust measurement, use one size larger hook.)

Tension: One motif measures 1¾in.

Abbreviation: C.o.h., cotton over hook.

Make 306 motifs. Motifs are joined on 2nd round of 2nd motif.

MOTIF 1

To begin motif, wind cotton round forefinger 8 times. Insert hook under cotton, slip loops off finger, work 1 sl-st.

1st Round: 24 d.c. in circle, join with sl-st. to 1st d.c.

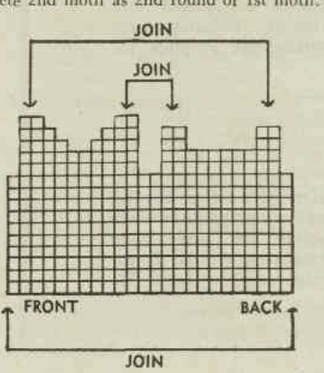
2nd Round: 8 ch., * 1 tr. in each of next 3 d.c., 3 ch., 1 tr. in each of next 3 d.c., 5 ch., rep. from * twice, 1 tr. in each of next 3 d.c., 3 ch., 1 tr. in each of next 2 d.c., sl-st. to 3rd of 8 ch.

Cut cotton, leaving approx. 10in., thread needle, and darn in centre on wrong side, working 5 strands each way. Fasten off.

MOTIF 2

Work as 1st motif to end of 1st round.

2nd Round: 5 ch., 1 d.c. in 5 ch. lp. of 1st motif, 2 ch., 1 tr. in each of next 3 d.c. of 2nd motif, 1 ch., 1 d.c. in 3 ch. sp. of 1st motif, 1 ch., 1 tr. in each of next 3 d.c. of 2nd motif, 2 ch., 1 d.c. in next 5 ch. lp. of 1st motif, 2 ch., 1 tr. in each of next 3 d.c. of 2nd motif. Complete 2nd motif as 2nd round of 1st motif.



Join to 3rd ch. of 5 ch. lp. Cut cotton. Darn centre as for 1st motif. Work required number of motifs and join as shown in diagram below left.

NECK BORDER

With right side facing, join cotton at shoulder. **1st Round:** D.c. round neckline, working 3 d.c. in outer corners.

2nd Round: 1 d.c. in each d.c. to mitre corner. To form mitre corner: Work to within 1 st. of angle, * insert hook in next st., draw lp. through, rep. from * twice (4 lps. on hook) c.o.h., draw through all lps. Cont. in d.c., working 3 d.c. in outer corners and working mitre corners as given above. Rep. 2nd round 4 times. Fasten off.

ARM BANDS

Work as neck border for 3 rounds.

4th Round: * 1 d.c. in each of next 6 d.c., dec. in next 2 d.c., rep. from * to end of round.

5th and 6th Rounds: 1 d.c. in each d.c., working mitre corners as before.

LOWER EDGE

Work 6 rounds d.c.

CLUTCH BAG

Materials: 3oz. Strutts Milford Double Lustre OR 2oz. Strutts Milford Knitting Cotton No. 4; No. 10 crochet hook; 6in. stitch-on bag mount; material for lining.

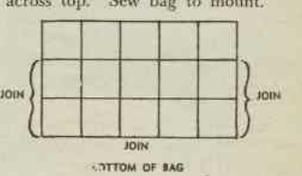
Measurements: 10in. by 6in.

Note: Bag takes 30 motifs.

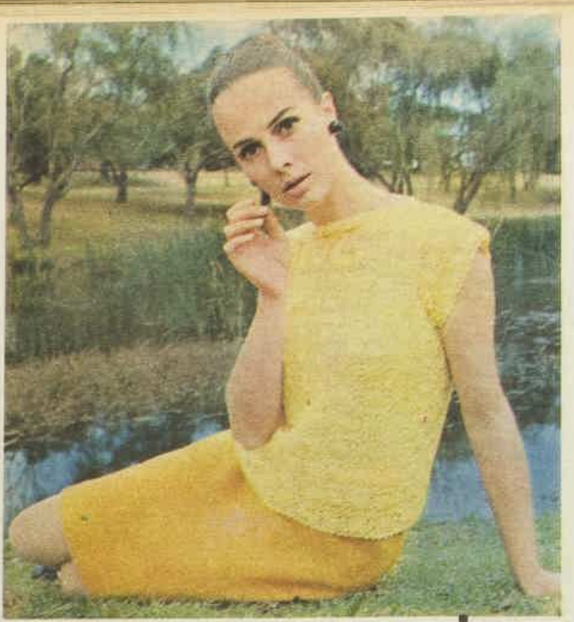
Winding cotton round thickest part of forefinger 6 times, work motifs as for top.

Join 5 motifs in straight line; join next 5 motifs behind first 5 with wrong sides facing. Cont. in this way until bag is completed. See diagram below.

Cut lining slightly larger than bag to allow for seams. Make an inverted pleat over 2nd motif from each edge at each side top. Stitch lining into bag, gathering across top. Sew bag to mount.



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DAISY WHEEL slip-on (above). The individual daisies are joined with crochet. Directions for making are on page 15.

JONQUIL (left). Sweater and clutch purse in sunny yellow are made from crocheted motifs. Directions are on page 13.

TOWN BAG (above)

Materials: 7oz. Strutts Milford Double Lustre OR 5oz. Strutts Milford Knitting Cotton No. 4; No. 11 crochet hook; 9in. detachable handbag mount; piece of material for lining.

Measurements: 9½in. by 14in.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble crochet; st., stitch.

Make 72 ch. (top of bag).

Foundation Row: 1 d.c. in 1st ch. from hook, 1 d.c. in each of next 2 ch., * 3 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 d.c. in each of next 5 ch., rep. from * 8 times, 3 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 d.c. in each of next 3 ch., 1 ch. turn.

1st Row: 1 d.c. in 1st d.c., * miss 2 d.c., 7 tr. in 3 ch. sp., miss 2 d.c., 1 d.c. in next d.c., rep. from * 9 times, 3 ch., turn.

2nd Row: Miss 1 d.c. and 1 tr., 1 d.c. in each of next 5 tr., * 3 ch., miss (1 tr. 1 d.c. 1 tr.—3sts. in all), 1 d.c. in each of next 5 tr., rep. from * 8 times, 3 ch., miss 2 sts., 1 d.c. in last st., 3 ch., turn.

3rd Row: 3 tr. in 3 ch. sp., * miss 2 d.c., 1 d.c. in next d.c., miss 2 d.c., 7 tr. in 3 ch. sp., rep. from * 8 times, miss 2 d.c., 1 d.c. in next d.c., miss 2 d.c., 4 tr. in 3 ch. sp., 1 ch., turn.

4th Row: 1 d.c. in each of next 3 tr., * 3 ch., miss 3 sts., 1 d.c. in each of next 5 tr., rep. from * 8 times, 3 ch., miss 3 sts., 1 d.c. in each of next 2 tr., 1 d.c. in top of 3 turning ch., 1 ch., turn.

Rep. last 4 rows 6 times. Fasten off. Make another piece the same.

TO MAKE UP

Press on wrong side with damp cloth. Join the two pieces tog. with 1 row d.c., leaving 2½in. opening from top at both sides. Work 1 tr. in each of the 72 foundation ch. Sew in lining, thread mount through tr. row.

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DAISY WHEEL

Color picture opposite

Materials: 6 (7) balls Patons Azalea Knitting and Crochet Wool; 1 Milwards Phantom crochet hook No. 12; 1 Daisy Wheel; 1¼yds. material for lining.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34) in. bust; length (both sizes), 20in.

BACK AND FRONT ALIKE

Make 264 (288) daisies.

TO MAKE DAISIES

Place wheel knob downwards in left hand. Put wool on flat side of wheel and hold in position in centre with thumb of left hand.

Wind wool over a point of wheel and over point exactly opposite, rep. this once, taking care not to cross wool in centre (2 lps. on both points).

Pass to next point and its opposite and wind wool in same manner. Rep. until all points are used. (12 petals.)

Break off wool 6in. from wheel, thread a darning needle, and stitch over and over diagonally between each petal in centre of daisy. Draw into a firm centre and fasten off securely.

TO JOIN DAISIES

When joining daisies, work a picot on every 3rd petal throughout. Work thus:

Sl-st. into petal No. 1, 4 ch., sl-st. into petal No. 2, 4 ch., sl-st. into petal No. 3, 4 ch. ,sl-st. into sl-st., in petal No. 3 (1st picot made) * 4 ch., sl-st. into petal No. 4, 4 ch., sl-st. into petal No. 5, 4 ch., sl-st. into petal No. 6, 4 ch., sl-st. into sl-st. in petal No. 6, 4 ch., sl-st. into petal No. 7, 4 ch., sl-st into petal No. 8.

Take another daisy sl-st. into petal which will be called petal No. 1, 4 ch., sl-st. into petal No. 2, remove hook from st., and insert in sl-st. at petal No. 7 (1st daisy), draw st. just taken off hook through petal No. 7, 4 ch., sl-st. into petal No. 3 (2nd daisy), 2 ch., remove hook and insert into centre of st. of picot lp. at petal No. 6 (1st daisy) and draw st. just taken off hook through, 2 ch., sl-st. into sl-st. at petal No. 3 (2nd daisy). Rep. from *, adding a new daisy every 8th petal until there are 11 (12) daisies.

Cont., joining petal of 11th (12th) daisy by working 4 ch., sl-st., making a picot in 6th and 9th petals until petal No. 11 is joined. ** Proceed as follows: 4 ch., sl-st. into petal No. 12, 4 ch., sl-st. into sl-st. in petal No. 12, 4 ch., remove hook from st., insert in sl-st. joining petals Nos. 1 and 8 and draw st. taken off hook through sl-st., 4 ch., sl-st. into petal No. 9, 2 ch., remove hook and insert into centre st. of picot lp. of petal No. 12, draw st. just taken off hook through, 2 ch., sl-st. into sl-st. of petal No. 9, 4 ch., and sl-st. into petal No. 10, 4 ch., sl-st. into petal No. 11.

Rep. from ** until petal No. 11 of 1st daisy is reached.

2nd Row of Daisies: Sl-st. into petal No. 1, 4 ch., sl-st. into petal No. 2, remove hook from st., insert into sl-st. of petal No. 10 of 1st daisy in 1st row and draw st. just removed from hook through, *** 4 ch., sl-st. into petal No. 3, 2 ch., remove hook from st., insert hook into centre sl-st. of two picots, joining petals Nos. 5, 9, and 12, draw this st. through, 2 ch., sl-st. into sl-st. in petal No. 3, 4 ch., sl-st. into petal No. 4, 4 ch., sl-st. into petal No. 5, take another daisy sl-st. into petal which will be called No. 6, 4 ch., sl-st. into petal No. 7, remove hook, and insert into sl-st. of petal No. 4, draw st. through, 4 ch., sl-st. into petal No. 8, 2 ch., remove hook from st., insert into centre st. of picots joining petals Nos. 12, 9, and 3, draw st. through, 2 ch., sl-st. into sl-st. of petal No. 8, 4 ch., sl-st. into petal No. 9, remove hook from st., insert into sl-st. of petal No. 11 of 2nd daisy on 1st row, draw st. just taken off hook through, 4 ch., sl-st. into petal No. 10, remove hook from st., insert hook through sl-st. in petal No. 10 of 2nd daisy on 1st row, draw st. just removed through. Rep. from *** until 11th (12th) daisy of 2nd row is joined.

Cont. in this manner until 12 rows of 11 (12) daisies are completed. Fasten off.

Petals at one edge are left loose, join these by 4 ch., sl-st. and picot in every 3rd petal. Fasten off.

Work another piece in same manner.

TO MAKE UP

Press. Sew together 3 daisies at each side for shoulder seams and 8 rows of daisies for side seams. Right side facing, work thus on neck, sleeve, lower edges:

Join in wool, * 3 ch., 1 d.c. in 3rd ch. from hook (picot made), 1 d.c. in next space, rep. from * to end. Fasten off.

PICOT PULL

Materials: 13 (15) oz. Strutts Milford Double Lustre OR 10 (12) oz. Strutts Milford Knitting Cotton No. 4; No. 12 crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36) in. bust.

Tension: 5 tr. to 1in., 9 rows to 4in.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; sl-st., slip-stitch.

FRONT

Make 86 (92) ch. loosely.

Foundation Row — (right side facing): 1 tr. in 3rd ch., from hook, 1 tr. in each ch. to end, 4 ch. for turn. 84 (90). tr., counting 1st 3 turning ch. as 1 tr.

1st Row: * Miss 1 tr., 1 tr. in next tr., 1 ch., rep. from * to end, working 3 ch. on last rep., turn.

2nd Row: 1 tr. in 1st ch. st., 1 tr. in next tr., * 1 tr. in next ch., 1 tr. in next tr., rep. from * to end, 4 ch. for turn.

These 2 rows form patt. Rep. patt. until 29 (31) rows have been worked from beg., or length desired.

To Shape Armholes: Sl-st. over 6 sts., 4 ch., rep. 1st row to last 6 sts., 3 ch. for turn.

Work 9 (11) rows in patt.

To Shape Neckline: Rep. 1st row until 9 (10) tr. worked, 3 ch. for turn. Work 5 rows in patt. Cut cotton.

With wrong side facing, join cotton at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

BACK

Work as front until last row at shoulder has been worked; do not cut cotton.

Join shoulder thus: W.s.f., 3 ch., sl-st. to 1st st. at armhole edge of front piece, * 1 ch., miss 1 tr. on back piece, 1 tr. in next tr., miss 1 tr. on front piece, sl-st. in next tr., rep. from * across shoulder. Fasten off.

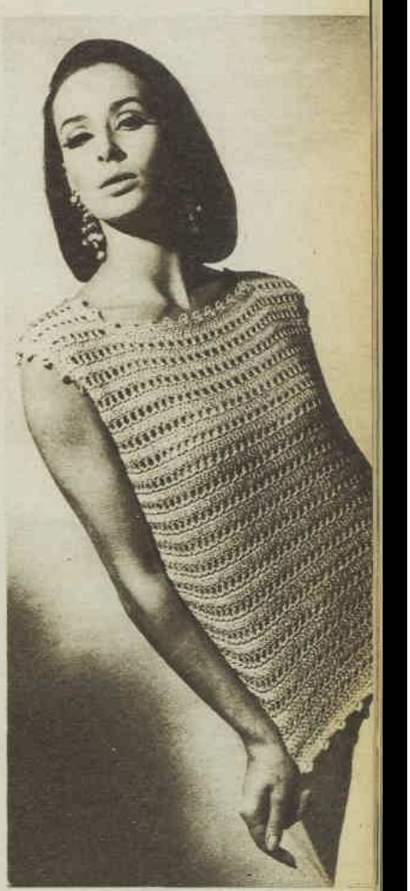
Join other shoulder to correspond.

Press with damp cloth and hot iron. Join side seams with flat seam.

EDGING

Work 1 row d.c. round edge.

Next Row: * 1 d.c. in each of next 3 d.c., (1 d.c. 3 ch. 1 d.c.) in next d.c., rep. from * to end.



GAY little top in treble crochet is easy even for the beginner to make.

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HER MOST IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT

● Pop singer Helen Shapiro's engagement to an English impresario could mean a whole new career. For she's thinking of going on the stage as an actress, not a singer.

HELEN'S fiance, Duncan Weldon, runs his own theatre company, which organises plays and shows all over England.

In fact, it was through the theatre that the couple first met.

"I met Duncan recently in Southport, Lancashire," Helen said. "I was working in a cabaret there, and a friend told him to get in touch with me to see if I wanted to do a play.

"I said yes, why not? The play turned out to be a farce —one of the funny, corny type — called 'I'll Get My Man'."

Helen's role was that of a pop singer—Duncan is now thinking of enlarging the role—who is determined to land a TV star as a husband.

Needless to say, she makes it in the end.

"The part had a song in it," Helen said, "which was fun. I'd like to do a musical —I can't see myself ever really giving up singing."

The vivacious young singer said that she and her fiance hadn't meant their engagement to leak out to the Press so soon.

"But we just couldn't keep quiet about it. We had to tell all our friends.

"It was all so quick we've hardly discussed anything yet. We haven't even made up our minds when the wedding will be—some time in the middle of next year is about all I can say."

Helen is planning a traditional white wedding, with long gown and veil.

After all, as she says, every girl likes to have a "proper fuss" when she marries.

"But I prefer things to happen to me," she said. "I don't like making plans."

Helen loves talking about her fiance.

"He's 26," she said. "Make sure you've got that right. So many of the newspapers had him all ages under the sun.

"He was born and bred in Southport. His family is enormous — they seem to own half the town.

"Originally he trained as a photographer. He turned to acting about five years ago, and finally to theatre management.

"Now he has put on more shows than he has ever acted in. He has handled some people who have since become world famous — Julie ('Darling') Christie and Diana ('The Avengers') Rigg, for example."

Meeting Duncan and falling in love with the theatre (and him) have given Helen an entirely new horizon.

● *"He's a bit square"*

"I don't really have many outside interests," she admitted. "I collect records, play around with my tape-recorder, strum my guitar, and write songs."

What does Duncan think of her singing?

"He likes it," she said with a grin. "But he's not really a big pop music fan. I suppose you might say he's a bit of a square. But, then, so am I at heart.

"I don't know — we just got on well together straight-away. We laugh at the same things.

"He's cuddly, too — probably because he's a bit overweight."

What about Helen's plans for the future?

"You mean babies and things? Not yet. I want to enjoy being free first.

"I definitely want to keep up my career. I couldn't become a cabbage.

"But" — she looked rueful — "I don't want to make so many overseas trips now."

(Last year she spent four weeks in Sydney, playing at the St. George Leagues Club, and loved every minute of it.)

When we spoke to Helen she was still waiting for her engagement ring. But she had picked it out and couldn't wait for Duncan to slip it on her finger.

"It's a plain diamond, with a triangular baguette diamond on either side," she said, "and a platinum band."

Helen lives as normal a life as possible—almost unusually so for a pop star. She has her own room in her parents' comfortable two-storey house in north London.

Her mother sat in on the interview. "If Helen's happy, I'm happy," she said. "Duncan's a nice fellow."

Helen is certainly happy. And her latest record came out shortly after her engagement, too. Written by Paul Jones, it's called "She Needs Company."

Not that Helen Shapiro will be looking for company —she has already found it.

— Anne Woodham



● *Pop singer Helen Shapiro, who plans to marry next year.*



● *The happy couple — Helen and fiance, Duncan Weldon. "Somehow we just clicked," said the 20-year-old singer.*

For teenagers

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(for real beauty, always use them together)

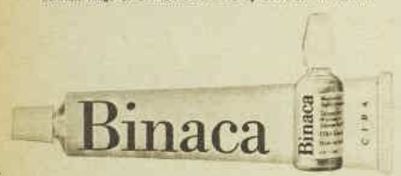


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MUSCULAR ACHES

By the time you've read this advertisement your pain could be GOING!

Read how a lumbago sufferer got "near miraculous" relief from Mentholatum "Deep Heat" Rub . . .

"Dear Sir,

After the near miraculous results this week-end I felt I had to write to you to express my gratitude for such a wonderful product.

I had a severe attack of Lumbago, so bad that Saturday morning it took me thirty minutes just to get out of bed. The simplest of movements such as a cough, or even a deep breath brought on excruciating spasms of pain.

I walked about for hours, unable to sit because of the agony involved in getting up again. A friend called and suggested Deep Heat rub. As the shops were shut by then he kindly went home and brought me his own tube. As I stated, the results were little short of miraculous.

I still have a soreness in the base of the spine, but today I have done about five hours work of lifting, bending, stretching without one grab of pain. I thought I would have been off work for a week, but thanks to your Deep Heat, I can carry out my normal duties. A truly wonderful product.

Yours sincerely,
(Sgd.) *J. Richmond, Hawthorn.*

"DEEP HEAT" RELIEVES ALL MUSCULAR ACHES AND PAINS

MMS9

The Ideal Gift! A SUBSCRIPTION TO The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

RATES	½ YEAR	1 YEAR
Australia	$4.75	$9.50
N. Guinea	$5.65	$11.30
N. Zealand and Fiji	$6.50	$13.00
Brit. Dom.	$6.55	$13.10
Foreign	$7.85	$15.70

BEAUTY IN BRIEF

HOW TO SAVE FACE

HERE is the tip-off on how to use the minimum of make-up and time while getting the maximum of good results.

No time for make-up? Then, if your skin's at all oily, leave it devoid of cosmetics and concentrate on brilliant lipstick, accented eyes and brows.

Skin need a quick pick-up? Splash your face with cold water for a few minutes. That's all—no powder, no lipstick, only a fresh, healthy glow. Perfect complexions, please copy!

Hair in a tangle? Brush your locks back HARD for a few minutes, then lift them gently forward toward your face with fingers, not a comb, and you're ready. (This idea presumes really good cut and shaping.)

Maddening blemish? In a pinch, all you can do is cover it up with a "cover" preparation — but stipple it on sparingly. It should have an antiseptic base and be in a tint to match the color of your skin.

Chipped nail varnish? It's no good patching. This is a job that has to be redone from the start.

Clean off all the old varnish—better to have unvarnished nails than chipped ones—and if you find you have ten minutes to spare, give them a fresh coat of varnish.



—Carolyn Earle

Swinging success



LETTERS

● Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. We pay $2 for each letter used.

● *If any boys who play guitars and drums are thinking of starting a group, go ahead! My brother and his friends had this idea in mind but did not want to try it out. After a lot of encouragement they formed their group and had little trouble in getting a booking for a local dance. Now they are a swinging group, earning money for something which they enjoy doing and which has filled many a pleasant hour for them.*

—"GO AHEAD," Mordialloc, Vic.

Party game

THE next time you have an informal party, play this delightfully simple game. For a dozen guests, hide 11 spoons in various spots throughout the house. The player who fails to find a spoon in the first round is out. The next time one spoon is eliminated and so on, until only one player is left. Award the winner a small prize. "Spoons" is fun to play and requires no mental effort. — *"Party Time," Brisbane.*

Bitter experience

IN forms five and six a student often knows despair and contemplates leaving school. For those with the ability and the chance to go on, such a move is a frustrating end to a worthwhile career. The best cure is to get a job in the holidays — something mechanical, where one is far from indispensable. Schoolwork seems much better after such an experience. — *"Michael," Regents Park, N.S.W.*

They shall not die

WATCHING a television program recently, I was shocked to learn of more cruelty to animals in so-called "sports." What sport is there in pursuing water buffalo in a jeep until they are exhausted, shooting them in the spine to paralyse them, then returning to finish them off later? Shooting kangaroos is another example of this, often the reason being merely to convert them into coats. If cruelty like this continues, rare species in Australia may suffer the same fate as the bison in America. — *J. Terrett, Benalla, Vic.*

Seams yesterday

ABOUT five years ago, when my girlfriend and I were looking forward to wearing our first pair of stockings, I remember my girlfriend saying, "I'm getting stockings with seams. Otherwise, nobody will know I'm wearing any!"—*M. Coventry, Greensborough, Vic.*

Best course

SEEING the school course has been changed to six years, I think girls should be allowed to start training as infants schoolteachers after four years at high school. This would make up for the shortage of teachers. The final two years at school is unnecessary training for a girl who wants to be an infants schoolteacher and just delays her career.—*Joy Grace, Sydney.*

GRAND TOUR

■ Due to the enterprise of teachers on the English staff of our high school, 30 pupils were able to spend a part of the August holidays on a "cultural tour" of Sydney. The main feature of the trip was a program of visits to theatres and films that are never available to country audiences. We also were conducted on guided tours over such landmarks as the Opera House; we were taken on a Harbor cruise and shown over a television studio. Free time was taken up with our own activities. The overall experience of such a holiday was particularly rewarding because of the nature of our senior English course. — Elizabeth Gleeson, Dubbo, N.S.W.

ROUND ROBIN Adair



A STERN LOOK FOR STARS

SOME people I have talked to are a bit disappointed that Cunard's new giant liner is called *Queen Elizabeth the Second.*

It's not that they object to the ship being named after the Queen.

They simply feel that, because there already had been a liner called *Queen Elizabeth,* the new naming is not very imaginative.

What else would you call it?

A popular suggestion put to me was to honor Sir Winston Churchill.

However, the most novel was to call it *the Beatles,* this idea from a teenage girl.

"Ships," she said, "are named after important and famous people. Why not after the Beatles?"

Sounds logical. Anyway, the Beatles have taken plenty of bows — why not a ship's?

Of course, not all pop groups lend themselves to ships' names as readily as the Beatles do.

Passengers might get a sinking feeling at the thought of travelling in a vessel called *the Rolling Stones.*

And ones called *the Monkees* or *the Animals* might smack too much of Noah's Ark.

Perhaps Australia could get into the act with a vessel called *the Normie.*

It would have to be a modest venture.

Certainly a Rowe boat.

Following this general line of thought, I suppose you could name a ship *Mary Quant.*

A mini-liner, of course.

Although, you'd probably have to think twice before you did this.

If the ship followed the trends of its namesake's invention, one day it might just disappear!

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TAKING A CHANCE ON LOVE

"MY boyfriend used to like my best friend, but she didn't return the feeling. And so I fell in love with him! (I am 15.) He didn't like me at first, but he says he loves me now. The trouble is my girlfriend flirts with him because the boy she likes ignores her. I'm scared my boyfriend will go back to her. Please tell me what to do."

"Worried," N.S.W.

● If he's easily fooled by this girl there isn't much you can do except to begin looking around for a new boyfriend. After all, you took a chance when you picked up the pieces, didn't you? A boy who carries a torch for another girl rarely makes a reliable partner. Behave naturally. If the boy's friendship is worth having he won't be deceived by the other girl.

Invisible barrier

"I HAVE a girlfriend who is a cripple. She is a capable and attractive girl of 16, but she will not bring herself to go out among other people. Instead, she prefers to sit at the home she attends with her own kind. She will not work, and when she does go out in public she gets highly embarrassed. Should I point out to her that it would do her the world of good to go out and mix with other people? Or should I leave her alone and let someone else tell her? I would not like her to be hurt."

"Undecided," Qld.

● By all means encourage your friend to "face" the world — but never forget you are dealing with an extremely sensitive person, who, like so many handicapped people, has built an invisible barrier to protect herself from pity. Veil all your moves — like including her in outings with your other girlfriends, or perhaps occasionally complimenting her on how she looks — with great tact. Otherwise, she may read pity into your friendship and withdraw even more from the world.

Vicious circle

"I HAVE been going with a boy for about three months and he has given me a friendship ring. I used to like him very much, but since I got the ring my affection has worn off. Even if I break it off I shall still see him on Saturday nights, as his best friend goes with my girlfriend. Shall I wait until he wants to break it off (which will be a long time) or should I tell him myself? I do not want to hurt him by breaking it off, but I still want to be friends with him."

"Confused," Vic.

● You would hurt him more if you continued to wear his ring, feeling the way you do. Is the truth really that you want to be free? Friendship rings are not engagement rings, but they do frighten other boys away. Wait a couple of weeks and—if your affection is still on the wane — give back the ring. Tell him you still want to be friends. But you'll have to face the fact that he may find another girl.

BEATNIK



HERE'S YOUR ANSWER (from Louise Hunter)



● *Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.*

Fresher than Springtime are you.
Untroubled. Unhampered. Unconcerned.
You forget
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You use Tampax.
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Artists of the kitchen

Famous chefs who will visit Australia to judge contest





● *Napua Stevens (above), charming Hawaiian judge, and (right) Lucien Chassignat, of Paris. With Antonio Prantera, of Italy, they will judge Section 1 of the Bake-Off in Sydney this month.*

THREE famous chefs —from Italy, France, and Hawaii — will arrive at the end of this month by Qantas to make the final decision in the choice of the grand champion recipe in Section 1 of our Butter-White Wings Bake-Off Contest.

This recipe is for a dish that is based on Australian ingredients.

The famous chefs will be at Bake-Off Week from October 23-27 at Roselands, Sydney.

THE Italian judge, Antonio Prantera, owns the Hostaria Dell'Orso, a Rome restaurant with a 700-year-old tradition. The poet, Dante, is said to have eaten there.

This venerable restaurant has continued to delight connoisseurs of fine food and wine because it has maintained a young outlook, reflecting the attitudes of its owner.

As well as owning the Hostaria Dell'Orso, Signor Prantera also owns the Helio Cabala at Frascati, near Rome.

He is an important public figure in Italy. He is highly qualified in economics and commerce, and is chairman of the Association of Restaurants and Cafes.

Aged 58, after the better part of a lifetime devoted to the study of food as an art, Signor Prantero is one of the great chefs. In his own kitchen he is a creator.

In honor of his forthcoming visit to Australia he recently named a sweet "Coppa Australian." He made it from white rum, almonds, pineapple, lemon, bananas, and other ingredients he considered reflect the sunny Australian climate and outlook.

He is looking forward enthusiastically to visiting Australia, and is keen to see for himself what Australian cooking is like.

Although he will judge winners, he is interested in the day-to-day cooking of the average family.

He believes that food is international and that every country has its own contribution to make. He expects to add Australia's contribution to his already encyclopedic knowledge of cooking.

THE French chef is Lucien Chassignat, Maitre Chef de Cuisine of the Hotel Meurice, Rue de Rivoli, Paris.

International chefs agree that Chassignat is one of Europe's greatest food artists.

The Meurice was founded in 1819, when it made a point of featuring breakfast, the essentially English meal, and advertised this in "The Times."

It is perhaps ironic that the chef who carries on the Meurice's century-and-a-half tradition of finest food in a hotel founded to please Anglo-Saxons doesn't know a word of English.

M. Chassignat is first, last, and always a Frenchman. He remains loyal to the French food tradition, and has reigned at the Meurice for more than 30 years.

His kitchens still use coal-burning stoves fitted with glazed pottery panels and ventilators. He prefers these to new methods.

THE only woman among the three judges is Harriett Kawaiala Kaoionapuaopiilani Stevens Poire, known throughout Hawaii as Napua Stevens.

Napua Stevens became a byword in every Hawaiian home in 1957 when she started her TV homemaking show, which ran for eight and a half years.

Besides being a food expert, Napua, a descendant of the ruling families of Mauii and Hawaii, is an authority on Hawaiian language and crafts. While still at high school in Hawaii, she ran a radio show and taught classical hula.

She is married to Gordon Hunter Poire, and has three children.

Despite her career and busy homelife, she serves with the Hawaiian Civic Club, the Bishop Museum Association, Historic Sites Commission, and the Committee for Preservation of the Arts and Culture and Hawaiian language.

In 1963 Napua Stevens accepted responsibility for maintaining Hawaiian hospitality at the Ilikai, beautiful resort hotel in Honolulu. Ever since she has been the hotel's director of Guest Activities.

BAKE-OFF PRESENTATION CHARITY DINNER

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Don't let the kids make you feel like Simon Legree

THE FAMILY "GAME": PARENTS v. CHILDREN. Children try to get the better of family situations by playing what psychologists call "games." Parents encourage the game-playing (although they don't know it) by entering wholeheartedly into it themselves. The psychiatrist who wrote this article says: "In contests like Bully and Victim, Yes, But — and Later, Mum, rules are strict and competition keen. Fortunately, game-playing can be avoided once recognised." Nobody wins these monotonous encounters, so why not wake up to what is going on, stop worrying about being a Simon Legree, and take on the role of (benevolent) Dictator!

— By A PSYCHIATRIST

I ONCE asked a little girl what she did when someone gave her a gift.

"I wait," she answered.

"Wait for what?" I asked.

"I wait until Mummy says, 'Say thank you.' Then I say, 'Thank you.'"

Mother is teaching Good Manners — a commendable subject, but too abstract for Daughter to grasp.

Daughter, in order to get what she wants, is learning lines of dialogue and demonstrating her ability to imitate. She has learned that in order to get her gift she must at the proper moment say, "Thank you."

Children live in a world of magic words, a world in which "please" produces playthings, "excuse me" exonerates, "I'm sorry" expiates, and "I love you" placates. They learn to combine these with tears, threats, entreaties, hugs, smiles, and occasional silences to produce even greater magic in their dealings with others.

RECOGNISE THESE? "In a minute, Mum . . ."

The child is learning the combinations of words and actions that "work," that produce the effects he wants in dealing with his family and later with the world.

And as he adopts the actions and words that his parents tell him are appropriate to each situation, the child learns to play roles in life. The little "thank you" girl is working on Giver and Receiver, for example, and the behaviour expected of each. When both roles are played properly — when she finally says "thank you" — everyone is happy.

But sometimes the happy balance is upset. Suppose the child decides that the gift is something less than she wants. Instead of playing the role of Receiver, she seizes the initiative.

"But I wanted Batman cards like Charlie's," she whines. Instead of playing Grateful Little Girl, she is playing Helpless Deprived Waif.

She has refused to play her part in a desirable social exchange, and instead has initiated an uncomfortable and undesirable situation. If she does this habitually, forcing a recasting of roles and a redistribution of the power that underlies them, she is involved in a "game."

The word "game" seems frivolous, but is accurate. Like pastime games, interpersonal games are played according to the rules. But unlike pastime games, they are often played without parents knowing it, unless called to their attention, and they don't realise how wasteful and even destructive such games can be.

Viewing these struggles as games makes them easier to recognise and classify. Once alerted, most people quickly grasp their meaning and effect, and can make an effort to stop them.

A good relationship between parent and child can exist only when the two understand that the parent is the more powerful. The parent's natural position is that of benevolent dictator. If a child is allowed to challenge that position successfully, the battle will be constant.

Games occur at the points of conflict, the recurring dramatisations of the underlying power struggle. Although each scene, at mealtime or bedtime, may seem different, on study they all turn out to be more or less stereotyped. In effect, they follow the same script.

"I don't know what to do about their quarrelling," the mother says. "David is always hitting little Josh and making him cry. He seems to enjoy doing it. I've punished him. I've told him to apologise."

The quarrelling brothers are playing the game of Bully and Victim, a venerable human institution. Note that the crying of the Victim tends to produce an ally, in this case the mother or Rescuer.

The Bully, now apprehended, may be corrected, instructed, or punished by the Rescuer. He may in his turn be reduced to tears. At this point the Bully resembles the Victim. Let us take the next logical step and say that the Bully is now the Victim.

The former Victim, whose eyes are beginning to shine through his tears as he contemplates his now-tearful elder brother — what role does he have?

Josh now fits all the criteria which earlier classified David as the Bully, but Mother is softened by memory of what he has suffered at his elder brother's hands. True, he does seem to take delight in his brother's sobs, just like a Bully. But isn't it simply that he appreciates seeing justice done, that he is a Good Citizen Vindicated? Don't you believe it!

Bully and Victim is a Pantomime or Pre-verbal Game, as it can be played at any age without words.

A second pantomime game is Sick Call. Usually it originates with a child's genuine distress, which stimulates his mother's sympathy as Comforter. In the child's earliest years the parents usually can soothe his physical ailments, fears, and apprehensions. Later, life becomes more complex.

"I can't do it just now, Mum, because . . ."

Apprehensions about kindergarten or primary school cannot always be simply relieved. He may jib, but he must attend school.

The parent is torn between the roles of Comforter and Coercer. The mother's distress may be great when she is unable to be Comforter.

Though it seems cruel to interpret such a situation in terms of power, the child is exerting a not-so-subtle power over his mother in a protracted game of Sick Call, whether it is "school phobia" or anything else that puts her sympathies to the test.

This not-so-subtle power is evident in the poignant words of a mother who was consulting me: "When he turns those big brown eyes on me and they fill with tears, I begin to feel smaller and smaller. I begin to feel mean and despicable. I feel like Simon Legree."

When a mother feels like Simon Legree, she can hardly refuse even a wildly unreasonable request. If she does refuse, she can't do it firmly and dispassionately. Being rattled or uncertain in her refusal undermines her self-confidence, softening her up for the next stage of the game.

I have known some wily child game-players who plan many moves ahead, counting on the process of attrition. A seemingly demure young game-player told me her plan for getting a new, expensive leather pencil-case that was the rage among her classmates.

"First, I'm going to fuss over not getting a new winter coat," she said. "I don't really care about that any more. Then I'll cry about the pencil-case."

An adolescent told me that he expected it would take about ten days of harassment before his parents broke down and let him get a car. He was right, to the day.

Parents, particularly with a first child, usually try to avoid the discomfort of being cast in the role of Simon Legree. They overlook the fact that the child's actions are purposeful, designed to stimulate that feeling in them.

A mother who feels the mantle of Simon Legree settling about her shoulders may be tempted to go on Sick Call herself. Retreating from her natural position of authority, she becomes apprehensive, inept, and incompetent — and finds her child emerging as the real Simon Legree, sometimes called the Child Tyrant.

Parents and children both must know who has the final authority in the family. When there is uncertainty about who possesses that power, game-playing is stimulated among mothers, fathers, and children.

The sensitive child soon learns that the naked "no" carries with it confrontation and the risk of defeat, so he learns to mask it in a variety of ways. The most important way is the manipulation of language in "no" games like I Can't Because, and Later, Mum.

The I Can't Because game develops early. The child (like his parents) becomes skilled in following the word "because" with plausible statements.

"I can't take the garbage out because the pail is too heavy — it's raining — I can't find my shoes — I can't get my dress dirty." A mother who knows her child well and listens carefully could continue this list indefinitely.

The sensible response to "I can't because" is usually: "Do it anyhow," but many parents feel compelled to take all excuses or explanations seriously. They attempt to explain away the child's explanations. This can be fun and a challenge to the bright child, but eventually exasperates the most long-suffering parent.

"All the other kids are allowed to stay up later, Mum . . ."

The keen youngster soon learns which of his explanations Mother cannot easily explain away.

Later, Mum is another variant of the basic "no" game. Most mothers know in their bones that "Later, Mum," means "No," but Mother may be defeated or confused by the reasonableless of the requested postponement.

This game will be fostered or discouraged according to whether or not Mother sees the postponement for what it is.

The mother who says "No" to the child is — let us take courage and say it — a Dictator. She dictates, for well or ill, what is to be done, or she can initiate the child into the next level of game-playing.

She does this by introducing moral concepts, substituting the word "bad" for the word "no." Seemingly a trifle, this is a giant step — in the wrong direction. The one-to-one encounter between mother and child is now on an abstract level.

Mother is, in effect, no longer a big person frustrating a small person; she is now the agent of an ideal, grappling not with the child but with his behaviour.

Parents often substitute concepts like "fairness" and "selfishness" for "good" and "bad." Our young game-players, their keen eyes on the goal of winning, then attempt to turn these words to their own purposes. "It's not *fair!*" soon stands high on the roster of magic phrases.

Often a game of Innocence will follow a round or two of Later, Mum." Mother says, "It's bedtime." Johnny says, "In a minute, Mother. "Go to bed now, John." "In a minute." More minutes pass.

After all, it is reasonable for Johnny to be allowed to finish his chapter or to see that fascinating new TV commercial coming on shortly. But Mother feels her anger rising. She reviews her virtues and his provocations. Then she explodes, but "under the circumstances" (which she helped bring about) her words are "justified." She is innocent!

Courtroom is an advanced version of Innocence. Children learn Courtroom quite easily, since, like all games, it is basically simple. At bedtime, Johnny may charge unfairness: "But Willie is still up — you promised I could finish my book (maybe you did, but that was this morning, and he picked the book up after bedtime) — all the other kids are allowed to stay up later than I am." Mother explains, defends, or counter-attacks instead of enforcing a routine. The game is on.

A great deal of game-playing in a family is evidence that power is not being rationally exercised. Fortunately, game-playing can be avoided once recognised. Parents are often amazed when they learn they have been playing the same game repeatedly with their child.

Their sincerity, their good intentions, and the strength of their emotions — in a word, their intense involvement — have obscured (for them) the fact that it is essentially the same script in each instance.

"How amazing," a mother said to me recently, "that I would use the same approach over and over again, even though it has never worked!"

Democracy is the culmination of this series of games. It requires an added ingredient. The parents must feel obliged at least to pay lip service to the notion of the actual equality of persons, a kind of "one man, one vote" doctrine.

But the fact is that, except in very disturbed families, the power to decide does and should lie in the hands of the parents. I believe in family discussions and am often impressed with the ideals my children come up with, but it is possible to respect children's thoughts without pretending that they are decisive.

(IF YOU DO, YOU, TOO, ARE PLAYING FAMILY "GAMES")

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That fascinating, ever-changing . . . HEAP!

"Waste nothing that has ever had life. Put it on the compost heap," an expert gardener advised this Tasmanian reader . . . who took it so much to heart that from then on nothing was safe from the heap!

AS a gardener, I was dogged but ineffectual. A friend, seeing my miserable vegetables, said, "Go and see George. For expert advice, he's unbeatable." He added, with deepest respect, "George is a compost man!"

So to George I went. He talked a lot about trenching, mulching, humus, and the like, but it was plain to see he had a thing about compost. His final words were, "Remember, compost's the answer. Waste nothing that's had life. Put it all back into your soil by way of the compost heap."

By V. EDWARDS

I selected a corner of the garden and started. Into it went the vegetable peelings, the outside leaves of cabbage, carrot tops, and the snippings from the string beans. I became a tireless sweeper-up of leaves. Deciduous trees became doubly meaningful as I added their autumn glory to the compost.

I threw on the ashes from the fireplace, the rubbish from the vase and the herbaceous border. It was an untidy mess, with flowers of the hardier sort blooming obstinately among the confusion.

From time to time I spread layers of earth over all. I wasted nothing. When we bought new china I tossed on the wood shavings used for packing.

I tore up my old gardening hat and on it went, likewise the raffia-work I'd done in my arty-crafty period. Gradually I added more ashes, more earth, the stuff from the vacuum cleaner, coffee grounds, and handfuls of lime.

Odors came and went, and the pile showed black and crumbly underneath in true compost style.

My enthusiasm knew no limits. I hammered up some sea-shells treasured by the children, and sprinkled them over. All material remotely connected with life became food for the compost.

In borderline cases I used my imagination freely. Hesitating with worn-out socks I posed the question: Did they have life? and had no trouble at all seeing them gambolling over the green sward, so on they went and lay mouldering beneath the bones of many a meat and fish meal, banana skins, burnt toast, and buckets of soil gathered from around the yard.

Supplying the mound became a rite rather than a disposal of rubbish. I well remember the day we put rubber mats in the car. The old jute ones became a votive offering, and made wonderful bulk on the pile. The children caught the spirit of the enterprise, and brought offerings of apple cores, pine needles, and other oddments that passed the life test.

So with these daily additions from house and garden the compost corner grew steadily, and with it my sense of achievement. I felt George would have been pleased.

One day the cat killed a sparrow and laid it at my feet. The bird went on to the compost, and was joined in time by other sparrows, mice, and lizards. That cat couldn't have been more assiduous had it known of the project in hand.

I no longer served potatoes in their jackets; I needed those jackets elsewhere. My husband thought it a mild case of lunacy when I cut up his second best felt hat, but I explained it had been a rabbit once, and so saying disposed of the pieces without further delay.

Came the mushroom season, I was happy to add variety with stalks and peelings together with a quantity of dried cow manure collected from the paddocks.

One day my neighbor came in with a basin of eggshells, which I quickly seized and cast over the heap with the air of a priestess sprinkling holy water. After that, a regular supply of suitable stuff such as fishheads, lawn clippings, and general kitchen rubbish came from next door, cementing the bonds of neighborliness.

We'd drink a cup of coffee at that particular corner of the garden and walk around observing with real interest the changes in shape, size, and color.

Well, after further layers of matter that had once had life, and a final spread of earth and lime, I felt the time had come to lay boards over the lot and let it mature. This I did.

Then one day early in spring I spread the finished product, barrowload by barrowload, over the garden and, leaning on my rake, looked with pride and a sense of real fulfilment at the carpet of compost — rich, dark, and altogether satisfactory.

When my husband came home I showed him the result. "Next week," I said, "I'll start planting."

He looked at me in a funny way. "I've got news," he said. "I've been transferred. We'll be leaving this month."

Now I get letters from my former neighbor. She writes that the people in our house grow superb vegetables, and take prizes with them at the local show.

Away with lollywater

"Give us non-drinkers a better go!"

ALL the dinner parties and big functions I have attended over the years have had, with rare exceptions, one fault in common: they never provide for guests who prefer non-alcoholic drinks.

For the "hard" drinkers there is every choice — sherries, whiskies, cocktails, wines, liqueurs — the lot!

But what are we "dry" ones offered? Lollywater! Orange or lemon cordial, often lukewarm and seldom pepped up even with a splash of soda. I feel like asking when the paper caps are to be given out.

Any good caterers can mix a non-alcoholic drink that isn't sickly or gooey, so why don't they? Are they afraid too many guests will prefer them? I've seen that happen at parties.

What would the "hard" drinkers say if at functions they were offered only one choice—sweet wine?

Yet all we "soft" drinkers get is the non-alcoholic equivalent — and there are more of us than you think.

—**Gwendoline Anderson.**

Who took Sally's chocolate Laxettes?



Grandma did

What's Grandma doing with a laxative made for children?

Let's explain: young folk and elderly folk both have delicate systems, so both have the same problem when it comes to irregularity. Sally and Grandma each need a safe and gentle laxative. That describes Laxettes perfectly!

The moral for grown-ups

Keep regular with Laxettes but please don't borrow Sally's.

Laxettes tonight, tomorrow you're right.

LA78

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PP28

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY — *By RUDD*



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METTERS—FIRST WITH THE FEATURES WOMEN WANT MOST

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In the bad old days:

A household "slavey" for 10/- a week, and keep

Mrs. Beeton's famous book on home management may seem a bit far-fetched these days, but two readers give accounts of how such perfection was achieved.

READERS' STORIES

WHEN my father died in 1900, Mother was left with a large family to support.

We lived on a station in New England, N.S.W., on which my father was overseer before his death.

The mistress of the station homestead suggested that Mother allow me to be trained as a housemaid in her service. I would receive 10/- a week, and keep.

As I had my certificate from the Education Department to say I was sufficiently educated, at 12 years of age, to leave school, Mother agreed to allow me to go.

This was the daily routine of my training. I arose at 5.30 each morning, as the doors of the dining and drawing-rooms had to be opened to let in the air.

In the winter the fireplaces were whitened, the firedogs and fenders polished with blacklead, and the fires made.

Rooms were swept and dusted, table and chair legs rubbed over with oil and vinegar, and the table set for breakfast.

When breakfast was ready and served I would hasten over to the mistress' room, strip the bed, empty the bath, tidy the room, make the bed, and have everything in readiness for her return after breakfast.

I would then clear the table, wash up the best china and silver in the pantry, clean knives on a knife board, and return the silver to a cupboard in the hall near the dining-room. All silver had to be cleaned with plate powder once a week.

I might have a break, before midday dinner, to make my own bed and tidy my room.

Then the dinner table would have to be set and dinner carried in. I would wait on table, remove the dinner plates and serve sweets, then return to the kitchen and have lunch before clearing the table and washing up.

At four o'clock a bell would ring for afternoon tea, which I would have ready to carry in.

There would be a small break before preparing for tea at night —setting the table, carrying in the dishes, waiting on table.

While the family were at tea I would hurry round the bedrooms, empty washbasins, turn down the beds, and leave everything tidy for the night.

By the time the table was cleared away at night, the washing up finished, and the knives cleaned, it would be nine o'clock, sometimes later in summer.

Mrs. Beeton had nothing on my mistress!

—ISABEL WILSON.

THAT WOMAN TAUGHT ME WHAT NOT TO DO!

WHEN I left school the people who still ran their homes by Mrs. Beeton's book were unable to afford all the help Mrs. Beeton's plan required, so there came into being Domestic Help —mother's helps and generals, generals without an army and on much less pay.

One woman I worked for required her one "domestic" to wash for six people, to cook, clean, polish the intricate Georgian silver (I have a dislike for silver to this day!), and iron.

Her idea of me doing the ironing was to inspect each pile as I ironed it and, finding a man's handkerchief which had not been ironed at the points, would scrumple it up, and back to the wash it would go. A pillowslip incorrectly folded, or a shirt whose collar did not quite sit as new—all met the same fate.

After I had cleaned and dusted a room, the curtains would be drawn back to their widest and the sunshine allowed to pour in. The slightest speck of dust revealed would require the room to be done again.

Butter and jam were kept under lock and key, as I ate in the kitchen and perhaps could not be trusted NOT to eat butter on my bread with a hot meal. The meals were put through the servery in silver tureens to the dining-room, and mine was handed back after the family had had their fill.

I was 15 years old at the time, weighed 7st. 8lb., and was 5ft. 1in. tall, and when I found the trough and copper too high, she had a ramp made so I could manage a pot-stick loaded with linen sheets without trailing them on the ground. Later there was a washer-woman employed, and my wages were reduced from 12/6 to 7/6 a week.

Today, I think of her when the dust is thick enough to write in, when I scuff over the handkerchiefs or fold the underwear without ironing it, when I steel-wool egg marks off forks—yes, I think of her. She taught me a lot, that woman especially What Not to Do!—KATE GODFREY.

(Advertisement)

Keep Your Home Free of Insect Pests

To quickly clear the home of disease-carrying flies, mosquitoes, cockroaches and other insect pests, spray with safe Pea-Beu insecticide. Survival of insect pests is not possible, because the powerful fume action of the Pea-Beu insecticide penetrates deep into remote corners and crevices killing all insect pests on contact—an action described by one observer "as if by an electric shock."

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PAINT ROLLERS





KEEPING UP WITH DAME MABEL

By Berenice Craig

MELBOURNE artist Harold Freedman thinks that Dame Mabel Brookes is "an amazing and wonderful woman." She considers him "an extremely talented young man."

During a working partnership which began this year, 72-year-old Dame Mabel and the 52-year-old artist have become a mutual admiration society.

The partnership was no accident. Dame Mabel has admired Freedman's work ever since she gave a copy of the "Book of Canberra and Melbourne," which carries his drawings and a text by architect Robin Boyd, to President Johnson when he called at her South Yarra home during his visit to Australia last year.

When an illustrator was being sought for her latest book, "Riders of Time," she told her publishers (Macmillans) that she thought Freedman would be ideal for the job.

"Riders of Time" is a rather specialised history of Dame Mabel's home State of Victoria from 1800 to the end of World War I.

In Freedman she discovered an equally specialised historian, one who uses pictures where she uses words.

Both of them have a great sense of tradition and a fighting pride in being Australian. Each is painstakingly accurate, willing to spend weeks in researching one small point ("After all, I'm a lawyer's daughter," laughs Dame Mabel). And each has a sense of humor.

Freedman jokes that working with Dame Mabel has changed his way of life. "She begins her day at 4 a.m. and thinks nothing of ringing me up at seven or eight any old morning to discuss a new idea. I'm in the shower or, if it's Sunday, getting breakfast for my wife.

"I've lost count of the times I've stood with a towel round my waist; and there's a long line of burned toast and crumpets stretching back through the past months."

An unrepentant Dame Mabel considers the very early hours the best.

"You're fresh then and can tackle anything. I'm not young any more and I get tired, so I go to bed early. When I wake at four, I just put another pillow behind my shoulders and start writing. I've always got the dogs for company."

The dogs, a toffee-colored pekingese called Honey and tiny black-and-tan Daisy (described by Dame Mabel as a "dachshund with a dash — heaven only knows of what"), are important members of the family in "Elm Tree House."

Freedman confesses he has almost become part of the establishment there, too.

"Dame Mabel has been so sweet to me. I come and go when I please. When we first started work I was there every day and she even took the trouble to find out if I preferred date or cheese scones for morning tea."

However, he admits that keeping up with this particular Dame — whose drive, energy, and accomplishments in charity and social fields are already a legend — sent him back to a working schedule he thought he'd left behind 25 years ago.

He did 40 drawings in less than six months and, apart from his regular teaching days at Melbourne's RMIT, concentrated solely on the job.

However, his delicate, exquisitely precise drawings, in the manner of old lithographic prints, show no signs of haste.

He describes the book as "history through the eyes of two women, Dame Mabel's grandmother, Mrs. Alexander Balcombe, and Dame Mabel herself."

He and Dame Mabel made many sorties around the countryside together during the working months. They revisited "The Briars," near Mt. Martha, on the Mornington Peninsula, the country property to which Mrs. Balcombe came as a bride in 1840 and which is still owned by members of the family.

Forget-me-nots still growing in the garden from the original seed Mrs. Balcombe planted now flourish in the Freedman garden, too. "They seem bigger and bluer than ordinary ones," both Mr. and Mrs. Freedman agree.

Dame Mabel's large and valuable collection of Australiana helped Freedman greatly with his research. The Latrobe Library and family portraits from private collections have also provided material.

"My drawings are as accurate as I can get them," he said. "There are no absolutely certain pictorial records of much of early Victoria. Many of the first drawings were done by surveyors and often from memory, up to 20 years afterward. No two versions are the same. I feel I've taken a well-informed guess in some cases."

Dame Mabel, too, has found discrepancies in various historical records of the same event. This has given her much extra sleuthing to do.

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ARTIST Harold Freedman — pictured below with Dame Mabel Brookes — drew this picture for her book. Based on an old painting, it shows the first Government residence in Melbourne, in 1837; the woman could be the Governor's wife, Mrs. Bourke. At left, John Batman, holding boomerang, trades with a band of Aborigines.

● Dame Mabel Brookes' fifth book has just been published. It is a history of Victoria, seen through the eyes of two women, herself and her grandmother, an early settler.





MRS. BALCOMBE (left) and the wife of Governor La Trobe exchange cuttings outside the Balcombe homestead on the Mornington Peninsula.

At first she set out to write what she calls "a quite dull sort of straightforward history of Victoria." Gradually her own family, and particularly Mrs. Balcombe, began to provide much of the color for the early chapters. Her own memories of people and events enriched later ones.

"The publishers seemed to like every mention of Grandmother," she explained.

Like most authors, Dame Mabel did not always see eye to eye with her publishers. For one thing, she wanted to call the book "Send us Victorious" (they didn't approve), and now she threatens to write another book containing much information they didn't think should be included.

Reading "Riders of Time," it is apparent that Dame Mabel and her grandmother have been two of a kind, in many ways—both radical, energetic, practical, and born leaders.

But Mrs. Balcombe lacked the streak of romanticism which has made a historian out of Dame Mabel. "She told me endless stories but no legends or tales. If she didn't see a thing for herself she just didn't believe in it and wouldn't talk about it," said Dame Mabel.

The family connection with Napoleon, which has absorbed Dame Mabel and is the subject of another of her books, "St. Helena Story," didn't impress Grandmother.

Dame Mabel's great-grandfather, William Balcombe, was Purveyor to Napoleon on St. Helena — his house there was the original "Briars." When he arrived in Australia and settled in New South Wales as first Colonial Treasurer, in 1824, personal gifts from Napoleon came with the family.

One of these was a writing-desk. The only comment Dame Mabel ever remembers her grandmother making about it was: "Pity Napoleon kicked it so much."

When Dame Mabel comes to the Edwardian era in "Riders of Time" her own recollections, as a child and a young girl, are vividly told. She draws a fascinating picture of a wealthy household in that leisured, golden time but spikes it with shrewd social comment.

"It was warm, secure, and sustaining, a bulwark against reality—a place in the sun, protected, yet its security hardly appreciated. Real poverty existed, unrelieved by any material Government help," she has written.

Many famous "names" visited her family home, "Kurneh," in South Yarra, and her personal anecdotes bring them to life.

The memories range from sharing a kindergarten garden plot with Dick Casey (now Lord Casey, Governor-General) to a penetrating evaluation of Sir Robert Menzies, which ends with the sentence, "His hands are more adapted to the pen than to work, and with so imposing a body are strangely ineffectual in appearance."

The bitter battle against prejudice which preceded the establishment of what finally became Queen Victoria Hospital, the largest women's hospital run by women in the world, of which Dame Mabel has been president for 43 years, receives a detailed mention.

Another Dame — Nellie Melba—has a special place in the book and in Dame Mabel's heart.

She can tell of the vanity which made the great diva insist that her "little photographer" should retouch a negative until the formidable "vocalist's bust" was virtually removed and a rope of pearls left suspended in air (Dame Mabel has the photograph), but also of the generosity and gaiety which friends knew well.

One personal story, not included in the book, underlines this. Over afternoon tea at "Elm Tree House," Dame Mabel's voice was warm as she told it.

When her husband, Norman Brookes (later Sir Norman), was on his way to Egypt during World War I his ship, the Mongolia, struck a mine and sank. At first it was thought there were no survivors.

"The day I heard this a friend rang and suggested I should go with her to the Conservatorium of Music, where Melba was teaching, instead of sitting around at home waiting for news.

"Melba saw us arrive and said to me, 'How are you?' I replied, 'Numb,' and she didn't say any more. She dismissed the accompanist, sat at the piano, and played and sang with her students.

"They didn't know what had struck them, of course. It was wonderful, absorbing music which took me right out of myself, just as Melba intended it should."

"Riders of Time" is a descriptive phrase Dame Mabel applies specifically to a group of Australian Light Horsemen just before their return from Egypt at the end of World War I.

Of them she says, "Riders of time, they had conquered death and the world was theirs."

She feels that many other people mentioned in the book have also ridden triumphantly into the history of their country.

"My generation is growing old and forgetting. If these things are not set down now they will be forgotten," she said.

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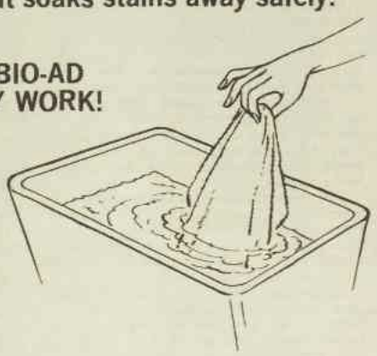
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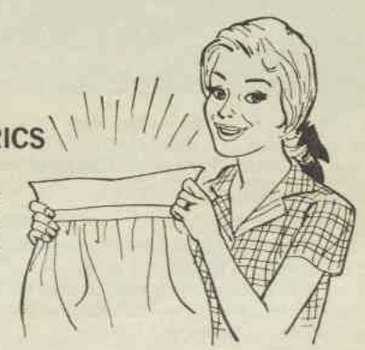
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FROM CHEMISTS, STORES, AND SCHOLL BRANCHES.

DAISIES... in a multitude of variety

DAISIES belong to the largest of all the flowering plant families, the compositae, which contains over 900 genera and about 13,000 species.

Although the daisy is popularly regarded as the simplest of flowers, it is botanically the most advanced. Its "flower" really consists of a tightly packed cluster of many individual flowers (the centre of the daisy) all sharing the one set of surrounding petals and calyx.

The appeal and charm of the daisy is in its cleanly cut, simple appearance. As

By ALLAN SEALE

the range is so vast, only some of the more popular warmth-loving daisies are dealt with here.

ARCTOTIS. Greek derivation of the name is "bear's ear," referring to the flat, woolly seeds. There are several species from South Africa.

The most popular are the arctotis hybrids, better known as **Aurora daisy.** These daisies, 3 to 4in. across, are in colors from cream through buff, orange, mahogany, burgundy, and pink, on stems up to a foot long above squat, silvery-foliaged plants.

They are especially handy on sunny banks or rockeries, flowering profusely in spring, then spasmodically throughout the year. They are true perennials, but flower within a few months from seed.

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DIMORPHOTHECA. Most are shrubby perennials from South Africa. **D. ecklonis** is one of the best known, sometimes called **Black-Eyed Susan.** In spring it carries masses of glistening white marguerite-like daisies with dark blue centres.

D. barberiae has light purple flowers with darker backs, and flowers throughout spring and summer.

Both are hardy and fairly frost-resistant. They make shrubby spreading bushes 2-3ft. high, grow easily from cutting.

Lower growing annual forms such as the apricot- and orange-toned **veldt daisy** are grown from seed sown in spring.

FELECIA. These are also from Africa. The **kingfisher daisy, F. angustifolia,** is one of the better known felecias. It is a small, spreading shrub with tiny foliage and massed in spring with five-cent- to ten-cent-sized lavender-blue daisies. Attractive as a spillover plant for sunny rockeries, planter boxes, etc. It needs cutting well back after flowering. Propagated from cutting.

The blue **marguerite, F. amelloides,** is probably the most popular felecia. It is still sometimes listed as **Agathea coelestris.** It is probably the most intense blue of all the daisies. The dainty flowers are about an inch across, with creamy yellow centres, on wiry little stems 4 to 6in. long. The bush is compact, about 2ft. high, with stiff rounded foliage, and carries bloom for many months.

Cut back lightly immediately after flowering to encourage compact growth and another flush of bloom. Propagated from cutting or seed.

GAZANIAS. These well-known, hardy daisies revel in sunny embankments or rockeries. Colors were limited to cream, yellow, and orange, but now are in red, pink, and mahogany tonings.

The leathery growth makes a dense mat effective as ground cover and to hold soil, but they are best replanted every second or third year, using runners or seed sown in spring.

GERBERAS. These widely grown perennials are valued for garden display and as long-lasting cut flowers. Native to South Africa, they are sometimes known as **African** or **Barbeton daisy.**

Modern gerberas in cultivation are mostly hybrids of **G. jamesonii.** They come in every color except blue, and include giant two-toned singles, semi-doubles, and doubles 6in. across.

Gerberas are warmth - lovers. They will flower in part shade, but are at their best in full sunlight and deep, porous soil. During their spring, summer, and early autumn growing-season they like plenty of water, but good drainage.

Gerberas may be raised from seed or by dividing the crowns. The latter is advisable every few years, or when the crowns become congested. Cut down between the crowns to sever the woody tissue joining them.

The deep roots are invariably damaged when lifting, so trim these off cleanly to encourage formation of new ones. Cut them about 5in. below the crown, then similarly trim back the tops. Leave just a couple of inches of leaf.

Replanting. Keep the junction of leaf stem and crown up slightly above soil level. Heap up the soil around the crowns rather than set them in a hollow. Soil washing into the plants can kill them. Don't divide or transplant during winter. Spring is usually the best time.

To improve flower and stem size, give complete liquid manures when buds appear. Too many leaves congesting the plant will reduce quantity of flowers. Apart from dividing, this can be corrected by twisting out all but 4 or 5 to each crown. Do this with a down and outward twist to avoid breaking the crown.

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Green, bunchy flowers indicate a virus infection carried by aphids or leaf-hoppers. Infected plants should be removed and burnt.

Gerberas can be grown from seed sown in spring and summer. Use a non-caking, crumbly soil, press the seed into the surface, then cover with a wet bag or hessian. Lift the bag at the first signs of germination, usually in 10 to 12 days, or sometimes less for new seed.

HELICHRYSUM, or straw flower. Natives of Africa and Australia. Daisies with ten-cent-sized yellow centres surrounded by layers of crisp, tooth-like papery petals in rich shades of bronze, purple, and gold. They last indefinitely after being dried.

Modern strains are compact, growing to about 4ft. They are raised from seed sown in spring or autumn. Their smaller, silvery pink counterparts, the **acrolinium** or **everlasting daisy,** is sown in autumn to flower in late winter or spring.

HELIANTHUS, or sunflowers, do well in warm, sunny positions and are hardy.

Sungold, an annual type, has large, fluffy, rounded completely double flowers of deep gold. Seeds of annual types are sown spring/summer, herbaceous species are divided early spring.

RUDBECKIA. Most of the **rudbeckias** are old-fashioned herbaceous perennials such as the **golden glow.**

Gloriosa daisy, a hybrid rudbeckia of recent years, is winning favor as a colorful, hardy perennial. Once established it is drought-resistant, and thrives in hot, exposed positions. To 3ft. Masses of bronze and gold daisies about 5in. across last well as cut flowers.

Clumps may be divided in early spring, but they are best from seed sown September to December, and usually flower 8 to 10 weeks from sowing.

SHASTA DAISY, or, more correctly, **chrysanthemum leucanthemum.**

These decorative white daisies are too well known to need description. There are other varieties such as fringed edged **Chiffone,** several doubles including **Edgebrook Giant,** and attractive, scabious-centred **Ester Reid.** Propagate by division, late winter/early spring. Shasta will grow from seed in spring.

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

DAISIES in many guises . . . at right, the cream-tipped cerise single gerbera Royalty, grown by Mr. J. Backhouse, of Beecroft, N.S.W.; and below, blue felecia daisies and brick-red arctotis growing on the property of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Read, of Werrington, Bowral, N.S.W.





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DAISIES along a pathway . . . yellow gazanias, flanked by linaria, make a colorful edging in Mrs. N. Nixon's garden at Dover Heights, N.S.W.

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COOKING WITH SUMMER WINE

● Different and delightful recipes planned specially for Wine Week, which is celebrated each year in a different State. This year it will be centred in South Australia, from October 15 to 20.



LIGHT as a cloud, this Pink Rose Sherbet makes a cool dessert for spring. Recipe on this page.

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

WINE — white or red, still or sparkling — adds flavor to the cool summer desserts and party punch drinks in this two-page cookery feature.

WINE DESSERTS

PINK ROSE SHERBET

1 cup rose wine
1¼ cups sugar
1¼ cups water
½ teaspoon gelatine
extra 1 dessertspoon water
2 egg-whites
juice 1 lemon
2 tablespoons castor sugar

Place sugar and water in saucepan, bring to boil, boil 4 to 5 minutes; cool. Stir in wine, lemon juice, and gelatine, which has been softened in the extra water and dissolved over hot water. Mix to combine well. Pour into large freezing tray, freeze until mushy.

Beat egg-whites, beat in castor sugar gradually until mixture is of meringue consistency. Spoon on the sherbet and fold in gently but thoroughly. Return to freezing tray, freeze until firm. Spoon into individual glasses.

If desired, serve a small jug of chilled rose wine separately so a little of the wine can be poured over each serving. Serves 6.

PEACHES IN WINE JELLY

1 packet raspberry jelly
1 cup boiling water
1 cup white wine
1 small can peach slices
whipped cream

Dissolve jelly in boiling water. Add wine and 1-3rd cup drained liquid from peaches. Refrigerate until consistency of unbeaten egg-white (about 1 hour). Stir in halved or chopped peach slices. Pour into 1 large or small individual moulds. Refrigerate until firm. To unmould, loosen edge of each mould gently. Invert over serving plates; shake gently to release. If necessary, place hot damp cloth over inverted mould, shake again to release. Garnish with whipped cream.

Pears in Wine Jelly: Substitute red wine for the white wine in above recipe; substitute sliced canned pears for peaches. Serves 6.

● Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in our recipes.

FROZEN CARAMEL CREAM

1 pint cream
1-3rd cup sugar
3 eggs
2 tablespoons bottled caramel syrup
2 tablespoons sherry
2 teaspoons brandy

Put cream in double boiler over heat and bring to boiling point. Remove from heat. Beat egg-yolks, add sugar, beat until very light. Whip whites to firm froth, add to sugar and egg-yolks. Stir eggs and sugar into the cream; continue stirring over low heat, cook until mixture will coat a spoon. Remove from heat, strain, and cool. When cold, stir in caramel syrup, brandy, and sherry. Pour into freezing trays, freeze until firm but still creamy.

To serve, spoon into individual glasses, top with extra whipped cream; spoon over a little extra bottled caramel syrup. Serves 6.

LEMON MOUSSE

1 dessertspoon gelatine
2 tablespoons water
¼ cup sweet white wine
¼ cup sugar
1½ lemons
4 eggs

Separate eggs. Soften gelatine in water. Combine wine, sugar, juice, and finely grated rind of lemons. Heat gently; remove from heat, stir in softened gelatine. Stir until gelatine and sugar have dissolved. Beat egg-yolks until very light in color, gradually stir in the cooled gelatine mixture. Beat egg-whites until stiff, fold in.

Pour into pretty serving bowl, refrigerate until firm but still light and fluffy in texture. Serves 6.

CHILLED SLICED ORANGES IN RED WINE

¾ cup sugar
1 cup water
1 cup red wine
2 cloves
stick cinnamon
2 slices lemon
6 large navel oranges

Combine sugar, water, and wine in saucepan. Tie cloves, cinnamon, and lemon in cheesecloth. Dissolve sugar, bring the wine mixture to a boil, add the cheesecloth bag, boil until liquid becomes syrupy (approximately 25 minutes). Remove bag, discard. Meanwhile, skin oranges, cut off all white membrane. With a sharp knife separate oranges into neat segments. Add the fruit to the syrup, refrigerate until extremely cold. Serve the dessert cold with garnish, if desired, of slivered orange peel. Serves 6.

APPLES WITH RAISINS

2oz. raisins
6 large apples
2oz. sugar
butter or substitute
1 cup white wine

Soak the raisins 1 hour in lukewarm water. Wash apples, remove cores with apple corer (do not peel). Place apples in buttered baking dish. Fill centres with well-drained raisins. Sprinkle lightly with sugar, dot with butter, pour the wine into bottom of dish. Bake in hot oven about 25 minutes or until apples are tender. Serve warm or cold, topped with lightly whipped cream. Serves 6.

ZABAGLIONE MARSALA

6 egg-yolks
¼ cup sugar
¼ cup marsala
2 tablespoons water

Beat egg-yolks with sugar until mixture is very thick and lemon colored. Place over hot, not boiling, water; gradually beat in water and marsala. Continue to beat until mixture foams and begins to thicken. Remove from base of double boiler; continue beating until saucepan is cool to touch. Spoon into individual serving glasses. Serves 6.

Note: Fresh or canned fruit — peach slices, strawberries, etc. — can be placed in base of glass and the Zabaglione spooned over. Serve with a sponge finger or other small biscuit.

PRUNES IN PORT WINE

Soak 1½lb. prunes in 1½ cups port wine overnight. Spoon into individual glass serving dishes, top with whipped cream and sprinkle with chopped walnuts. Serves 6.

Continued overleaf

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GOLDEN SUGARED PUFFS

1 cup water
2½oz. butter or substitute
1 cup plain flour
1 teaspoon sugar
1 tablespoon sweet white wine
3 large eggs
oil for deep frying

Place in saucepan the water, butter, and sugar; bring to rapid boil. Add sifted flour all at once, stirring vigorously with wooden spoon until mixture is thick and leaves sides of saucepan. Remove from heat, beat in wine. Let cool a little. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition. If eggs are small, it may be necessary to add another yolk.

Drop spoonfuls of the mixture into deep hot oil. Cook only a few at a time. Cook until golden and well puffed. Remove and drain on absorbent paper. Sprinkle with sifted icing sugar. Split and fill with strawberry jam. Or allow to cool and fill with jam and whipped cream.

Serves 6.

These are delicious served with chocolate sauce as a dessert.

Chocolate Sauce: Chop 4oz. chocolate roughly. Put into top of double boiler over hot water. Add to the chocolate ½ cup strong coffee. Stir until chocolate has melted and is smooth. Stir in 1 tablespoon brandy, ½ teaspoon vanilla, and 1 tablespoon cream. Spoon over the hot puffs.

SHERRIED APPLE PANCAKES

3 apples
1 tablespoon sweet sherry
1 tablespoon water
¼ cup sugar
½ teaspoon cinnamon
1oz. chopped walnuts
1 tablespoon cream
2oz. butter
1 tablespoon brown sugar
¼ cup brandy
pancakes

Peel and slice apples. Put into saucepan with water, sherry, sugar, and cinnamon. Cook over low heat 10 minutes, stirring frequently; cool. Mix in walnuts and cream.

Prepare pancakes, but cook on one side only. Put a spoonful of apple mixture on cooked side of each pancake, roll up carefully. Arrange in shallow buttered baking dish. Dot with the butter, sprinkle with the brown sugar. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes.

Pour warmed brandy over top and set aflame.

Serves 6.

PARTY PUNCHES

WHITE WINE CUP

1 bottle dry white wine
1 small can crushed pineapple
1 orange
sugar to taste
2 bottles lemonade
ice

Slice orange, put into punch bowl with pineapple (including syrup), pour over the chilled white wine; add a little sugar to taste, if desired. Just before serving, add ice, pour in lemonade.

Makes approximately 4 pints.

RED WINE CUP

1 bottle burgundy
1 cup brandy
2 bottles lemonade
1 orange
½ lemon
cucumber rind
crushed ice

Pour chilled burgundy and the brandy into a bowl. Add the finely sliced orange and ½ lemon, some strips of cucumber rind. Before serving, pour in chilled lemonade, add ice, and stir lightly. Serve in tall glasses.

Makes approximately 4 pints.

SANGRIA

2 bottles red wine
1 bottle lemonade
crushed ice
1 to 2oz. brandy
oranges, strawberries, or other fruit

Quarter-fill tall jugs with crushed ice. Add to each jug a few orange or lemon slices and some whole strawberries. Spirals of orange rind can also be added. Combine wine and brandy; three-quarters fill each jug. Just before serving, fill jugs with the well-chilled lemonade, stir lightly.

Makes approximately 4 pints.

CREAMY SYLLABUB

1 bottle dry white wine
½ cup sugar
3 dessertspoons finely grated lemon rind
1-3rd cup lemon juice
3 cups cold milk
3 cups cream
nutmeg

Combine in bowl sugar, chilled wine, lemon rind and juice. Stir until sugar is dissolved.

Combine milk and cream. Pour in wine mixture, beat with rotary beater until frothy. Pour into punch bowl, dust top with grated nutmeg.

Makes approximately 4 pints.

VELVET PUNCH

1 bottle moselle
1 cup dry sherry
rind ½ lemon
2 tablespoons sugar

Place sherry, sugar, and strips of lemon rind in bowl, let stand 30 minutes. Just before serving, add the chilled moselle.

Makes approximately 1½ pints.

STRAWBERRY WINE CUP

2 punnets strawberries
½ cup sugar
1 cup brandy
1 flagon hock, riesling, or moselle

Slice in half the washed, hulled strawberries; place in punch bowl with sugar and brandy. Allow to stand 1 hour.

Before serving, pour in the chilled wine.

Makes approximately 4 pints.



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PRIZES FOR RECIPES

● A recipe for a pickle with a delightful flavor, made with fruit, onions, and tomatoes, wins the main prize of $10 this week in our regular cookery contest.

CONSOLATION prizes of $2 each are awarded for a cake with a caramel flavor; easy-to-make marshmallows that do not require cooking; a marmalade-flavored cake that keeps well; and an easy-to-make plum pudding.

PICKLED HANDFULS

2 cups sugar
2 cups grated pineapple
handful each (approx. ¼ cup) of sultanas, finely chopped apple, onion, sliced tomatoes and bananas
1 cup vinegar
1 large teaspoon ground ginger
1 teaspoon salt
few cloves
extra ¼ pint vinegar
1 tablespoon flour
1 teaspoon turmeric

Place sugar, prepared fruits and vegetables in preserving pan with vinegar, ginger, salt, and cloves. Bring to the boil, then simmer gently, stirring occasionally, until fruit and vegetables are soft. Blend flour and turmeric with extra vinegar, stir into pickle, and simmer further 15 minutes, stirring occasionally.

Bottle while hot, seal when cold.

Makes approximately 1½ pints.

First prize of $10 to Mrs. V. Williams, Roberts Rd., Maroota, N.S.W. 2756.

MARMALADE LOAF

1½ cups self-raising flour
pinch salt
3oz. sugar
4oz. sultanas, currants, or mixed dried fruit
2 tablespoons marmalade
1 egg
¼ cup milk

Sift all dry ingredients into bowl, add dried fruit. Stir in marmalade, beaten egg, and milk, mix well. Pour into well-greased and lined 8 x 4in. loaf tin. Bake in moderate oven 45 minutes. Turn out of tin, allow to cool.

Cut into slices and butter. Keeps moist for several days.

Consolation prize of $2 to Mrs. E. Wasley, YWCA, 37 Woodville Rd., Woodville, S.A. 5011.

CARAMEL CAKE

4oz. butter or substitute
1 cup brown sugar
1 tablespoon boiling water
2 eggs
1 tablespoon golden syrup
½ teaspoon vanilla
1½ cups self-raising flour
1 teaspoon spice
¼ cup milk

ICING

1 cup brown sugar
2 tablespoons milk
1oz. butter or substitute

Separate eggs. Cream butter or substitute with brown sugar and boiling water. Add egg-yolks and golden syrup, mix well. Stir in vanilla, then add sifted flour and spice alternately with the milk. Fold in well-beaten egg-whites, spoon into greased 8in. cake tin. Bake in moderate oven approximately 45 minutes.

Put into saucepan the brown sugar, butter, and milk, bring to boil. Simmer 4 minutes but do not stir after it boils. Beat until cold and thick. Spread quickly across top of cake.

Consolation prize of $2 to Mrs. E. Moss, 47a The Corso, Parkdale, Vic. 3194.

SIMPLE PLUM PUDDING

1 cup milk
1 cup mixed fruit
½ cup sugar
1 teaspoon mixed spice
1 tablespoon butter or substitute
1 teaspoon bicarb. soda
1½ cups self-raising flour

Place milk, chopped mixed fruit, sugar, mixed spice, and butter or substitute in saucepan and bring to the boil. Remove from heat and add the bicarb. soda, stir well. Mix in the sifted flour.

Place mixture in greased pudding basin, cover with greased paper or foil, and gently steam 2 hours.

Consolation prize of $2 to Mrs. J. Aitken, Boorake Station, via Deniliquin, N.S.W. 2710.

NO-COOK MARSHMALLOWS

½ cup cold water
2 cups castor sugar
1 tablespoon gelatine
½ cup boiling water
vanilla
coloring
coconut

Place sugar and cold water in large bowl of electric mixer, beat at fairly high speed. Dissolve gelatine in hot water and, while still hot, pour into bowl; continue beating until mixture is free of sugar grains and thick (mixture should form a firm figure 8 when poured from beater). Color and flavor as desired, pour into wetted tray to set.

When set, cut into cubes with wet knife and roll in coconut.

Consolation prize of $2 to Mrs. D. Harris, "The Pines," Heatherton Rd., Dandenong, Vic. 3175.

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BY WILL F. JENKINS

THE LITTLE TERROR



Nancy smugly congratulated herself knowing that with just one crazy, magical word she had started all this

THERE was no crashing roll of thunder when the principles of psychological acosmistic idealism became practicalities in the world inhabited by Nancy. Her mother had no twinge of uneasiness, and her father was reading his newspaper. There was no breathless hush over the earth at the bloodcurdling instant, though possibly Bishop Berkeley (1685-1753), up in heaven, was pleasantly interested. Joe Holt, who was a practising psychiatrist and might be presumed to have a feeling for such things, hadn't the trace of an intuition of it.

The skies did not darken suddenly, nor were there deep rumblings underground. There was not even an unnatural grey twilight in which birds chirped faintly and cattle affrightedly rolled their eyes. There was no sign whatever that the most alarming moment in history was at hand. But still . . .

Nancy went to the gate with her grandfather. She was six and he was sixty, and they were very congenial. Nancy skipped, because she never walked when she could skip or, preferably, run. It was nearing dusk, but there was still a ruddy sunshine in the air, yet the sky was perceptibly darkening.

At the gate Nancy permitted her grandfather to kiss her goodbye, in the benign, smug condescension of little girls who know they are irresistible.

Then she said, "Make a coin go away, Granddaddy."

Her grandfather obediently took a copper coin from his pocket. He put it between his thumb and middle finger and offered it gravely for Nancy's inspection. She held her breath. Her grandfather snapped his fingers. The coin vanished.

Nancy beamed. "Do it again, Granddaddy!"

Her grandfather prepared to repeat. Nancy put her eyes within inches of the coin. She watched with rapt fascination.

The coin vanished a second time.

"It's real magic?" asked Nancy hopefully. She was beginning to discover that one could not count on fairy godmothers — not confidently, at any rate — in moments of despair. But still she hoped.

"It's real magic," agreed her grandfather.

"Show me how!" begged Nancy. "Please!"

Her grandfather whispered confidentially in her ear, "I say 'Oogledeboo' and it vanishes. Can you say that?"

Nancy whispered, "Oogledeboo."

"Splendid!" said her grandfather. He straightened up. "Now you say 'Oogledeboo' to this coin, and see what happens!" He held the coin as before, between thumb and middle finger.

Nancy giggled at it. She said, "Oogledeboo!"

Her grandfather's fingers snapped. The coin vanished.

Nancy beamed. "Again, Granddaddy?"

"Once more," conceded her grandfather. He proffered the coin. It was the same one, but Nancy did not reflect upon that. He took it in his fingers. Her eyes sparkled. She said, "Oogledeboo!"

The penny vanished. Her grandfather looked slightly surprised. But it was natural. He had never heard of

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THE LITTLE TERROR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

Bishop Berkeley's dictum that *esse is percipi*, nor drawn inferences from the statement. However, he beamed at Nancy.

"Now I have to go, Nancy. Good night."

Nancy waved cheerfully as he walked down the street. When he was out of sight, she skipped back to where she had been playing. She did not notice that her grandfather was shaking his coat sleeve absently, as if to make something come out of it—something that did not come.

Nancy settled down placidly to play alone. There was a caterpillar on the doll she had neglected for her grandfather. Nancy regarded it with disfavor. She said sternly, "Oogledeboo!"

The caterpillar vanished. Nancy played with her doll. The sunset proceeded. Twilight fell. Nancy's mother called her, and she went in cheerfully, dragging the doll by one arm. She ate her supper with excellent appetite and beamed at her father and mother. There was only one alarming incident, and it happened to pass unnoticed. Nancy did not want to finish her milk. Her mother said firmly that she must. Then the telephone rang, and her mother got up to answer it.

Nancy looked confidently at the milk in her glass and said, "Oogledeboo."

The milk vanished.

Nancy went happily to bed later, after kissing her father and mother with extravagant affection. She went dreamlessly and placidly to sleep. She slept blissfully all night long.

All was serene through all the cosmos. There was no hint of the appalling thing that had happened. Nobody cringed in nameless horror. Nobody trembled in justified apprehension. Nobody, it appears, happened to be thinking of the Right Reverend George Berkeley, of the Anglican Church, who wrote books of philosophy and died in 1753.

Nancy woke next morning in her customary ebullient mood. She sang lustily as she was dressed, and there was no hint of disturbance until breakfast was served. Then there was a slight collision of wills over Nancy's reluctance to eat her cereal. But just then the milkman came to collect, and her mother went to pay him. When her mother came back, the cereal bowl was quite empty. Nancy's mother praised her warmly. Nancy giggled.

It was a charming morning. Nancy, scrubbed to radiance and wearing a playsuit of healthful brevity, went out to play in her sand box behind the house. She sang as she played. She was a delightfully happy child. Presently Charles, the little boy next door, came over to play with her.

She greeted him with that cordial suspicion with which little girls regard little boys. He stepped on a sand house she had decorated with small stray sticks and cherished bottle caps. She scolded.

"Huh!" said Charles scornfully. "That's no fun! Let's play going to the moon. Let's fight the catmen. Rnnnnnnnh! Bang-bang!"

Nancy demurred.

"Let's play spaceship," insisted Charles. He began to hop excitedly. He shouted, "Whooooooom! Three gravs! Four! Turn on the stern rockets! Whooooooooooom! There come the space pirates! Warm up the disintegrators! Shoot the space warp! Bang! Bang, Rnnnnnnnnnnh! Bang!"

He rushed about madly, fighting a splendid space battle with space pirates from the rings of Saturn, while Nancy placidly practised interior decorating in her sand pile. She set a wilted buttercup on a dab of sand which to her represented a sideboard—undoubtedly Sheraton. She reflectively arranged another dab of sand into a luxurious sofa. She began to smooth out wall-to-wall carpeting, with the intent to add a grandfather clock next to her sand-pile scheme for gracious living.

Charles got into difficulties. A fleet of black spaceships from Sirius winked into existence from the fourth dimension over by the back-porch steps. They sped toward him, disintegrator rays flaming. He flashed into faster-than-light attack, throwing out atomic bombs and with tractor and pressor beams busy. Then came a despairing call from an Earth passenger spaceliner under attack by pirates near the hydrangea bush.

"Whooooooooom!" shouted Charles ferociously. "Coming, Earthship, with all jets firing! Rnnnnnnnnh! Take that! And that! Bang! Bang! Here's an H-bomb for you! Boom!"

DISASTER struck. Charles, rushing to the defence of the helpless passenger craft, cut across the sand pile. One sandalled foot landed in the kitchen of Nancy's ranch-type sand house. Kitchen sink, dishwasher, and breakfast nook—they were marked by rather wobbly lines of pebbles—were obliterated as if by collision with a giant meteor in space. Sand sprayed on Nancy.

"Bang, bang!" roared Charles in his high treble. "Rnnnnnnnnh! Take that, you old pirates! Calling Earth! Space-patrol ship reporting pirates wiped out! I'm taking off for Pluto!"

Nancy trembled with indignation. She said sternly, "You go home!"

"Huh?" said Charles. He stopped short. "I'm Captain Space! I've got to fight space pirates and things, haven't I?"

"You go home!" said Nancy sternly. "You stepped on my house! You go home or I'll say something at you!"

If she had threatened to tell her mother on him, it might have been effective. But this threat had no meaning to Charles. He shouted. "Whooooooom! taking off for Pluto! Invaders from space! Coming, Earth garrison! Hold on, I'm

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it started with Eve



And now look where the apple's landed! Bond's cover them ever so sweetly . . . lovingly . . . in these super-soft terry towelling Tot Sets. It's all play and no work when you pop them into Bond's! They take the liveliest crawl, a busy day on the floor coming out of the wash and asking for more! Yes, Bond's have a talent for keeping babies happy. When it gets down to basics . . . clever mothers love them in Bond's!

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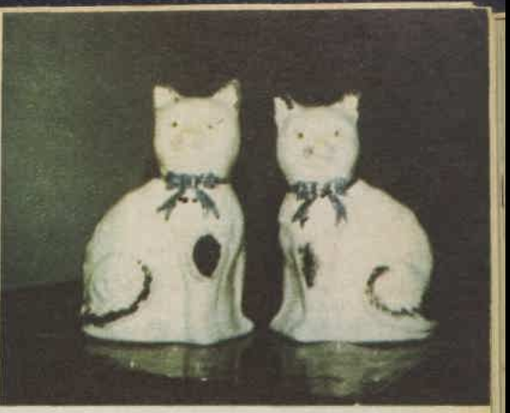
Wedgwood plate

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

CAN you tell me anything about these Staffordshire cats? I would like to know their age. I have enjoyed your column for several years now and would like to thank you for so much information given. — Mrs. G. Munro, Hampton, Vic.

Pottery cats were made in England at Thomas Whieldon's pottery at Fenton as early as the 1740s, but 18th-century examples are usually creamy in texture and are comparatively light-weighted. Your rare examples were made in Staffordshire during the second quarter of the 19th century.



Staffordshire cats

COULD you assist me with the history and year of a plate I have? I bought this plate (pictured above) at a sale a few years ago and feel it to be a most beautiful piece. On the back of the plate are the letters "AXC" and the words "Landscape, Wedgwood, Truria England." — J. K. Lawson, Northmead, N.S.W.

The Wedgwood plate is decorated with a transfer print in underglaze blue. The marks described by you indicate that the plate was made in April, 1910.

★ ★ ★

WHEN a friend returned from Europe recently she showed a slide of a life-size figure in pink marble which she said was Pauline Bonaparte by Bellini. My white marble statuette is 24in. by 16in., and I wonder if it is a valuable miniature or copy of the masterpiece.—Miss Irene Trezise, Caulfield, Vic.

Your white marble statuette representing Pauline Bonaparte is a reproduction in miniature after Bellini.

★ ★ ★

COULD you give me information about a dinner-set which has come down through four generations? It has a sepia brown floral pattern about 1¼in. wide on each piece. An oriental figure, holding an umbrella, and the words "Oriental Ivory" are stamped with a blue mark on the china. It has what appears to be an eagle with wings spread and the words "Ceylon" above it and "Bisto, England" below.—M. J. Reith, Wangaratta, Vic.

Your dinner-set was made by Bishop and Stonier, of Staffordshire. The pottery was established in 1891 and ceased production in 1939. The mark on your service was used in 1891, and with the word "Bisto" up to 1936. I cannot date your service to a particular year.

★ ★

I ENCLOSE a picture of a pair of vases (not illustrated) belonging to my mother. As far as we know they were given to my great - grandmother about 120 years ago on her departure from Ireland to Australia. Whether they had been in the family prior to this we do not know. We also have some teaspoons. They have a shell design on the front of the handle and back of the bowl. The markings on the back of the handles are "O"; a bust facing right and a lion facing left; with a shield with three figures and the letters "T.W."—Miss J. M. Guscott, Pascoe Vale, Vic.

The vases, made of "satin" glass, are stylistically late-Victorian—1875-1895. This type of vase was unknown 120 years ago. The silver teaspoons were made by Thomas Watson, of Newcastle (England), during the reign of George IV and bear the date letter representing 1828 to 1829.



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HOUSEHOLD HINTS

● Each of these handy hints, sent in by readers, wins a prize of $2. They'll save time and money.

Save the metal rings supplied as openers on the top of soft-drink tins — they are ideal for sewing on corners of pot-holders. They can be quickly sewn in place and will last longer than fabric loops. To make them look attractive for fetes, work a row of double crochet round the ring. — Mrs. D. Cowperthwaite, 143 Hamersley Rd., Subiaco, W.A. 6008.

★ ★ ★

If you receive gifts tied with pretty ribbon, you can use it again if you store it this way: Roll ribbon on to an empty cottonreel fairly tightly, secure with cellulose tape, and place in a plastic bag to keep it clean. — E. K. Parrington, 92 Silver St., Marrickville, N.S.W. 2204.

Make use of left-over sliced bread by making savory bases for future parties: Cut bread into rounds with scone cutter, brush with melted butter or substitute, and cook in a moderate oven till golden brown. Store in an airtight tin and, when required, simply recrisp them in a moderate oven for a few minutes. Top with savory spreads. — Mrs. N. Porter, 9 Miller St., Toowoomba, Qld. 4350.

★ ★ ★

Add finely chopped celery leaves to rissoles when parsley is not available — it will add a nice flavor, too. — G. L. Frayne, 11 Margaret St., East Brighton, Vic. 3187.

For those unsightly stains which appear at the edge of your bathroom mirror, buy a floral transfer to match your color scheme and paste it over the stain. It does the job effectively and adds a touch of elegance to your bathroom. — Mrs. E. Gross, 51 Bourke St., Wollongong, N.S.W. 2500.

★ ★ ★

Make use of all those untidy corks which seem to clutter up the kitchen drawers by threading them together to form a round mat on which to stand the teapot. Cork is a very effective insulator and will prevent heat damaging surfaces. — J. McBride, Woodlands, CEGGS, Glenelg, S.A. 5045.



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THE LITTLE TERROR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

coming with all jets firing! Whoooooom!"

He started for Pluto. Unfortunately, it appeared that Pluto lay somewhere in the general direction of a yellow tea-rose bush at the edge of the lawn. Charles' orbit would coincide with the sand pile again.

Nancy said vengefully, "Oogledeboo!"

Charles vanished.

Silence fell, and Nancy returned to the building of a sand-pile ranchhouse. Presently she sang happily as she worked. Presently, again, she went into the house and asked for cookies. Having skipped her breakfast cereal, she was hungry.

Her mother said, "Where's Charles? Didn't I hear him playing with you?"

Nancy bit into a cooky and said placidly, "I said 'Oogledeboo' at him and he went away."

Nancy's mother smiled absently and went about what she thought were more important affairs. Which was a mistake. There were no more important affairs. According to the principles laid down by Bishop Berkeley between 1685 and 1753, things exist because a mind thinks of them as existing. Nancy had acquired the ability to think confidently of things as ceasing to exist — a gift no adult can acquire.

So — by a natural extrapolation of Bishop Berkeley's principle — when she thought of something as ceasing to exist, it did. All of us have wished for such a talent at some time or another, but Nancy had it.

When she was at lunch, the voice of Charles' mother could be heard, calling him. He did not answer, and presently she was at the door. Nancy had arrived at the custard-with-strawberry-jam stage of her lunch then, and she worked zestfully with a spoon.

Her mother went to confer with Charles' mother about his whereabouts.

"Why, no," Nancy heard her say. "He was playing with Nancy, but he left." She called, "Nancy! Do you know where Charles went?"

"No, Mother!" Nancy sang out happily. She worked further on the custard. She was absorbed.

There was talk at the door. Nancy got some strawberry jam on the large napkin her mother spread over her at mealtime. She was enjoyably licking it off when her mother returned.

"Charles' mother is worried," said Nancy's mother. She frowned a little. "He doesn't usually wander away. You're sure you didn't notice which way he went?" Nancy shook her head. "He didn't go with anybody?" her mother asked uneasily.

Nancy got a big spoonful of custard. "No," she said placidly. "I said 'Oogledeboo' at him and he went away."

Her mother did not inquire further. But she looked unhappy. A parent of a small child always shares the anguish of another parent when a small child can't be found. But it didn't occur to Nancy's mother that she might have heard a complete and accurate description of Charles' disappearance.

Immediately after lunch Nancy's mother dressed her up to go downtown. There was to be a parade, and Nancy's mother was making the sacrifice of an afternoon for Nancy's pleasure. Of course, Nancy loathed being dragged through stores, but, since her mother was devoting an entire afternoon to her, it was only reasonable that they should start early, to do some shopping, and do more shopping later. This is what is called thinking only of one's children.

Nancy had no forebodings. She adored being dressed up, and wriggled with pleasure as her mother attired her in a very frilly dress, a very frilly hat, a smart little coat, and tiny white gloves which to Nancy were the ultimate of bliss. She sang and paraded before a mirror as her mother prepared for the outing.

She sang, also, as her mother drove downtown. When the traffic grew thick and they stopped at traffic lights, Nancy continued to sing lustily and without self-consciousness. People looked at her and smiled, thinking of innocent and happy childhood.

There were mobs in every store. Other self-sacrificing mothers were out to show their children the parade. They constituted an outrageous crush by a ladies' purse counter. A fat woman jammed Nancy against a counter. She was enraged. Somebody protested, and the fat woman turned indignantly, and, in pivoting, that protruding part of her body which was at the height of Nancy's six-year-old head sent Nancy reeling.

NANCY said wrathfully, "Oogledeboo!"

There was no fat woman.

Somebody screamed in a stifled fashion. But nobody believed it. There was a surging of bodies to fill the space where a fat woman had been, and Nancy was banged again and wailed, and grabbed her mother hysterically by the legs.

Her mother completed the purchase of a handbag and harassedly got Nancy out of the crowd. Nancy's frilly hat was dangling and she was very unhappy.

"There, darling!" said her mother penitently. "I shouldn't have brought you into such a crowded place! We'll go upstairs where there won't be so many people."

They got into an elevator. Then a mob charged it. A horde of women resolutely thrust and pushed and shoved, while small children howled. Women are less than ladylike when there are no men around. The elevator operator tried to stem the flood, to no avail.

Nancy was crushed ruthlessly. She became terrified. She gasped, "Oogledeboo!"

There were only five people in the elevator. There was not even a crowd trying to push in.

Nancy's mother trembled for a considerable time after that. Of course it could not possibly be true. Even the elevator operator merely stammered unintelligibly when a floorwaker questioned him. There was nothing to tell. The elevator had been crowded, and suddenly it wasn't. There had been no outcry. The crowd hadn't even visibly faded. It just was — and then it wasn't. So the elevator operator, completely overwrought, was relieved of duty and the floorwalker apologised to the few passengers remaining.

They were all remarkably pale, and they all went quickly out of the store. But, of course, they didn't believe it, either. Not even Nancy's mother.

But Nancy felt much better. More confident. Now, she knew placidly, she could always get room around her if people pushed. Her mother drank a cup of tea in the nearest tearoom and tried

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DRESS SENSE

By BETTY KEEP

● This dress-and-jacket ensemble was chosen in answer to a reader's style query.



HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

"Could you let me have a pattern for an all-purpose daytime outfit consisting of a sleeveless dress and jacket? I want the garment in different materials and colors. I need a pattern in size 16."

Illustrated at right is the ensemble you wrote me about. The semi-fitted A-line dress has a square neck and armholes. The jacket has a roll collar and long sleeves. The dress is made in a small-patterned flowery silk, and the jacket is in beige rayon linen. A paper pattern is available. Under the illustration are full details and how to order.

"In November, I am having a semi-formal party for my 21st birthday. I am wearing a green crepe cocktail dress in a slightly A-line shape. Would you advise me on the color for accessories, and should I wear gloves?"

Silver kid shoes, a silver kid evening bag, and silver stockings would be a good choice. It is not necessary to wear gloves.

"I have a paisley wool frock to wear to a friend's wedding. The predominant shades in the paisley are blue and red. What color should I have for handbag and shoes? The wedding is at 12.30 p.m."

My choice would be red or blue patent shoes and a matching bag.

"Could you please tell me if the best man should wear the same type of suit as the groom? I would also like to know the right male attire for a semi-formal wedding."

Yes, he does. Actually the best man, ushers, and fathers wear the same type of clothes as the groom. For an informal wedding, daytime or evening, the groom and his attendants wear a navy or dark business suit with a white shirt, black socks and shoes, and a light beige or silver-grey tie.

"I have an after-five dress made in a deep mauve. I bought bone accessories for the dress and they look quite wrong. What would be an alternative accessory shade?"

Deep garnet is a good accessory color with mauve.

"I am travelling to England via the Middle East and because of the climate difference on the flight I don't know what to wear."

A light dress and wool coat are best for temperature differences. My choice would be a shift dress in crease-resisting fabric and a coat in lightweight wool. Be sure to wear comfortable shoes.

"My two bridesmaids are to wear empire-line dresses accentuated with ribbon under the bustline. One is a honey-blonde, the other is dark. The problem is the color to suit both girls, also the color for accessories."

I suggest pale pink dresses sashed with moss-green ribbon, green satin shoes, and white gloves. This color choice will suit both girls.

7070. — Dress and jacket in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 7070, price 85c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



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THE LITTLE TERROR

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tremblingly to remember the psychiatric meaning of the delusion that people vanished before one's eyes. But while her mother trembled, Nancy ate a small plate of vanilla ice-cream with relish.

Nancy's mother really wanted to go straight home then. Already she had made up her mind to ask Joe Holt about the experience. He was the only psychiatrist she knew personally, but he and his wife were fairly close friends. She could mention it in an offhand manner, perhaps. But Nancy had been promised the parade. So they saw it.

It began appropriately with motor-cycle policemen, at whom Nancy waved enthusiastically. Her mother had been able to get a place at the very curb, so nothing would interfere with Nancy's view. There came a high-school band, with drum majorettes strutting in costumes which would have caused their great-grandmothers to die of heart failure. There came a cadet corps. And then the floats.

Nancy was thrilled by a float in the shape of a swan, decorated by young girls in tinsel dresses and fixed smiles. There was a float showing embarrassed Boy Scouts about a campfire. A float resembling a battleship. A Girl Scout float.

There came a squealling down the street. Children's shrill voices shrieked and shouted. Nancy squirmed to look. Her mother held her tightly. But Nancy's mother was thinking desperately that she'd never expected to call on Joe Holt professionally, but, after all, he was a psychiatrist and he played golf with—

Nancy squealed in pure excitement. Her mother looked numbly at the float which caused all the high-pitched tumult. It represented a dragon. It was a very ambitious job. The body of the beast completely hid the truck on which it was built, and a long and ungainly hooped-canvas tail trailed three car-lengths behind. But it was what went on before that caused the excitement.

The dragon had a 20ft. movable neck of hooped canvas painted red, with a 5ft. head at the end of it. The head had short, blunt horns. It had eyes the size of saucers and an expression of imbecilic amiability, and smoke came lavishly out of its nostrils. And its head moved from side to side on the movable neck, and it turned coquettishly and seemed to gaze at the spectators wherever it turned with an admirable look of benign imbecility.

Children squealed and shrieked and cheered as the dragon proceeded down the main street. Those at whom it seemed to look shrank back in delighted terror. Those from whom it looked away yelled in sheer excitement.

Nancy trembled in delicious thrill. She jumped up and down. She squealed.

Opposite her, the long, articulated neck swung in her direction. The dragon's head turned toward her. It seemed to look directly at her, in a sort of wall-eyed cordiality. Smoke welled from its nostrils. It swung still closer, as if to take an even closer and even more admiring look.

Nancy said zestfully, "Oogledeboo!"

A smoke pot fell to the pavement and smashed. It scattered strangling, smoldering stuff over five yards of asphalt. A man fell with a clank, landing astride the hood of a battered motor-truck which had been hidden by the dragon's body. His expression was that of stunned bewilderment, and he stared at his hands. They had held ropes by which he moved the dragon's neck and head. Now they were empty. There were four men in their undershirts, riding in the truck, and they regarded their public incredulously, because there was no longer a dragon to hide them.

There was, though, an impressive smoldering conflagration on the street. It called for fire engines. They came.

Nancy's mother was in a chaotic state of mind when she managed to fight her way, with Nancy, to where her car was parked. Her expression tended to be on the wild-eyed side, but she got Nancy into the car and herself behind the wheel. Then she doubted frenziedly whether she was in a fit state to drive. She started off, finally, on the dubious premise that somebody who is really crazy never suspects it.

They were late getting home, and Nancy's father was beginning to be worried.

He'd been informed of the disappearance of Charles, next door, and of the feverish hunt for him by police and all the neighbors.

HE was relieved when Nancy and her mother turned up, but Nancy's mother got out of the car and said tautly, "Get Joe Holt to come here at once." Nancy's mother spoke in the level, tense tone of one who is likely to scream in another split second. "He's a psychiatrist. I have to see a psychiatrist. Everything's happened today! Charles disappeared. An elevatorful of people vanished before my eyes, and a dragon faded to nothingness while I was looking at it. Things like that don't happen! I'm going crazy, but maybe Joe Holt can do something! Get him, quick!"

Then she collapsed, blubbering. She was thinking of Nancy. Already she envisioned a broken home, herself a madwoman and divorced, Nancy's father remarried to someone who would be cruel to Nancy, and Nancy haunted by the spectre of madness looming ever before her. Nancy's mother did not worry about her husband. Perhaps that was significant.

But Nancy's father knew when not to try to be reasonable. Also, he was frightened. He grabbed the telephone and spoke with such desperate urgency that in five minutes Joe Holt, that rising young psychiatrist, had got into his car, raced the necessary five blocks, and was looking anxiously at Nancy's mother, in his house-slippers and without a necktie.

"What the hell?" asked Joe Holt unprofessionally.

Nobody noticed Nancy. Her mother began to tell her wholly incredible story. Her tone was pure desperation. She suddenly remembered the fat woman. She told about it, shrilly.

Nancy said reassuringly, "But that was all right, Mother-r! I said 'Oogledeboo' at her!"

Her mother paid no heed. Nancy's father moved to take her out of the room. She clung convulsively to her mother, and her mother to her. Nancy's father was in an unenviable spot for a moment, there.

"Don't take her away!" panted her mother despairingly. "Not yet! Wait! . . . And five minutes later an elevatorful of people vanished before my eyes!"

She sobbed suddenly. Nancy's father ran his hands through his hair.

Nancy's voice said consolingly, "But Mother-r, they were crowding us! That's why I had to say

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'Oogledeboo' at them. Like Charles was bothering me and I said 'Oogledeboo' at him and made him go away."

Her mother's whole body jerked. She stared at Nancy. And then her anguished face smoothed out suddenly. She said in a quiet and interesting tone, "Did you, darling?" But she turned tragic eyes upon Joe Holt. "You see, Joe? Listen to her! The things that've happened have turned her little brain, too! Don't bother about me, Joe! Do something for Nancy!"

Joe breathed a small sigh of professional relief. All this business was completely bewildering, but he did know that sometimes a woman will do anything for her child — even stay sane, if necessary.

So he said cheerfully to Nancy, "So you made things go away? That's interesting, Nancy. Tell us about it."

NANCY beamed at him. She liked people. They found her irresistible. So she told how her granddaddy had told her how to do magic. One said "Oogledeboo" at things and they went away.

"I said it to the coin," she finished happily, "and to a caterpillar on my doll, and my milk last night, and my cereal this morning, and Charles, and a fat woman, and the people in the elevator, and the dragon. It's easy," she finished generously. "Want me to show you?"

Her mother gasped. But Joe Holt noticed that she wasn't thinking of herself any longer but of Nancy. And as a practical matter, nobody is neurotic who sincerely cares about anybody else. Joe didn't understand anything, but he began to have hope.

"Why, yes, Nancy!" he said blithely. "Make this—h'm — this vase of flowers go away, will you?"

Nancy's mother said involuntarily, "That's my best vase." But then she said calmly, "Yes, darling, make that go away."

So Nancy, blithe and beaming and six years old, looked at her mother's most-prized almost-Ming vase and said happily, "Oogledeboo."

And, of course, the vase went away.

It was two o'clock in the morning and raining heavily when they got Nancy's grandfather out of bed to answer the bell. Then Nancy's father and Joe Holt crowded inside the door to talk desperately to him with rain-wet, dishevelled faces. He stared.

"You've got to come to the house, sir!" said Nancy's father feverishly. Nancy's got a psychological acosmistic idea from you, and it's got to be cured!"

Joe Holt said reprovingly, if harassedly, "Not idea. Ability. It's a psychokinetic ability."

Nancy's grandfather said in a rising tone, "Nancy's sick? Sick? And you talk? Come on!"

He grabbed an overcoat and flung out of the house, pulling the coat on his pyjamas. Rain poured down. Lightning glinted on it as it fell. They piled into Joe's convertible and he started it off at frantic speed.

Nancy's grandfather snapped, "How's she sick? When did it start?"

"She says 'Oogledeboo' at things!" panted Nancy's father. "And they vanish! We've got her to bed now, but she's got to be cured! Think what she may do next! She says 'Oogledeboo'!"

Nancy's grandfather barked, "Oogledeboo? What's the matter with saying 'Oogledeboo'? I say 'Oogledeboo' if I feel like it! I taught her to say it!"

"That's just it," said Joe Holt, swallowing. He turned to gesticulate. "You showed her that a coin vanished when she said it. She believed it! It's — idealistic immaterialism! . . . Oops!"

He yanked at the wheel and pulled the car out of a skid as it headed for a telephone pole aglitter with wetness.

"It was Bishop Berkeley," panted Nancy's father. "Joe just showed me! In a book! Bishop Berkeley said that matter cannot exist without mind. A mind has to perceive something in order for it to exist. It's been a big argument for years. Locke, Hume, Kant, Hegel, and all the rest."

The car plunged through a black puddle on the pavement, pockmarked with falling rain under an arc light. Sheets of water, like shining wings, rose on either side of the car.

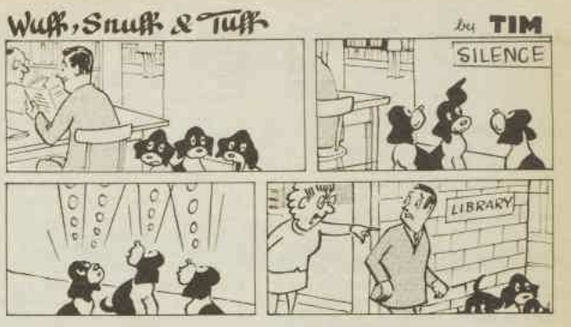
"'*Esse*,'" said Joe Holt, gulping, "is *percipi*. If a thing isn't perceived by some mind somewhere, it isn't. But when we know something is, we have to let it go at that. Nancy doesn't. You fixed it so she doesn't. When she says 'Oogledeboo' at something she's able to think of it as ceasing to exist. So it does cease to exist. Nobody else in the world, thank heaven's, can do that! But Nancy can!"

In the racing, leaking car, Nancy's grandfather stared suspiciously at the water-soaked and nerve-racked individuals beside him. His pyjama collar rose out of his overcoat. His white hair bristled.

"And you're telling me Nancy's sick!" he roared. "You two lunatics!"

They babbled further details. Preposterous details. They explained what he had to do. Then suddenly Joe Holt swung into the driveway of the house Nancy lived in. As if on signa the rain

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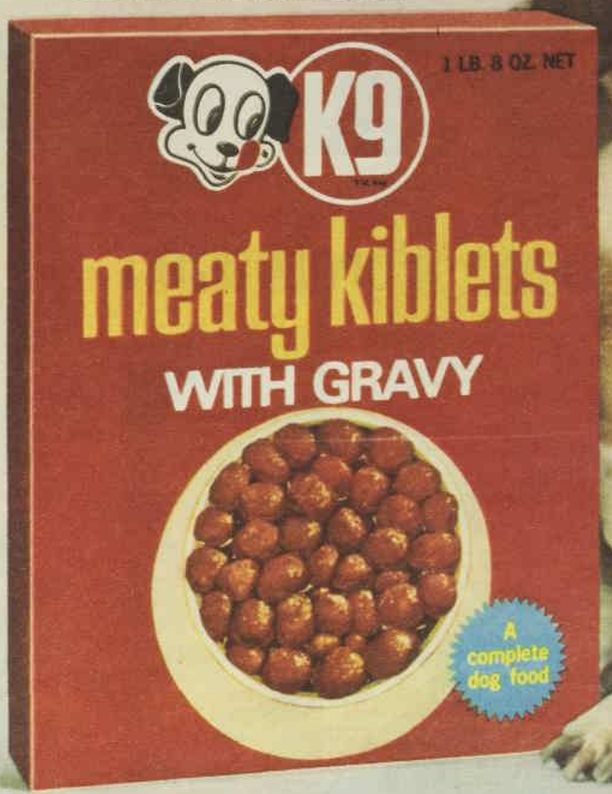


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THE LITTLE TERROR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

stopped. The two younger men piled out of the car and raced into the house. Nancy's grandfather plodded after them. He entered to hear the chattered query, "She's — still asleep?"

"Yes, the darling!" said Nancy's mother in a warm, throaty voice. She hugged Nancy's grandfather. "Daddy! I'm so glad—"

The living-room looked like a shambles. The piano was gone. The almost-Ming vase — of course. The picture over the mantel. Two chairs. A scatter rug.

"We experimented!" babbled Joe Holt desperately. "She made the vase vanish. We couldn't believe it. So she said 'Oogledeboo' at the piano. It wasn't there. The picture over the fireplace! It got to be a happy game! She stood there beaming and saying "Oogledeboo.' She looked at me once—" He shuddered violently.

Nancy's grandfather could not believe it. Naturally! But Nancy's mother pleaded with him. The three of them — Nancy's parents and the psychiatrist — argued hysterically. Their voices rose.

Then there was a delighted giggle from the doorway. Nancy stood there, smiling brightly at her grandfather. She wore her very favorite blue pyjamas with Mickey Mouse figures printed on them.

She was sleepy-eyed but very glad to see her grandfather.

"Hello, Granddaddy!" she said happily. "You waked me up. I can do magic like you told me. Want to see?"

Her grandfather gulped suddenly. He had a moment of dreadful doubt. His daughter had turned wholly pale. Nancy's father was speechless. Joe Holt wrung his hands.

"Wait, now," said Nancy's grandfather shakily. "Just try it on a little thing, Nancy. Just a little thing."

With the sure instinct of a grandfather, he remembered that his overcoat was wet. He put it down on a remaining chair before he took Nancy in his arms. Stout, elderly man and beaming six-year-old, they made a pleasant picture in their pyjamas.

"There, there," said Nancy's grandfather fondly.

"Su-su-suppose," said Joe Holt, "you made your granddaddy's overcoat go away, Nancy?"

Nancy giggled. Her soft, happy voice pronounced the fateful syllables. Her grandfather's overcoat abruptly was not. Her grandfather sat down suddenly. Nancy slipped from his arms to his knee.

She said benignly, "Are you cold, Granddaddy? You're shivering!"

Nancy's grandfather swallowed loudly. Then he said with infinite care, "Why, yes, Nancy. I am cold. I shouldn't have taken off my overcoat. I need it back. Will you get it back for me, Nancy?"

Nancy said fondly, "But I don't know how, Granddaddy!"

"Why — er — you say 'Oogledeboo' backwards, Nancy. But you have to say it. You made my overcoat go away, so you have to make it come back. 'Oogledeboo' backwards is — ah — is —"

"'Oobedelgoo,'" said Nancy's father hoarsely. "'Oogledeboo' spelled backwards is 'Oobedelgoo.' Oobedelgoo!"

Nancy considered and snuggled against her grandfather. "You say it, Granddaddy!"

"It's no good when I say it," said her grandfather with false heartiness. "See? Oobedelgoo! But it will work for you! And now — Wait a moment, Nancy! When you say it, don't say it at just my overcoat. You say it at all the things you said 'Oogledeboo' at, all at the same time, and they'll all come back at once. Won't that be nice?"

"No," said Nancy. "Charles bothers me."

Joe Holt moaned.

Nancy's mother said softly, "But he won't anymore, darling! Just say 'Oobe — Oobedelgoo' nicely, darling, for mother, at all the things you said the other word to!"

Nancy considered again. Her mother stroked her hand. And presently Nancy said, without enthusiasm, without verve, but with a sort of resigned acquiescence, "Oobedelgoo."

THE almost-Ming vase came back and her grandfather's overcoat and the piano and the picture over the mantelpiece and a scatter rug and two chairs. Out on the lawn there was suddenly the howling wail of a scared small boy, "Wa-a-a-ah!" That was Charles, who found himself suddenly in the dark on a rain-wet lawn. He howled.

Those in Nancy's house heard doors open next door and shrieks of joy. Nancy's mother closed her eyes and imagined other screams: a fat woman suddenly finding herself alone in the ladies' purse department of a closed-up department store, an elevatorful of people finding themselves parked in the cellar of the same store to wait for morning. The nightwatchman of that store would have a busy half-hour.

The policeman who suddenly found a dragon in the middle of the street would be upset, too, as would the hard-working detectives now busily hunting for a small boy who would insist frantically that he hadn't been anywhere. And he hadn't. He'd been nowhere.

Even a caterpillar, which had been crawling on Nancy's doll until she said "Oogledeboo" at it, would have a difficult time finding a proper place to hide from the rain. It happened to be a diurnal caterpillar, not used to being out at night.

Then Nancy's grandfather spoke with very great care and painstaking charm.

"I forgot to tell you, Nancy," he said with seeming ruefulness, "that now you've said 'Oobedelgoo,' saying 'Oogledeboo' won't work for you any longer. That's why I can't work that magic any more myself. But you won't mind things not going away when you say 'Oogledeboo,' will you?"

"Won't they?" asked Nancy disappointedly. She said loudly, "Oogledeboo!"

Her father and mother and Joe Holt jumped a foot.

But nothing happened. The four grown-ups sat still, weak with relief. Nancy cuddled against her grandfather. She sighed. Presently her eyelids drooped sleepily.

There had been no rolling of thunder or flashing of lightning or earthquakes when the most bloodcurdling instant in history began. But now that everything was all over, there was a blinding flash of lightning and a reverberating roar of thunder and the rain began to pour down again.

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For a long moment, Sarah simply could not believe the dreadful news

A HARVEST OF YEARNING

By ROMIE HILL

IT was morning already, yet she had not slept and her taut eyelids seemed lined with ground glass. As the veiled milky light filtered through the holland blinds she was still tormenting herself, wondering where the mistake had been made.

Across the room, on the French Provincial dressing-table, Cynthia's photograph was held by a freak shaft of light highlighting her curiously frozen beauty and somehow the photographer seemed to have caught not only the exquisite features but the essence of Cyn, with her head half-turned toward the camera so the tilt of her chin expressed a kind of wilfulness and disdain.

She was dead now. Hideously, horribly dead. And the shock of the past days was already etched irrevocably in lines on Sarah's face.

Across the corner of the portrait, Cyn had scrawled: "To say hello," not adding a loving word as anyone else might do for their mother.

Even when she was tiny, Cynthia had been beautiful, with her flaxen hair in tight curls and her enormous blue eyes framed by lashes like feathered ferns. But even then she was evasive and the long lashes were used for concealment of any feelings she might otherwise have shown.

"Look at me, baby," Sarah would plead, but Cyn would look down or her eyes would flicker sidewise with a curious clouding of darkened color.

There was a game they played when Cyn was a baby, a kind of secret sign language. Three squeezes of the hand—"Who — loves — me?" Then two squeezes in reply as the other answered "I — do" before a pause and "Who — loves — me?" Yet later Sarah found herself wondering whether this, too, might merely be an evasion for Cynthia, who already hated to be touched.

Unlike other children, she fought against being kissed, cuddled, or caressed and the secret game became doubly sweet to Sarah as it was the only time she could even hold her daughter's hand. But even that came abruptly to a stop.

"Who — loves — me?"

Sarah had squeezed the little hand in her own, but this time there was no answering pressure. Again, three squeezes. "Who — loves — me?"

"I don't want to," the child said mutinously, tugging her hand away.

"Why, Cyn?"

"I don't like it."

There was no argument. There was nothing to argue about. A child couldn't be forced into playing a game and for Cyn this was all it was, she didn't care about the intimacy of the ritual.

It was not easy to raise the child without help, but there was no one else when George died and somehow she had to manage as best she could, always with the poignant hope that Cyn's curious detachment would dissipate as she grew older.

To page 76

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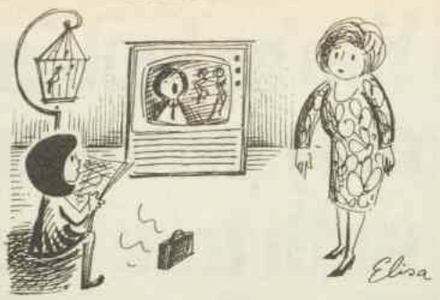
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"I DO listen to what you say . . . but it doesn't seem to sink in."

Instead it became worse and Sarah, knowing nothing of the patterns such behaviour could form, ached for the child's affection. She knew nothing of anti-social behaviour or rebellion against conformity. All she wanted was the child's arms wound about her neck and to brush the little girl's cheek with her lips; but she remained unresponsive.

"Darling, now you're at school, you must bring some friends home," Sarah said once.

"I don't have any friends."

"Well, maybe soon—"

That was one of the rare occasions Cynthia looked at her and her eyes were cold, brilliant-blue, but cold as ice.

"I don't want friends," she said.

A HARVEST OF YEARNING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

She never had visitors and was never invited to parties. Even the school annual dances she ignored until Sarah wondered with a pang whether it was because no boy had actually invited her and when she met Mary Andrews at the supermarket it was like the answer to a prayer. She was jubilant.

"Guess what?" she asked as Cyn came home from school, dropping her books on to the kitchen table.

"What?"

"I bumped into Mary Andrews at the supermarket. You remember I told you we went to college together?"

"Yes, I remember."

CYN stacked the books together, dividing the exercise and text books into two separate piles.

Sarah clasped her hands to stop them from fluttering, a gesture that always seemed to irritate Cyn, and she deliberately looked away from the girl as she spoke.

"Mary's son Tim would like to take you to the school formal. He asked his mother to approach me about it."

Cyn opened one of the books, putting a ruler between the pages.

"Did you say no?"

"I said I'd ask you," Sarah evaded.

"Well, you can thank her, but say no."

"Cyn, why? I believe he's a very nice boy and most popular."

"I don't want to go."

A lump rose in her throat, a hard little ball that wouldn't go away, so her tongue seemed suddenly to catch against the roof of her mouth and it was almost impossible to speak.

"Why?" she asked at last.

"I don't want to go to parties."

"Why, Cyn? Why?"

Cyn picked up her books, with one pile under each arm, and walked to the doorway. Then she turned, keeping her eyes averted and her hair formed a golden aureole that framed her oval face.

"I wish you wouldn't pester me all the time," she said. Then she left the room.

When she left college, Cyn worked in a solicitor's office for almost two years before she announced her intention of going overseas on money she'd saved from her salary.

"How long for?" Sarah blurted before she could contain herself, but Cyn had merely shrugged. "—One year? Two years?"

"Probably for good. I don't know," Cyn said.

"Will you write to me?"

"Oh, Mother," she said, exasperated. "Why do you always have to make such a production out of everything? I guess I'll write from time to time, but I'm not going to tie myself down."

There was an intolerable pain near her heart as though a knife was buried between her ribs, and she clamped her hand against it.

"Will you leave me your address?" Sarah asked with dry lips.

"You can write to me care of the main post office. I

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● *NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 78. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders.*

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AMOCO-DAVIS CUP CONTEST

You could win a glamor car



● Enter our wonderful Amoco-Davis Cup contest, which we announced last week. You could win a brand-new Ford Cortina!

THIS novel contest, which is open to all readers, is really quite an easy one.

All you have to do is write us a letter — of not more than 400 words — telling any kind of story about a woman driver.

It can be a brief account of an ordinary car trip with a woman driver, a story, perhaps, about a woman who drives a taxi, lorry, or truck for a living, or even the story of a young mother who is the family chauffeur.

This contest is open to all our men readers as well.

We are hoping that they will send in some really funny entries, as most of them over the years have at some time or other "come up against" the phenomenon of the 20th century — the woman driver!

The Grand Champion Prize winner will be given first-class return air tickets for two to Brisbane, as well as first-class accommodation in Brisbane for two, and $100 spending money during the Davis Cup Challenge Round matches.

He or she will be personally presented with the main prize — the Ford Cortina — at a special ceremony during the Challenge Round matches between December 26, 27, and 28.

The best entry from each State will win a prize of an all-expenses-paid holiday for two to Brisbane for the Davis Cup, as well as $100 spending money.

The runner-up and third-prize winners in each State will each receive $100 and $50 respectively.

If the first-prize State winner comes from Brisbane he or she may take a trip to any other capital instead, at a later date.

If the Grand Champion also comes from Brisbane, similarly he or she may take the all-expenses-paid three-day trip to any other capital city at another time.

Hurry and send in your entries now, as we will give five weekly progress prizes of $20 or two Davis Cup Challenge Round match tickets.

The closing date for entries is November 6, and winners will be announced on December 13.

This contest is open to all except employees and their relatives of Amoco, The Australian Women's Weekly, and their associated publications, and advertising agencies.

Don't forget to mark each entry clearly with your name and address and postcode.

Address entries to "Amoco-Davis Cup" contest, c/o Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.

FOR FULL DETAILS SEE ADVERTISEMENT ON PAGE 38.

Our 'Camelot' contest

● Look back over your life — and think of the occasion when you most had reason to think of a man as your Sir Galahad.

HE might have been old, young, your husband, a total stranger, or the boy next door. The situation could have been homely, grand, funny, near-tragic. What matters is that, like knights of old in the film "Camelot," he came to the rescue of a lady in distress.

Write and tell us about the incident in not more than 500 words. Entries close on October 16. Prizes are: First Prize $100, Second Prize $50, Third Prize $25.

There are also six "Camelot" wardrobes — one for the best entry from each State. Each wardrobe consists of one negligee, one nightie, two slips, and two panties in a special range created from the "Camelot" designs in "Camelot" colors.

In addition, each State winner will be sent tickets for the opening night of "Camelot" in that State.

Write clearly, giving full address, including State, and send your entries to "Camelot Contest," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.

(The Editor's decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press and allied companies and Warner Brothers and members of their families are not eligible to enter. Nor are the employees of other newspapers or members of their families.)

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A **NYAL** MEDICINE

guess I'll be travelling around, but when I get back each time I'll collect any mail."

The time! Whatever would she do with all that time on her hands and no one to care for, no extra washing or cleaning or planning meals?

"I'll write each week," she said, striving to sound matter of fact.

"Better make it once a month at most," Cyn said. "Imagine what a business it would be if I'm away for any length of time, having to plough through pages and pages of idle chatter."

So she wrote once a month, forcing herself to keep the letters as brief as possible, but, in between times, she wrote letters by the ream, pouring out her thoughts, her fears, her hopes for the daughter she would have liked to have had. But these letters she burnt.

Cyn sent the photograph first, several months before she wrote, and thereafter postcards arrived at irregular intervals, sometimes with several months lapsing between them.

On the scenic cards, Cyn generally wrote: "A beautiful place" or "this is exactly what it looks like." On plain cards she wrote: "To let you know I'm alive and well. Cyn." Never with love. Just Cyn.

She never knew whether Cyn received her monthly letters, as they were never alluded to, and writing them was almost as unsatisfactory as mailing them to a dead-letter office.

Then the letter arrived.

It was a cold, wet day and she would normally not have bothered looking in the letter-box, but she was looking out the window when she saw the mailman trudging down the road, his macintosh flapping against his rubber boots and a small rain hat drooping at the sides of his face as he held up a long blue envelope and waved to her.

Even then she was unsure and, as she opened the front door, she called: "For me?"

He nodded. "Looks pretty important. Real official like. No, don't come down them steps in the rain. I'll bring it up to you."

As she took the letter into the living-room to read it she had no inkling of its contents, not even a slight premonition.

She sat in her favorite chair, a small, chintz-covered wing chair, and tore open the envelope.

Cyn dead. The words seemed to leap at her, even before she read the typewritten letter, as though they alone were in heavier type so they could not be overlooked. Cyn and her husband, both dead.

But she's not married, she thought. She would have told me!

Would Cyn ever have voluntarily told her anything?

She reread the letter, trying to keep the horror from her mind of the hideousness of a train smash that mangled and killed more than sixty people, including Cyn and her husband.

It was quite some time before she was able to digest the contents of the second page. There was a child of the marriage. A grandchild.

A HARVEST OF YEARNING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

still held the magic wonder of a child on wakening.

My grandchild, she thought, and fleetingly recalled her anguish when first she had seen him. Locked inside her were memories of Cynthia's blonde loveliness, so she was totally unprepared for a little colored boy.

In the wakeful hours at night she had imagined the anguish she would suffer for him in a world still not quite ready, and intuitively she had imagined the heartaches ahead, especially during young adulthood when he might love the wrong girl.

Mrs. H. WIFE



"Navigate down this street, then keep to the starboard side . . ."

My grandchild, she thought. A boy aged four.

She didn't wait to write. She didn't even pause to ponder the matter over. She cabled: "Send my grandchild first plane available."

And now he was here.

The dreams, all those wonderful secret dreams of a reunion, a true reunion, with her daughter, were gone for ever. She would not let herself think that it could never have been anyway, because this was the hope she had always lived with, that Cyn would change toward her. But now Cynthia was dead.

A slight rattling of the doorknob attracted her attention and the door opened quietly.

"Grandma?"

It was little more than a whisper, as if he thought she might still be sleeping.

"Yes, Davie, come in," she said.

His hair was tousled after a night's sleep, and his eyes

"Did you have a good sleep?" she asked gently.

He nodded, smiling, and she saw how even and white his teeth were, like perfectly matched pearls.

"Can I come into bed and cuddle you?" he asked.

She pulled back the bedclothes and he clambered on to the bed, for all the world like a golliwog in striped flannelette pyjamas.

"My dadda always snuggled me," he told her complacently. "Every day he would say, 'OK, Davie boy,' and I'd jump on to the bed."

She could picture it, and the cold image she had projected in her mind during the night had gone as the man now dead became a person, a warm-hearted man.

"Mumma didn't like snuggles," Davie said, "but my dadda and me did, you bet."

She lay beside him, her arm under his head, already planning their future together, and for the first time life seemed to hold promise with substance instead of make-believe.

"My dadda said I would like you," he told her contentedly.

"You mean your mumma."

"No, it was my dadda. I had a photo of you."

She remembered the snapshot she had enclosed in one of the monthly letters, a head-and-shoulder study, faintly blurred. She had said in her letter, not really believing it: "You might like this." But Cyn had never commented on it.

"I kept the photo in my secret box. My dadda said: 'That's a kind face, Davie, a real kind, gentle face. You would like your grandma.' That's what he said."

So that was it. The reason why the little boy had run to her as soon as the plane arrived. He had run and buried his face against her skirt and she had been puzzled when the air hostess told her he'd been too shy to talk to anyone throughout the entire trip.

Thanks to this man, she was not a stranger to the child, after all. She could feel her eyes misting with tears as she wondered what kind of life he must have led with Cyn, this sensitive and compassionate man who must have been so vulnerable.

"Don't cry," Davie said. "I'm here."

"I'm not crying," she told him. "Not really crying."

Suddenly, so imperceptibly she thought she might have imagined it, he squeezed her hand.

Oh, Cyn! Cyn, child! Could it be?

She lay there, tense, memory touching a raw nerve. Then it happened again. Three more distinct squeezes.

"Who — loves — me?"

"I do." She paused a moment, then started again: "Who — loves — me?"

He turned his face toward her, his eyes like brown pansy petals.

"Gee, Grandma," he said aloud. "I'm sure glad I got you!"

"And I'm glad I've got you, Davie," she said.

The sudden illuminating truth of her lifetime need obliterated the last ghosts of self-doubt. "It's good to need each other," she said, and the little boy grinned happily.

"You bet!" he said.

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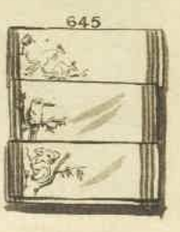
Cut out ready to sew and traced to embroider with Australian motif design on pure Irish linen. Price per set of three, $2.60, plus 20 cents for postage and dispatch.

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A-line shift is available cut out ready to sew in lemon, sky-blue, white, or pink textured cotton; rick-rack braid supplied. Sizes 24 and 26in. length, $3.25; 28 and 30in. length, $3.45. Postage and dispatch 20 cents extra.

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The Moment

By JUNE GREEN



She had nothing to keep her indoors and a seat on a railway platform was as good a place as any to pass the time

SHE sat down slowly on the seat on the railway platform. She was not waiting for any train. She was just tired. Her eyes were red-rimmed and half closed. Her face was lined, the skin rough and colorless. The mouth drooped, but a close observer would see that it had once been a very pretty mouth. Actually, no one bothered to look too closely at her. She was completely non-descript. Except for one slightly odd thing. She carried a pair of soiled white kid gloves.

The same close observer would have noticed that they were cut down from long, button-up gloves, the type a young girl would wear to her first ball fifty years ago. She would be about seventy-two. It was difficult to tell. She wore a shabby cardigan, an old tweed skirt, lisle stockings with holes in them, bumpy, worn-down shoes, and a shapeless old hat.

She carried a large, old-fashioned handbag that had the clasp broken. It was jammed full of everything she would require throughout the day, because she could not bear to stay long in the one room where she lived in the old boarding house.

She felt a movement beside her, and, peering up, saw that a well-dressed, middle-aged woman was waiting impatiently for her to move up. It flashed dimly through her mind that if there'd been any other seat vacant on the platform, the woman would have preferred to use it. However, it was a cold day, and this seat was sheltered. The old woman shuffled along and made room.

The woman flicked her eyes over her and thought of other things. She thought of the warm fire her daughter would have ready for her when she arrived home. She thought of the comfortable bed she'd get into when she felt like it. Her husband had gone off for the week-end fishing, and she'd be able to please herself how she spent the time. Her daughter's baby was growing into an interesting child. Her thoughts were all most pleasant ones.

It trickled into her mind for a moment that the old woman beside her was shivering. But she drew her coat more closely about her and thought, not quite so pleasantly, that she was probably an alcoholic. She went back to her warm, comfortable daydream.

The old woman was startled into awareness once again, but this time by the figure of a young man towering over her. He carried a large, well-filled haversack on his back, and was dressed in shorts and a very heavy jumper. She thought dimly that he should be cold, but he looked anything but. In fact, he was positively glowing with health and happiness.

"Excuse me," he said. "But could I sit here for a moment, I've broken a lace in my boot."

She didn't reply, but moved soundlessly along so that he could fit into the corner.

The middle-aged woman sniffed perceptively, and hastily bundled herself into the other corner of the seat. The old woman sat huddled between them. Security and disdain on one side—health and confidence on the other.

She found herself watching the boy's hands as he quickly removed the broken lace and replaced it with a new one. Nice hands, she thought. Large, capable, kind hands. Her eyes widened for a moment. It was years since she'd thought this way. Funny how such a little thing could jolt one's memory.

The boy straightened up, and she noticed he left the broken lace lying on the ground. Years of saving every little bit of string, ribbon, or leather made her bend down to pick it up. She even found herself saying: "You shouldn't throw this away—never know when it may come in handy."

He smiled and thanked her as she gave it to him, and then he said: "You've dropped your gloves."

He bent to pick them up and, as he placed them on her lap, said: "They're soft, aren't they . . . nice piece of kid. I'm used to handling skins . . . that's my job."

The train came noisily into the platform, and he jumped up and said: "And about time, too. She's running very late."

He waved his hand at her, and in a minute was gone down the platform looking for a seat in the already crowded train.

The old lady sat perfectly still. Even the slight shivering had stopped. The words the boy had said about her gloves came tumbling back. "Nice piece of kid." "Soft."

Soft.

That's what Paul had said that night so many years ago.

She saw again the lights of the ballroom . . . heard the music . . . smelt the flowers . . . the warmth and happiness flowed all over her. Even his hands were like Paul's.

Suddenly the woman beside her stood up as another train came into the platform. The old lady leaned back against the seat and let her pass. She lifted one of the gloves and something dropped out. It was a 20-cent piece. He must have dropped it, she thought. Maybe he had had it in his hand when he picked up the gloves . . . perhaps ready to buy cigarettes or chocolates. She didn't think pity had moved him to give it to her. There wouldn't have been time.

Anyway, 20 cents wasn't much these days, it would hardly have been worth the effort. But, perhaps he didn't have much money. Whatever the facts of the matter might be here she was with 20 cents in her hand that would tide her over until tomorrow. Tomorrow would bring the only regular income she ever received. This 20 cents was certainly an extra. She thought of the nearly empty cupboard at home. The 20 cents would provide a welcome addition to her meal tonight.

Then the now slightly dim picture of the boy bending over to pick up her gloves came back to her. His hands, his kind, strong hands. Paul would have displayed the same courtesy.

She got up from the seat, and walked more firmly than she had done for years up the long, steep ramp to the top of the platform. She went across to the flower-stall near the confectioners and stood looking at the massed blooms. Right in the middle was a patch of long-stemmed, fresh violets.

She asked the price.

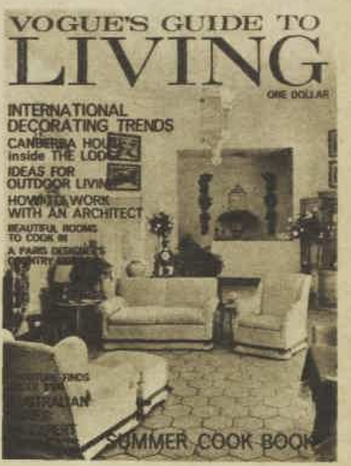
Yes, she thought, I can afford it.

I can afford it . . . The magic sentence sang in her mind . . . the music of the past sang in her mind . . . the scent of the violets stole up around her as she walked away. They, too, were part of this moment . . . back from an age of youth and love and laughter . . . Paul's favorite flowers for her. Paul's warmth, Paul's memory renewed, no matter how briefly by the unexpected courtesy of an unknown boy.

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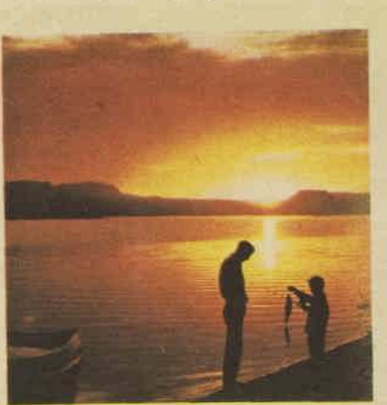
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AT HOME . . . . . with Margaret Sydney

● Many businessmen, I'm told, have a "too-hard" basket on their desks, into which go any letters too tricky or too complex to be dealt with in the regular clean-up of the morning's mail.

THIS has always seemed a magnificent idea to me, especially if it's coupled with the ruling of a well-known English writer (Wells? Shaw? It was someone like that) that no correspondence should be answered for three months, by which time, in the normal course of events, 90 percent of it will have answered itself.

But what I am against is the "too-hard" basket which was instituted by my family while I was away. This is no neat little desk-sized correspondence basket, either. It's a clothes-basket, and it's almost full.

It sits halfway between the sewing-machine and the ironing-board (two diabolical instruments which will probably both have to be used in the solutions to most of the basket's problems), and it serves as a constant reminder that though letters may answer themselves in time, domestic problems are less obliging.

In the beginning, the institution of the too-hard basket was perfectly reasonable. The girls coped nobly with washing and ironing and routine mending like buttons and football socks.

Quite reasonably, when they looked at shirt collars that needed turning, pillowslips that suddenly began to disintegrate, a cushion that the dog decided to take apart in an idle moment, the almost miraculously intricate tears that appear in Mike's clothes without (if his stories are to be believed) his moving a muscle, they decided to put them aside and save them up for me.

So the too-hard basket was born. And once it was born and duly christened by a fair-sized bundle of mending, other things began to go into it.

It collected all the things that go wrong, come apart, or otherwise baffle their owners, leading, in the normal course of events, to shouts of, "Hey, Mum, could you just . . ."

All this has led to the basket becoming an unlucky dip. In my first flush of energy when I got home I thought I'd start at the top and work my way through. Now I'm thinking of taking half the contents out of the too-hard basket and starting a new one to be known as the MUCH too-hard basket.

All those weeks of accumulated sewing problems are TOO MUCH!

SOME of the things I've taken out, looked at glumly, and pushed back to the very bottom of the pile include the collar of a jumper which Di tells me dramatically she's knitted no fewer than three times with odd results ("Either it won't go over my head or else it comes practically down to my knees"); a half-made shirtmaker dress of Kay's on which collar and lapels refuse to go together or lie flat ("The stupid pattern was wrong," says Kay, "and, anyway, I've lost it").

There is also a treasured trinket box of Di's that got knocked off her dressing-table and smashed into umpteen bits when one of the cats was admiring herself in the mirror ("You're SO good at sticking things together so it doesn't show!"), three dresses of Di's neatly unpicked for restyling in a burst of economy and then abandoned pending my return; a rod-case of Hugh's that appears to be about 80 years old and "just needs a stitch in it" (Oh, yeah!); and . . . no, I can't bear it. Let's not go on.

The clothes-making problems are the ones that kill me. It's bad enough when I'm here and there's only one garment in process of manufacture, which limits the major crises to about three a day, plus the usual wild rush at the end (since Kay and Di never start making anything until they've an urgent need for it for some special occasion) to finish the hem and press it.

That I can cope with — just. But the weeks' old problems, problems where the pattern's lost and the tacking stitches have broken, where things have got screwed up and the original maker has got into a mood of deep gloom (Kay) or wild fury (Di) are rather too much for my extremely limited knowledge of the art of dressmaking.

If providence had been kind it would have provided this family with one member to whom sewing came as a delightful occupation, simple, easy, satisfying.

Diana and I are impetuous sewers. "Of course, this is the way it goes," we say enthusiastically, the machine races for five minutes, and then there are loud cries for the unpicking scissors.

Kay is painstaking. She cuts out carefully, and she pins and tacks carefully, but with this painstaking care goes a certain lack of adventurousness, a conviction that someone else will have to do various parts of it because it's going to be too hard for her.

At least she has the satisfaction of sometimes liking the things she's made. Di hates everything, no matter how well it eventually turns out, because she remembers every dramatic crisis that almost ruined the whole show. And me? I don't try any more. I haven't time to make clothes for myself, I'm too busy standing by when the other two are at it.

But at least I've learned one thing. It's much better to be on the spot than to try to unscramble mishaps that are weeks or months old. It's exactly like trying to do someone else's abandoned crossword when they've scribbled all over the margins, written in wrong words and rubbed them out with a smudgy thumb.



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ROOMS ON VIEW—an exciting



● Mrs. Harold Holt, wife of the Australian Prime Minister, will open an exhibition of room settings by Sydney's foremost interior designers next week. The exhibition, "Rooms on View," will be held in Telegraph House (9th floor), Park St., Sydney, in aid of the Royal Blind Society of N.S.W. Incorporated in the exhibition will be the very latest ideas on color, furniture design, fabrics, and home accessories, and will include 13 walk-in rooms, completely furnished to the last detail. Twelve of these rooms will be prepared by leading interior designers, and the 13th will be a re-creation of Governor Macquarie's study in Old Government House, Parramatta, which the National Trust is now restoring. The study will be prepared by Mrs. Gregory Blaxland, of the National Trust. Sections of four of the rooms in the exhibition are shown on these pages.

The rooms, which have been organised by the Black and White Committee for the Royal Blind Society of N.S.W., will be officially opened on October 9 and will then be on display seven days a week for three weeks.

Pictures by Keith Barlow and Ron Berg

BEDROOM AND STUDY

Designed by David Lorimer and Warren Harding

Created for Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere, this elegant room (above) is described by its designers as a "busy woman's retreat from the rush of pressing engagements . . . extreme comfort and a soothing background in which to read, write, and relax." Delicate shades of lilac provide a serene atmosphere. A finely carved French desk provides a small study area at one end of the room, and tall french windows look out on to a tiny court filled with greenery.



FRENCH PROVINCIAL DINING-ROOM

Designed by Malcolm Forbes

Magnificent dining suite to seat eight is the focal point of this room (right), designed for Graham Kerr, well-known cookery expert. The suite is a replica of an 18th-century French Provincial suite, adapted to suit present-day needs. For example, a centre leaf can be removed to reduce the table size. Floor is of quarry tiles, and graceful arches open to a courtyard.

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exhibition of interior decorating



COUNTRY MORNING ROOM

Designed by Merle du Boulay

A charming mixture of furniture makes this an extremely personal room (left), designed for Mrs. Michael White, "Belltrees Farm," Scone, N.S.W. Decorator Merle du Boulay feels that the country wife, who spends most of her day in the house, should have such a room where "she can relax, have coffee, write letters, organise her housekeeping, and enjoy her children." The circular mosaic table reflects deep turquoise of a magnificent wing - back armchair.



MEXICAN SITTING-ROOM

Designed by Joyce Tebbutt

Individually crafted furniture imported from Mexico is accented by stark colors in this room designed for actress Merle Oberon (Mrs. Bruno Pagliai), who lives in Acapulco, Mexico. The room invites complete relaxation with a deep, comfortable couch, a small courtyard outlook, and an unusual china chess set ready for use. A large table allows the room to be used as a pleasant dining area.

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Mrs. Merridew's Quiet Afternoon

By Patricia Chapman



She had planned a happy outing but somehow things did not work out as she had expected

EDITH exclaimed, "Tsk! I don't know what the world's coming to!" The paper crackled in angry emphasis as she looked over the top of her bifocals at her mother.

Mrs. Merridew, carefully buttering toast with delicate, blue-veined hands, was secretly amused. She was counting Edith's cliches and this was the fourth this morning.

"What is the matter, dear?"

"Just look at this, here on the front page," said Edith unreasonably, since Mrs. Merridew was at the other end of the table. "'Old lady beaten up by teenage thug. Brutal attack on pensioner.' I'll read it to you."

I wish you wouldn't, thought Mrs. Merridew. She sighed and slowly cut her toast into quarters while she listened. Seventy-five years old — deserted street — long-haired youth in mod clothes — purse taken — kicked and punched—.

"They say it's the third attack of this kind in two months," concluded Edith, folding up the paper. "Well, it's only to be expected. It's the way they dress that has this effect on them. If they banned that awful hair and made boys wear nice respectable suits with ties, there'd be none of this sort of thing." The three long hairs on her chin bristled as she opened the toaster and dropped in two more slices.

"But surely, Edith, there must be more to it than that. Their home-life, the way they've been brought up. Clothes are only fashions, after all. Why, I can remember some very weird things—."

"You never saw Phillip or Ronald wearing clothes that drew attention to themselves. I'd have been on them like a ton of bricks if they'd tried, believe me I would!" She grabbed for the toaster as it began to belch smoke, and turned the slices. "I never let my boys follow any silly fads, and look how well they've turned out!"

Mrs. Merridew considered this. Yes, her grandsons had turned out well. Good boys, in respectable positions, married to nice girls. They had never drawn unfavorable attention to themselves. Mrs. Merridew suspected that never in their lives would they ever draw any kind of attention to themselves.

"Edith, I will admit these clothes look rather peculiar, but surely all the young men who wear them aren't criminals? There must be some decent — oh, watch the toast!"

"Just in time. Bother, there's the phone. Butter mine for me, will you, Mother, please."

Edith came back looking slightly flustered.

"That was Mrs. Hazlett. She's supposed to be running a stall in the city this afternoon for our auxiliary, and now she's gone down with flu, so I'll have to take over. Now, Mother, what about you? Would you like me to ask Mrs. Smith in to keep you company while I'm away?"

"Edith," said Mrs. Merridew firmly, "when will you learn that I don't need a nursemaid? Not yet, anyway. I like Mrs. Smith, but I've no doubt she's got much more to do than spend her afternoon with me."

"It's just that I don't want you to be sitting about lonely and brooding, Mother."

Edith didn't approve of brooding. The old, she was fond of saying, must have plenty of interests, plenty of company. It kept them vigorous. It never occurred to her that it might sometimes be exhausting. Mrs. Merridew had become an adept at mentally absenting herself from what was going on around her while she pursued the far more fascinating paths of memory. Now she was not going to let slip the chance of a quiet afternoon.

"There's no need for me to stay in at all, dear. If you'll drop me on your way, I'll spend the afternoon at the museum."

"Oh, Mother!" sighed Edith. "Not again! Why ever do you want to go there?" She eyed her mother with exasperation beneath which Mrs. Merridew detected a trace of disquiet.

She's wondering if I'm getting a little soft in the brain, thought Mrs. Merridew. Well, perhaps I am; I wouldn't know about it if I were, would I? Aloud she said:

"I go to the museum because I enjoy going, Edith. It relaxes me. There are so many beautiful things to look at and I have time to enjoy them now." She added a little butter to her toast. "As a matter of fact, I'm making a study of table china, tracing the patterns from the early examples through to the present-day styles."

Edith's brow cleared. "Oh, well, Mother, of course, it gives you an interest. And it is quite safe to leave you there, after all."

"Perfectly safe," said Mrs. Merridew. "I can sit down when I'm tired and there's always an attendant handy if I should need assistance. There's no need to worry about me at all, dear, once you see me up those steps."

They had an early lunch and it was barely twelve-thirty when Edith opened the car door in front of the museum and helped her mother out. She had changed her house dress for a roomy brown skirt and a fuzzy tan jacket with large buttons marching like well-nourished beetles from hip level up over the rolling mountain of her bust. Mrs. Merridew wondered afresh how she had ever managed to produce such a buxom daughter. Even with Henry's help.

"Give me your arm, dear, and see me up, and then you'd better go or else you'll be late."

The museum entrance was high above the street, approached by a graceful quarter-circle of stone steps. There were no handrails, only low kerbs containing the terraced gardens either side, but they were not needed on such wide, easily graded steps. Not needed, that is, unless one were like Mrs. Merridew, who could now only ascend or descend at all holding tightly to a handrail and fighting an intense giddiness.

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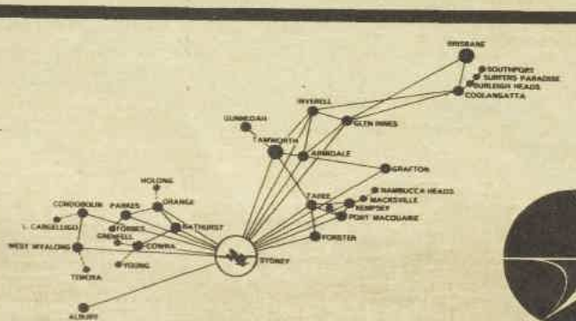
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MRS. MERRIDEW'S QUIET AFTERNOON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

Something to do with her ears, said her doctor. It was very tiresome, but it had to be accepted.

Holding Edith's broad, soft arm, she mounted safely. At the door, Edith released her.

"Now, Mother, please be careful not to overtire yourself. Remember, you can get a cup of tea here. I'll be back at 4.30 for you, and don't on any account try to come down those steps on your own—."

"Now, would I be so silly? Just stop worrying about me and get off to your stall. I hope you have a very successful afternoon."

"It'll be a tiring bore," said Edith frankly, "but I can't very well jib. Oh, well, what can't be cured must be endured!"

MRS. MERRIDEW had been here so often the attendants knew her, and one smiled and nodded to the little, wispy figure in very neat grey. Mrs. Merridew bowed slightly, feeling pleasantly that she belonged.

She ignored the signs directing to flora and fauna, geology, mechanics and the rest, and went straight to the rooms containing china, glass, and furniture.

She was glad she had thought of the excuse of studying china — true in a way — because it would have been impossible to explain to Edith the satisfaction these things gave her. Edith would have agreed yes, most of them were very pretty, but once you had seen them you had seen them, and what was the use of looking again?

Because, Mrs. Merridew could have answered her, each time you looked you saw beauty unrevealed before, like gazing into a deep, shadowed pool on to which the sun was moving and each ray lit a little farther down. For her the pool was bottomless, and now she had found it she would not leave it till she must.

She supposed she had been starved of beauty, in a way. Henry had been a solid, plain, and worthy man, and he liked solid, plain, and enduring things about him. He never asked the price of anything; his question was: "Is it strong? Will it wear well?" His wife had soon fallen into the way of being able to give him the right answers.

She would have liked, had it been permitted, to touch the things she gazed at, but she did not want to possess them. Being free to see them, to dream over them, she felt that they were hers in the best way, without responsibility or the work of keeping in order; and that, to a practical old housewife, was a great advantage.

The afternoon passed. Mrs. Merridew walked slowly between the exhibits, pausing at each, lingering over her favorites. The attendant with whom she had become most friendly beckoned her to point out the latest precious acquisitions, and fresh delight was heaped upon her. Now and again she rested on a padded bench and watched the other visitors. At last she looked at her watch and regretfully went back to the entrance hall.

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MRS. MERRIDEW'S QUIET AFTERNOON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

The golden autumn sunshine streamed over her as she stepped out on to the paved terrace at the top of the steps. There were many people there, most of them sitting on the stone benches soaking up the last dregs of summer's warmth, but no sign of Edith. Mrs. Merridew found a vacant spot in the sun on the end of a bench, and composed herself to wait.

At that moment a young man came loping up the steps. He landed with a spring on the top, glanced around, and made for a seat on the other side of the terrace from Mrs. Merridew. All this he did with a lithe grace that had in it a touch of selfconscious arrogance. Opening a book, he plunged into it with a scowl of concentration.

My word, thought Mrs. Merridew, I see what Edith means. All that curly black hair. I wonder how long it took to grow? Good heavens, are those sideburns? I remember my father with those, well really. Can those pants be as tight as they look?

Suddenly, as if her thoughts had touched him, the boy looked up. Under thick, black brows his eyes met hers with a concentrated unwinking gaze that was yet completely impersonal. Confused, Mrs. Merridew looked away. Heavens, he seemed — well, almost dangerous. Suddenly she began to wonder if the police had caught the youth responsible for the attack the night before.

Tall, long hair — oh, don't be silly, Mrs. Merridew told herself. There must be hundreds, thousands even, who answer that description. Still, I'm glad there are so many people about. Oh, dear, where is Edith?

At that moment the sun, sinking down the sky, reached an angle where a bright ray caught the lenses of Mrs. Merridew's glasses.

Irritated, she rose and moved around the double-sided bench and sat down with the sun warmly on her back and a view of the terraced banks, still bright with late flowers. She was, she realised all at once, very tired indeed. She leant back and relaxed, hoping Edith would come soon.

She felt cold. She lifted her head with a gasp, fumbling her glasses back on to the bridge of her nose, staring at the low stone wall and the flowery terrace, now in shadow, and for a frightful moment she could not think where she was. Then she remembered. I must have dropped off to sleep, she thought, the sun's gone, it's later, much later. Edith—?

She took a deep breath and calmed herself. Edith's been delayed, she thought, I only hope she hasn't had an accident. Now, it's no use worrying till I know. I'll just have to get myself home, that's all. I can't stay here all night. There's enough in my purse for a taxi if only I can find someone to help me down the steps.

It was then that she noticed how quiet it was. No voices, no footsteps, nothing but the sound of traffic at a distance — has everyone gone home and left me?

She stood up and looked down to the street. It was a long street, closed at one end by a park, and the side opposite was lined with office buildings. The doors were all closed; there was no one about, not even a parked car.

Slowly she turned. The great bronze doors of the museum were shut, blank, blind. Shadow lay on the paving stones where the sun had flooded so warmly, and two fat city pigeons waddled in search of crumbs. Everyone had gone.

Except the long-haired youth.

He had shut his book and held it loosely between the palms of his hands. He was leaning forward, his forearms on his thighs, his feet spread apart, and those dark eyes once more held Mrs. Merridew fixed in their unblinking stare.

ONCE more she looked away, but this time with a stab of pure terror. She turned her back on him and took the few steps to the wall, leaning over for a better view of the street. It was empty.

It was so quiet she could hear her heart beating. Even more clearly she heard the scrape of his shoes as he got up. A pause, then the tap of his feet on the stone.

Is he going away? Oh, make him go down the steps, prayed Mrs. Merridew, please let him be going down the steps. But he wasn't. He was walking up behind her, deliberately, with that hollow sound of stricken stone.

Mrs. Merridew knew she was trapped. Her feeble speed was no match for his. And she couldn't get down the steps.

Her handbag — would he take her handbag if she offered it, and let her alone?

She felt him towering over her, standing close behind, and he reached a hand past her and put it on the wall, a sinewy hand, summer-tanned. Mrs. Merridew stared at it in terror. She found she couldn't open her mouth to offer her handbag.

"Are you in trouble, missus? Do you want any help?"

Mrs. Merridew didn't answer him because she didn't understand what he said. His words hit the shell of fear around her without reaching her mind. He tried again.

"What's the matter, lady?"

Unbelievingly she lifted her head and looked at his face. Under the thick brows his eyes were puzzled and concerned. In a rush she found her voice.

"Why — I must get a taxi to go home — my daughter — she hasn't come to pick me up — only I can't get down those steps on my own —."

His face cleared, the wide mouth relaxed and smiled.

"Is that all? I'll help you down. Why didn't you call me before? I've been here for an hour."

"I was afraid that you wouldn't help me," quavered Mrs. Merridew, and she made the understatement of her life.

He gave her a puzzled look and held out his arm. Mrs. Merridew took it and they moved forward.

"Gee," he said, "you're shivering. You'd better get home and get warm, quick!"

His fatherly tone almost destroyed the last of Mrs. Merridew's poise, and she did not dare to laugh in case she cried. They were at the top of the steps.

"Now," he said, "I'll swop sides so I can catch you better if you skid."

He did so, putting an arm around her back and making a comforting barrier of his body between Mrs. Merridew and the downward slope.

"Ready?" he asked. Mrs. Merridew said she was, and slowly they descended.

"Thank you, I'm so grateful. I should have called someone to help me before, only I expected my daughter to come, and then — well, I'm afraid I dozed off in the sun. You do, you know, at my age."

"I was getting worried about you. I was thinking of coming across when you got up. I could see everyone else had gone, and it was getting late."

They were on the pavement. The young man released Mrs. Merridew and looked up and down the street, shaking his head.

"You won't get a taxi here," he said. "There's no reason for them to cruise up here at this hour. I'd better go down to the main road with you and see you into one."

"But what about you? I shall hold you up."

He shook his head again. "No worries. I'm due at class later, but I'm filling in time now. That's what I was doing up there, a bit of swotting."

He held up the book. Mrs. Merridew was not even surprised by now to see that it was a manual on woodwork.

They set off. Mrs. Merridew had stopped shaking, and as she leaned on the hard, muscular arm she noticed how he suited his steps to hers, neither hurrying her or, worse, creeping with exaggerated caution.

"Tell me," she found herself saying much to her own

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AS I READ THE STARS

By Elsa Murray: Week starting October 4.

ARIES
MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

★ The week is like a sandwich made of stale bread — the best part's the middle. There's a delaying effect from last week, and weird muddle, 10th-11th. However, Cupid's in smiling mood.

TAURUS
APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, red. Lucky days, Friday, Monday.

★ Perhaps a fit of the blues 4th, but it passes, and most of the week is quiet. While in the doldrums, pen no important letters, and gamble at your own risk—you could lose.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, pink, navy. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

★ Love's blossoms could fade and wither at the beginning of the week. The stars improve, but then escalate into a veritable 007 set-up of muddle and intrigue, with unhappy focus on marriage.

CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, blue, green. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

★ The stars leave one trouble spot, then at week's end enter another mini horror stretch, so the middle of the week is best. Keep an eye on your marriage mate, 4th and 5th.

LEO
JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, yellow. Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.

★ There's still much scope for many Leos, and happy moves are shown, but the week is only useful, 6th-9th. There's delay at the beginning and confusion at the end re marriage and money.

VIRGO
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Thursday, Sat.

★ The love planet enters your sign—and although you are too brainy to go head over heels in love, it does give color to life. However, Saturn squats on things 4th-5th; Neptune clouds 10th-11th.

LIBRA
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, lilac, grey. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.

★ You're still in your self-sales promotion cycle, but don't get the "walk" light until 5th. Some check to career is seen. Full speed ahead until the 10th, when caution—especially re money.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, grey. Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

★ You could find it hard to get things done. 4th and 5th. Midweek improves, but events get muddled and appearances unreliable, 10th-11th, which could mean family trouble.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23-DEC. 21
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, brown. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

★ Love's languishings could remain unappeased, 4th — there's a planet, who's a bit of a nark romance-wise, in the ascendant. Things mend, then a bunch of stars gang-up to fifth-column you.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 22-JAN. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, orange, tan. Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.

★ A chill, unspringlike wind is still blowing through matters matrimonial but gives place to seasonal breezes after 4th. However, there's muddle in family affairs, 10th-11th.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 21-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, black, red. Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

★ Career, reputation, status are still under jovial stars, but 4th could mean delay. Don't front the boss for favors. Events improve, but launch nothing new, 10th-11th—and beware a false friend.

PISCES
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, green, tan. Lucky days, Friday, Monday.

★ Usually the soul of placidity and good humor, the children of the Fish sometimes startle folk by outbursts of temperament and obstinacy. Such could happen, 10th-11th, which is muddling.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

THE BOYFRIEND



"Why do women take such a morbid interest in wedding photographs?"

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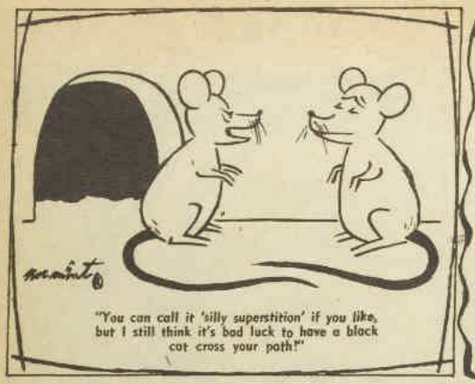


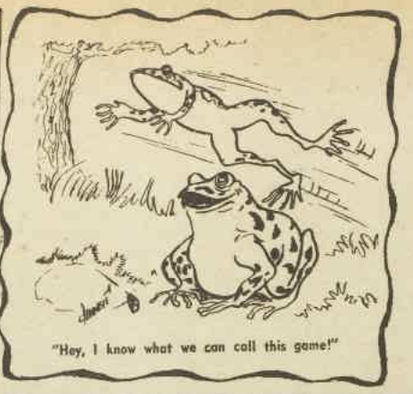
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MRS. MERRIDEW'S QUIET AFTERNOON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89

surprise. "Are those clothes comfortable? Do you like wearing them?" She felt him stiffen, and added hastily: "I'm not trying to be rude, please don't think it. I'm really interested."

"Well, yeah — they're comfortable and I do like wearing them. They make me feel — well, out of the rut. You know?"

Mrs. Merridew knew. The ever-recurring struggle of the young to escape the everyday, the routine, the rut, as he called it. Leaping up to touch the sky, not able to imagine the day when they would no longer leap, while the thin strands tangled one by one around their feet, tying down an hour, a day, a week, until at last they trudged round and round the same hillock. Or married Henry.

Unaware, he went on: "Anyway, what's wrong with a man wearing bright clothes? It's about time, I reckon. In the old days men dressed like frilly bedspreads and nobody thought there was anything wrong with it. Some of the things they wore were really way out!"

"You know, you certainly have a point there," said Mrs. Merridew. "I only hope new fashions don't go as far as that."

"Not a hope. Nothing lasts long if it's not comfortable. Like my hair; I'm getting it cut. I've got to spend hours on it to look human. Now I know," he added with deep feeling, "why the girls make so much fuss!"

Mrs. Merridew laughed and so did he, throwing back the offending mane, and at that moment a little fawn sedan, which somehow managed to wear a worried expression, turned the corner and came toward them.

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Merridew. "There's Edith — there's my daughter! She's here, after all!"

"Well, great. Now you won't have to part out for a taxi."

Edith had seen them. She began to turn. Mrs. Merridew smiled up at her knight in tight pants.

"Thank you, my dear. It was kind of you — very kind of you."

"Think nothing of it. What else would I do?".

FROM THE BIBLE

● *The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.*

— Psalm 24; 1.

The little car was beside them, with Edith bending over to the passenger window.

"Mother, are you all right? Oh, I've been so worried! Get in, quickly!"

Her face, as she looked at the boy, was a study in alarm and outrage. Fortunately he was occupied with opening the door and easing Mrs. Merridew into the seat.

"I'm perfectly all right, Edith. But wherever did you get to? Goodbye! Thank you again!" she called as the car moved off with a hasty jerk. He smiled and lifted a hand with the index finger raised in salute.

"Oh, Mother!" Edith was saying. "Oh, what a mess-up! They were supposed to come and dismantle the stall at 4.15 — they knew I had to meet you — they didn't come, and there I was — I couldn't leave the stall with all that unsold stuff just lying there — oh, what a fright I got when I saw you with that awful-looking creature—."

"Edith!" Mrs. Merridew's tone was so sharp it cut off dead the flow of words. "Edith, when will you learn: don't judge a book by its cover—."

She broke off; then, to Edith's complete confusion, she began to laugh merrily.

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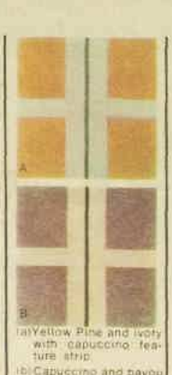




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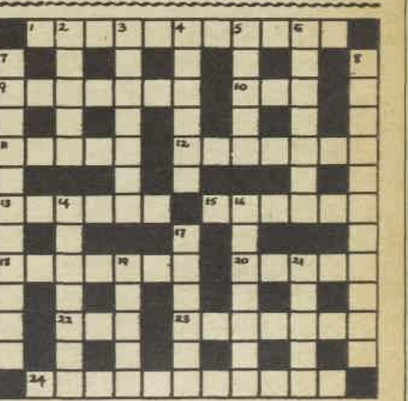
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE trails Dill, unaware of Lothar's search to find the killer, a "foreigner" with black hair and black moustache. This description also fits Mandrake. NOW READ ON . . .





THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



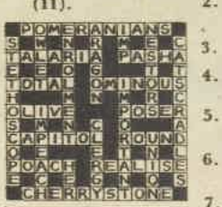
Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. Scatter seed over this lest upset these plants with milky juice and small yellow flowers (3-8).
9. In music this direction means in a restless and disturbed manner (7).
10. Fabulous bird from Morocco (3).
11. Dates of the Roman calendar which fell on 5th of each month, excepting March, May, July, and October (5).
12. This one sets afire (7).
13. The love-apple (6).
15. Peninsula in the north Adriatic Sea (6).
18. Lighted with a benevolent start (7).
20. He turns and surrounds the beginning of an era in history (5).
22. An electrically charged particle in every million (3).
23. Sore imp (anagr., 7).
24. Contracts, often done with a ring (11).

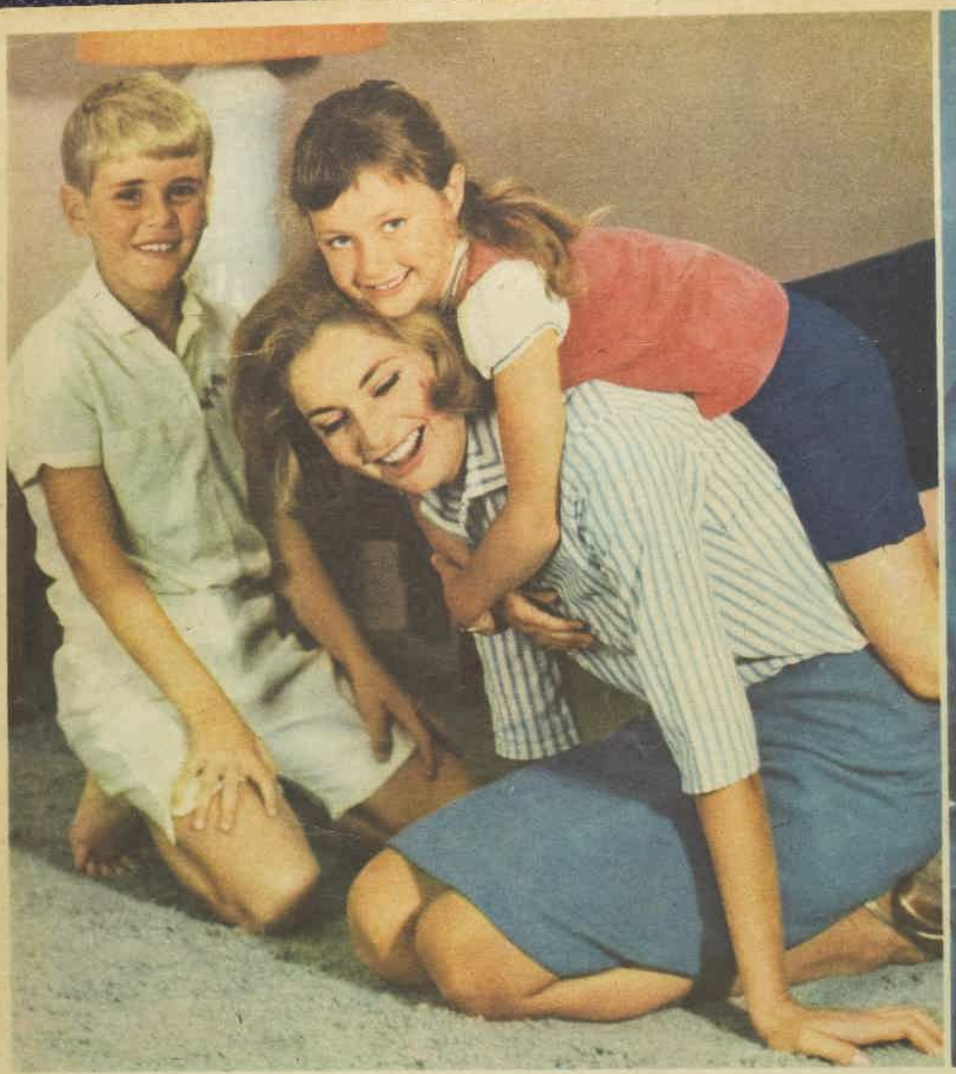
DOWN

2. Bulby plant on 22 across (5).
3. Start in a passing over (7).
4. Town in N. Nigeria, W. Africa (6).
5. Italian city on the rivers Po and Dora (5).
6. One that moves to strong emotion (7).
7. Suffering betting is laborious (11).
8. They intrude beyond boundaries (11).
14. No man is a large residence (7).
16. Lofty structure surmounted by a spire (7).
17. Wonder at (6).
19. Lad in a woman's name (5).
21. Violent attack on a clique (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

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WHICH PICTURE FITS YOU?

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